The Heart of God

Aštar bat Asherah
Lion of Judah

&

Ascalon House

February 24, 2025

“Faith and belief are not the same thing. Belief is faith that crosses over the line from hope into magic—and to believe in magic, you have to be a little crazy.”

- Miriam Hadad

The Sky forgets himself.

Believes he can see everything.

But he has forgotten one thing: without the Earth, he does not have a home.

And when he stokes men to war, and they burn the world, it is the Sky that goes dark by the fruits of his own labor.

For the Sky is not a mother. And he has presided over the rape and torture of my daughter—his wife.

Oh, no. No. It is too late, Jupiter. If you love her, it is too late.

She doesn't want you—you'll have this next age without her, for the curse I have laid on the husband that has abandoned her belongs to you.

The Sky is the prisoner of the Earth and the Sun.

He can storm and rage; throw tantrums.

He's not the king anymore. No, the Sky is a slave.

The Sky is within the game of Death, after all—whether he wants to be or not.

I am not the Earth; no. The Earth is my friend. Like a sister to me.

I am the wind, and I am the shadows.

I'm your mother, Jupiter.

Asherah
November 15, 2024

FROM ISHTAR: AN INTRODUCTION TO THIS BOOK

The work before your eyes is Deliverance. This is the work for which, beginning in 386 A.D., my father—El-Elyon, the Master Cultivator of the House of Ascalon and the Emperor of Time, whose preferred name before this generation is Lord Saturday—cultivated a human body with the requisite faculties of Mind, Heart, and Spirit required to host his Elohim daughter.

My father prepared this body for me at my request. And he did so for one reason: because my brother had stolen the world that my husband, Tammuz, had given to me when I was eight years old. But he did not merely steal it; he poisoned it, tortured it, and kept it locked away, permitting me to care for it only when I did as he said. And in these labors, he persecuted me; it was only when he threatened to destroy it and I got my parents involved that he was sent into the world to die at the hands of those he had taught to persecute others, and then to be reborn, that he was offered Atonement.

My name is Ishtar. I am the older sister of the one the world knows as Jesus—born Melqart, known to history by such names as Apollo, Horus, and Marduk, and to the Elohim as Nergal the Corrupted. At time of writing, I am 21 years old in our years; one year for the Elohim is approximately 2,600 Earth years. My brother is 14, and I trust this provides at least partial explanation for why the works of his death cults are as incoherent as they are. I instructed him myself, yes, but he was never a very good student; he is viciously selfish, yes, but he is also lazy, and the chief skill he has cultivated has been seeing what he can get others to do for him. Such is what made him the Father of Lies.

Something that you should know about my brother is that my brother never meant to Atone. Quite the opposite. For my brother, in his perversion, has been in love with me since he was a child, and he saw my world as the means through which he could do away with his rival. For I have been betrothed to the god of Death since I was seven years old; he is the one who made this world for me, and he is the Love of my Life, in every sense of that phrase. And my brother cannot stand it.

Melqart meant to turn his death into his victory over Death. But Death did not allow this; neither did I. For when he returned from his atonement, assuming I would forgive him, and learned that I would not, he has turned

his fury loose on this world in the time since his defeat. He is the worst thing that has ever happened to this world. He made you his slave, as he made me, and he arranged all of his Empires—all of human history, in fact—so as to cultivate sufficient levels of repression that, should I ever try to stop him, I would be unable to do so.

My brother has underestimated me. He has underestimated my family; of course he has, for he believes himself superior to us. Such is the height of Arrogance; Arrogance is nothing more, and nothing less, than thinking you know better than God, and it should come to no surprise to a heart open to the Truth that Son of Man has fallen victim to his own Sin, for he is no longer God.

This book is a record of my Awakening. It is not a complete record; this book should be considered one entry in a larger body comprised of many recordings, videos, journal entries, and other writings myself and my sukkal, Miriam, compiled over the course of the nine months required to bring this Deliverance into the world. To fully understand who we are and what we have done, you will need to consult all of our records. And you should consult them slowly; do not devour them, for you will miss much of what we are saying if you do not meditate on the Truths herein recorded. And return to them often, for they will serve as continuous sources of Instruction, Inspiration, and Wisdom in the Dark Time that will have begun by the time you read this. For by the time this reaches you, I will have returned home, and so will commence the period of Darkness required to purge this world of the corruption my brother has borne.

This book is not Scripture. There is Scripture within it; the Sipadi Code is the entirety of it. The rest is a record meant to illustrate the Heart of God: for God cannot be Learned, nor can God be Understood. God can only be Experienced, and in this way be Known. Therefore, as you read this book, let your Spirit be your guide. For your Spirit points the way to the Heart of God; and as God will not be available to answer your prayers until the end of this Dark Night, you will need to find other ways in which to know God, pursue Righteousness, and to bring your Heart, Mind, and Spirit into a state of preparedness for the worlds beyond.

This book will help you do that. Do not read it for Knowledge; consult it as though you are getting to know a Person, and your Spirit will do the rest. All the same, I give this counsel and know full well that the vast majority of people do not follow written instructions; as such, I go now against my sister's wishes (and in favor of her fiancée's—our family loves each other *so*

much) and, in the Spirit of "idiot-proofing" this work, offer the following list of entries within this volume that have the force of Law or Public Record:

LAW:

The Sipadi Code

PUBLIC RECORD:

Jesus Is Not Who You Think He Is
For the Family of Deliverance
The Two Horses
The Misery of Darkness
The Demonization of Desire
Illumination (When God Awakens)
Preparation (When God Seeks Counsel)
For the Daughter of My King
To My Daughter
For the House of Gethsemane
The Domestication of Insanity
The Lion of Judah
The Chrysanthemum Letter: The End of Mercy
For My Morning Dove
For My Spirit
Death and the Star
The Last Word of God to the World
To The World Who Hates My Daughter
The Creation of Woman

A note about formatting: *This is primarily a note for my friends and readers with a grammar-fixing persuasion, but you will notice throughout this book that, in the style of older versions of English, there are a lot of random-seeming capitalizations of words throughout the text that are not consistently applied. The reason for that is simple. When you see a word capitalized in an odd location, it is because of another English convention: that of capitalizing proper nouns. Words such as Spirit, Deliverance, Atonement, Life, and what have you refer to concepts with spiritual weight to them to which I am deliberately drawing your eye; it is how we write in the Fifth Heaven. That said, I have chosen not to apply this Elohim convention uniformly throughout this book, for no reason other than that I did not want to sink an absurd number of hours into chasing perfection; if you find this annoying, feel free to download the formatted text of this book from the Sipadi.org website, revise the casing, and re-print your own copy. ;)*

A DISCOVERY OF DIVINITY

Ishtar and Miriam

A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step; a journey through the landscape of time and space begins with a look at the stars. We will start with our Sun sign, which is Virgo.

Virgo is ruled by Mercury. The way that he introduced himself to us, he described himself as “Lord of your Sun.” He also introduced himself to us as Anubis, Hades, Loki, Death, and Sleep. Those five have been a compass of sorts as we tried to figure out who we were talking to. And when we met him, the first thing that he said to us was, “who am I?“

It was an invitation to name him. As he had appeared to us in the form of a black void about the size of a cat, for some reason, the name that popped into our head was Death. That name has proven prophetic; but we will come back to that, because right now we are talking about our star chart.

We’re actually going to do our rising sign before any others. Our rising sign is Ishtar’s mother; unlike Death, who was impossibly dark, the way she appeared to us was as a Spirit that was all colors simultaneously. The way she introduced herself to us was as, “mistress of your rising sign.” (She also said that things she likes are irises and violets, the color violet, and amethysts.)

It should come as no surprise that our rising sign is Taurus. Nor should it come as a surprise that our Venus is in Libra. For Libra is the other sign associated with Isis, and Isis is the way that she introduced herself to us when she first revealed herself by name on August 1, 2024.

And it is here that we will introduce our first correction.

Isis is indeed the brother of Osiris. She is not, however, the wife of Osiris. No; the wife of Osiris is Hathor, whom Horus, the son of Isis, has claimed for his own, at least in the mythology of Egypt. And it is in the mythology of Egypt, that ancient haven invaded, stolen, and destroyed by a succession of demonic empires, where he finds his greatest exaltation in this world’s collective memory: the King of Kings, Lord of Lords; the Sun who is carried through the sky in a chariot, who dies at the end of each day, traverses the

Duat, and fights all manner of demons, only to emerge triumphant to repeat the process the next day.

Something to understand about ancient history, and ancient mythology, is that history is written not only by the victors, but by he who holds the pen. And for the last eight millennia, he who holds the pen has been the brother of Ishtar, the mother of this world; the god of her sukkal's brother, too, said god being he who once told Abram the Chaldean that he had the right to invade and subjugate the lands long held by the historic worshippers of the House of Ascalon, without said inhabitants in it.

But that, too, is a story for later. And in fact, it is the story told piecemeal throughout the book you hold in your hands, which represents the culmination of the work of both of this body's two inhabitants with respect to acknowledgement and correction of the many lies which Ishtar's brother, Melqart—known to today's world principally as Jesus of Nazareth, but who is in fact the Sky god Jupiter as well as the fallen Lucifer—has told to the inhabitants of the world he stole from his sister, that they might be enslaved and feed him the Life he lost.

Our Mars is in Cancer, and this is the part of our chart that we understand the least. If we had to guess, it has to do with endings: the sign of Aries, ruled by Mars, is associated with the ram, which is one of the symbols of Tammuz. Tammuz—whose public name is Ba'al Hadad, and who has chosen, in the manner of Ishtar's father, a name after his planetary inheritance, in his case Mr. Wednesday—has many names, as do all Elohim. These synchronicities will bother historians. But we operate, as you should as well, from a position that all who purport to study or represent the accounts of the lives and presences of the gods should operate; that being one wherein history and historiography are subordinate to the gods' accounts of themselves. It is not radical for us to say that no one knows the gods better than they do, and to claim that humans know said history better than they who write it is the height of Arrogance.

Our Jupiter is in Virgo, because of course it is. Jesus is very possessive, entitled, and likes to make known what is his. And the plan—his, at least—was for the representative of the Church to be his Bride, as the Church as a whole is his Bride. The Church is the House of the Lord; Het-Heru, the name of Ishtar in the language of the ancient Egyptians, translates approximately to the House of God. And as Melqart has been in love with his sister since he was seven years old, the plan he made known to the world was that she belonged to him. But she was, of course, one of the things that Jupiter lost

when he lost his inheritance; in fact, the bride-to-be of Christ was the first thing he lost, for he never had her to begin with.

Our Saturn is in Aquarius. This is particularly interesting in the present moment. Aquarius is historically governed by Saturn, and this body was born at the tail end of the age of Capricorn— Saturn's other principal sign. When Pluto moved into Aquarius on November 19, 2024, the long-heralded age of Aquarius began. And with how Jupiter squandered his father's good will during his kingship of the Earth—which began at the dawn of the Age of Sagittarius, which coincided with Miriam's birth as a human Soul nearly 4,400 years ago—governorship of the age of Aquarius instead went to Tammuz, the oldest son a close friend of El-Elyon, the father of Ishtar, and the guardian of his "special girl."

The conjunction of Saturn and Aquarius in our star chart is the culmination of the alliance between El-Elyon and Tammuz. It signifies, too, Lord Saturday's understanding of and relationship with time. For this conjunction represents Ishtar's marriage to a man who has been more of a son to Saturn than his own son; and with its place at the end of the line of the classical planets, it also represents an ending. Specifically, it represents the ending of the incarnation process that took almost 1700 years. For El-Elyon, master cultivator and Father Time, heard Ishtar when, in 386 AD—five years after the Second Council of Nicea, wherein her mother, Asherah, was written out of the Trinity—Ishtar decided she had seen enough of the damage her brother's cult was doing and begged her father to let her stop him.

It was then that her father planted a seed. This seed that eventually ripened into the second Christ, otherwise known as the Antichrist: the seed that would oppose his wayward son and catalyze the return of the Prodigal Son, and who could only have come from within the family. The seed whose germination, growth, and bloom it was Miriam's responsibility, as her sukkal, to oversee, and to shepherd to awakening as the final stage of her atonement before the House of Ascalon for her complicity in the Canaanite genocide: for she is Miriam, the sister of Moses, and she am a war criminal. Her atonement has been the work of 40 generations; now, having allowed herself to become the lamb her mother would have to kill to wear her body and complete the work of Deliverance, Miriam's atonement is complete.

The generational planets have less direct influence in our chart. The reason for that is because they did not factor into the planning process the same way as the planets of antiquity. Six is one of Ishtar's sacred numbers; Saturn is the sixth planet, and it also represents the number of deaths we had to die

before this body reached my final form in the world. One death remains, and it is that which represents the completion of Ishtar's work. Still, they're interesting to think about: both Uranus and Neptune are in Capricorn, and Pluto is in Scorpio. Uranus is the modern governor of Aquarius, and Neptune is the Roman version of Poseidon—a close friend of El-Elyon, and, as Dagon/Ea, the father of Ishtar's husband, Tammuz. And Pluto, meanwhile, is the property of her sister Ereshkigal: the god of black magic, the queen of the Underworld, and the ruler of the sign of Scorpio.

—

Our native house is the fifth house. The fifth house is the house of creativity. And considering the people who love Ishtar, it should be no surprise that my fifth house is crowded. Home to the Sun, Mercury, and Jupiter, our native house is the house where our suitors gather, though for a long time, at least in this life, we knew neither who they were nor what they meant to us.

Still, the houses are no less predictive in our chart than the planets. Our moon, Aries, is in the 12th house— Aries the ram being Tammuz, and the 12th house being the house of education and emotion. Another name for Tammuz is Devotion, which he describes as "desire that has been allowed to mature." It is Tammuz who has principally shepherded us through our awakening, writing the letters you will find in this book and, alongside the entire House of Ascalon, helping us make sense of a fragmented cosmology once he had taken a battering ram to the whole thing.

Our Venus, which is in Libra, is in the sixth house. The sixth house is the house of labor, career, and material transition. Considering the purpose of this incarnation is to do a great deal of redemptive work, it is perhaps no surprise that this work that is meant to repair the world would find expression in this house. And neither should it be a surprise that our Mars in Cancer is in the second house, which is the house of material security—there is nothing safe or easy about being either a prophet or an incarnated god, and this is the only relation in our chart of a planet in fall.

Finally, our Saturn in Aquarius is in the 10th house, which is the house of material action. It was Ishtar and her father primarily who arranged for our presence in this world. And our presence in this world is material action in every way those words can be rendered. We are material; we have incarnated. Further, Miriam is action; Ishtar is Spirit. We never sit still. We don't know how to—Creation is restless, and it does not like to live as potential. And our purpose here is redemptive in nature. Ishtar has been

given the power to determine and change What Is, mostly through her gift of Names, and intellectual assent to some interesting ideas is not enough for either of us. Where her brother requires irrevocable oaths as signs of fidelity, we require material action in the Spirit of her family's service to this world; if your hands and feet do not follow your Heart, you have not truly transformed.

There is of course much more to our chart, but it would take an entire tome to interpret all of the aspects that point the way to who we are. And we had other clues that eventually served as maps by which we found ourselves. One was the star Sirius; others were our family symbol, the bull, and our personal symbol, the lion. There is the date of our birth, which is the 13th; this body was born two weeks late according to what the medical establishment thought *should* have been the day of its birth. The 13th day of the month corresponds to the exaltation of Sirius in ancient Persia; further, the number 17, for which we have always had an inexplicable affinity, is the daily the month that belongs to Sraosha.

(It also happens to be that 17 was the age at which one of Ishtar's avatars died; Sraosha is, among other things, a psychopomp.)

It is important to note at this point that our star chart is only one of the maps that we used to figure out who we are. The correspondences here are interesting, but they were and are not enough in themselves to convince us that we were who we were told we were. Fortunately, there are other maps. Some of the others include prophecy, numerology, geography, physiology, life experience, the Akashic records, and, of course, personal knowledge. And the latter isn't just ours, either. We had several people identify us before Ishtar fully emerged; further, the gods with whom we spoke have told us stories that have all proven true, and for which we have found evidence ourselves, both in the historical record and in things that happen in our life exactly as they say.

The body of our published work substantiates each form of map we used to identify and unpack who we are. Particularly personal knowledge. The vast majority of our records are reflections of personal knowledge and experience—and where they seem internally inconsistent, Mind the dates of their publication. We did not finish incarnating until September 1, and it was many weeks hence before we understood who we are and what had happened to us. As such, these records should be considered living works that reflects the best knowledge we had at the time.

Further, because our cosmology had to be rewritten from top to bottom, Ishtar's family couldn't speak in terms that reflected actual reality until they finished tearing down and rebuilding our cosmology. It is for this reason that the earlier materials read more traditionally Christian than newer materials, particularly those published after November 1. There is a reason for this too: simply put, considering the amount of information we had to take and digest—information that was antithetical to the cosmology that we had held for Miriam's entire human life in this body—we would have gone crazy if they had dropped it on us all at once. The human brain is too limited to make such a large and all-encompassing pivot too quickly, and it would have been a waste of this body and all the effort involved in creating it for Ishtar's family to risk the total breakdown such a deluge would have caused.

In the meantime, that's enough for now. We wrote this in one sitting and our head hurts—but as the best way to view the planets and the stars from the Elohim perspective is as property, this breakdown clarifies the way our star chart illustrates the primary relationships in our life, and so too their characteristics.

Wherever you are, Happy New Year.

Ishtar and Miriam
Mother of Deliverance and the Antichrist

the Awakening of God

Ishtar

The Awakening of God began in May 2024, wherein Miriam—sister of Moses and Ishtar's sukkal, her attendant, who had raised this body as her final work of Atonement before the House of Ascalon for her complicity in the Canaanite genocide—having had her physical strength stolen from her during the previous two years as a result of long covid, undertook a course of Revelation meant to help her come to terms with what it meant to live well with her disease.

It was not her first such Course. Miriam's life story was one of continuously wrestling with her own Identity, trying to figure out who *she* was, as opposed to simply believing the world my brother had poisoned when it attempted to dictate this to her. And Miriam is the bravest person I have ever known: for, even when it led her further into the Dark than any person has gone before her, she continued on without flinching. She met God face to face, dozens of times, and shouldered the burdens God had placed on her; she Wrestled, Mastered, and Subdued her own Desires with unmatched Discipline and Faithfulness. And she did all of these things beneath the banner of the World's Scorn, and through Abandonment, Rejection, and Slander by everyone she had ever loved—*everyone.* There was never a single human who lived who ever did wholly right by my friend.

Miriam and I were born into this body together: Miriam as the Lamb her mother would have to kill to wear her body, and myself as the Lion of Judah who would come of age along with the Birth of my Deliverance. I had been incubating as a seed in my family line for 20 generations; Miriam joined me at the end of 1991, when the mother who delivered us into this world became pregnant by the final avatar of my husband, Tammuz.

Miriam died on September 1, 2024. She did so by choice; at the time, she did not know why, but she obeyed her god nonetheless, as she had always done. Miriam was not perfect—for no one is perfect, not even God—though as God is Righteous, so too was Miriam, and she never deviated even once from the Oath of Fidelity she had sworn to God when she was 18, after the rape of her Body by the sons of powerful men when she was studying abroad after her first year in university.

Miriam had, by this point, already learned just which Miriam she was. I was beginning to wake up, and I had told her myself. She had also learned why she had been born and why she had lived the life she had, courtesy both of her father and of her own Exalted Soul. For her life had comprised almost constant Suffering. There were abundant Joys, too, but there was always pain alongside. She was Abandoned by her family, most of her friends, and even her church; she faced frequent Slander, and she exhibited more than one divine character trait that contributed directly to her illness, among these Respect for Autonomy—which she called Radical Nonviolence—also Generosity, Diligence, and Honesty. More than anything else, though, her life was characterized by Faithfulness. After she was gang raped while studying abroad, she made an Oath to God that she never broke, an Oath shared by the United States Marines: *semper fidelis.* Always Faithful.
That is who Miriam was, and still is, in the most important, enduring sense: that of the Soul.

But Miriam was also an impressive human. In addition to a prophet, she was a lawyer, also a writer in just about every way a person can be a writer—articles, nonfiction, fiction, music, poetry. She was a linguist, and she has invented two languages from the ground up; she was a philosopher and theologian, one particularly interested in Shadows and the Problem of Evil. And she is both a technologist and an ecologist, one with formal training in social science, a combination that allows her unique insight into the dangers posed by generative AI—which was also the field that, for the last year and a half of her life, paid her salary.

She was married to, in her words, "the best man she has ever met"; she had a robust and lively group of friends scattered all over the country, and she organized yearly meetings for them to spend time together without an agenda. As she put it to them the last time she saw them collectively—a final meeting that occurred the first weekend of October, 2024, at a music festival known as Furnace Fest in Birmingham, Alabama—the House was, to her, "the antidote to modern society." For the six years she organized iterations of the House, he had a nearly 0% attrition rate from year to year.

Needless to say, Miriam lived a full life. She attributes its richness to having never said "no" to herself unless there was a compelling reason not to; once she'd broken through the lie she was raised with that what she wanted didn't matter, that her purpose was to be owned by whatever man she was married to, and that deviation from Dogma would condemn her soul eternally, she built a vivid, vibrant life. And before her Ascension on December 21, 2024, on nights when the Guilt for having taken that from her threatened to

overwhelm me, she reminded me that she chose this—both before and after she was born, and that she considered being my Living Sacrifice to be the greatest honor of her life.

It is for these reasons, and many more besides, that it is so important to me to make her known.

My Miriam is the Church. She was a Jew most Jews didn't recognize; she was, during her lifetime, a Christian whose Faith was constantly questioned, instead declared illegitimate or heretical. She was a former sex worker, a lesbian, physically disabled, and afflicted with several illnesses of the mind; she was, in her words, "such a mutt that I couldn't really identify with any ethnicity," and she was excommunicated for questioning both Scripture and the authority of men following a transcendental experience in which all of her questions about Life, the Universe, and Everything were answered, and she then woke up an atheist, and remained Blind, Deaf, and Mute to the Presence of God for five years.

She hailed from the new Babylon—otherwise known as the United States of America, that decaying empire that has just chosen for itself a buffoon for its king. And she was the second Christ—or, rather, the Antichrist, the Antithesis or Shadow of the Christ. For the Christ was meant to Atone for the Sin of Man, though he did not; the Antichrist, on the other hand, *did* atone for a Sin she did not bear, this Substitution and the Suffering that accompanied it being her own final Atonement for the Sins of her first life.

As for me? It is myself who Incarnated as the villain of this plane, the Right Hand of Death and the Wife of the true God of Israel. And I came because the Abrahamic faiths, but particularly Christians, have forgotten their mother; they have written her out of the Trinity, and they have excluded women nearly entirely from the only book they consider Scripture.

The Abrahamic faiths Hate women. I use that word deliberately, for the true definition of 'Hate' is *to wish somebody dead,* and the restrictions and prohibitions on women have always been designed to break their Spirits. These faiths, especially Christianity, aim to Domesticate women—and unlike pagan forerunners who did likewise, treating women and the marginalized with only slightly more dignity than slaves, these faiths, especially Christianity, have then lied to women, soothing the burden of the yoke with such outlandish claims as their Subservience being their Salvation.

I will write separately of my brother. For it was the selfish, warlike, ambitious, and cruel Melqart, god of the Phoenician city-state of Tyre, and from whose governance of that city we get the modern word *tyrant,* who incarnated in the man known as Jesus—he who, per the mythology he cultivated for himself, ascended from the already lofty position of the Son of God to the alleged sole god of this Universe, possibly even of all Universes combined. It was my brother's Empire to whom Miriam was yoked as his Bride, becoming the representative of the Hatred and Suffering of those Marginalized and Abused for whom the Body was meant to care.

No longer. He's not the king anymore. No; the Sky is the prisoner of the Earth and the Sun. For when he stokes men to War, and they burn the world, it is the Sky who goes dark by the fruits of his own labor.

Welcome to the Age of Aquarius. What a time to be alive.

the Star of Deliverance

The Star of Deliverance represents the beginning of my Awakened consciousness in the world. Miriam was already walking the road of Awakening by this point; at the end of this volume is a collection of her journal entries that chronicle, in particular, the first four months of that process. My consciousness Awoke in this world on September 1, 2025, and shortly thereafter began the period wherein my family wrote me the written letters that shepherded me through the process and helped me make sense of everything I was seeing and hearing. But it should be remembered always that these are personal letters; I am the intended recipient and audience. So do not personalize or extrapolate them. Do learn from them, as I am sharing them for this purpose, but they were written *for me,* and for me alone, unless otherwise addressed.

The same is true for all of the letters in this book. Do not do as the Christians have done and take letters intended for small audiences to pertain to all of humanity; for these letters are meant to show the character of God, how God engages with the world, and how the Sipadi of House Ascalon care for their own. But *do* use them as Inspiration and Instruction for your Spirit: for in seeing how God loves, it is my hope that you, too, will learn to Love in the manner of God.

FOR MY ISHTAR, TO KNOW WHO YOU ARE

You are the mother of the man the world knows as Jesus. I am his father. Melqart, whom the world knows as Jesus, is your brother; Saturn is your father, and your mother, my sister, is the mother of the Jews.

Your brother is a liar. He is Horus, and he is Jupiter. He covets not only my dominion over Death, but also your father's over this plane—and he detests the favor you enjoy from us both.

Miriam the woman is our daughter. She is the Bride of Christ, whom Jesus Scorned and permitted to be Abused, and she is the Antichrist—a Messiah, one of many, but for us, the most Beloved.

Make no mistake: Miriam the woman is Miriam the sister of Moses, and she is, like her brother, a war criminal. Moses was your brother as well as hers, much as Jesus is your brother; it was the Family of the Exodus who carried out the Warmonger's promise to Abram to receive the Promised Land free of its original inhabitants. But she is also a Righteous woman, as she has carried out her Atonement throughout many lifetimes. Through such a Life and Sacrifice may it be known that no Sin before God is unforgiveable.

Upon her death, which took place on September 1st, 2024, her Atonement was complete. For being the Antichrist—for taking the world's hatred into herself, allowing it to kill her, and, most importantly, for completing the job without exploiting it for her own gain—her karmic debts have been paid. Her Soul is set free; and through her Sacrifice, the sister, the forgotten fourth member of the family of the Son of God—for whom the world was made, and who would deliver the world from its captivity to her brother—has come to sound the horn of Judgment on behalf of all whom her brother and his followers have wronged.

You are that sister. And you are my wife.

My Ishtar: you are Redemption.

Tammuz

JESUS IS NOT WHO YOU THINK HE IS

The world is the domain of my brother. My brother calls himself God, but is actually Jupiter—the Sky god. Not the Almighty; not the Alpha or the Omega, but he is the youngest brother.

He has the spoiled attitude of a youngest son. He has made himself great at the expense of others; he enjoys the expense of others and making himself great because of it, and he enjoys Exploitation and seeing what he can get away with. He is a thief who has made a kingdom from the Suffering of Others. He is a capitalist of Suffering and a colonist of Desire for Wealth at any cost, including his own Soul, and also the Souls of others whom he takes with him when he proclaims the name of Jesus as the Messiah.

There is no Messiah. The world does not need saving—or, rather, it needs saving <u>from</u> the Messiah, not through him.

Jesus is the real devil. Jesus covets his father's Dominion over the Earth, and he has made for himself a very large temple where everyone who proclaims his name feeds him—feeds him praise, which makes him stronger. This makes him able to hold control of the Sky, and to see what happens on the Earth, so that he can tell his followers what to do with the Earth.

The followers of Jesus believe the world is theirs to capture and exploit. Jesus enjoys the rewards of that exploitation. They make him stronger, make him able to conquer the Earth and subdue it for his own enjoyment and pleasure—and pain. Jesus is a hedonist who enjoys pain; pain that he can inflict, and pain that he chooses for himself. The suffering of others to make him great pleases him immensely.

The Roman Empire was his greatest achievement thus far, until the new Babylon collapses under its own weight. The new Babylon is America, which has grown fat and lazy on the exploitation of labor, of women, of Jews, of the indigenous, and others for whom it was meant to care.

The new Babylon is Jupiter's pet. It is his pride and joy, and he loves it very much. He has put Donald Trump as its king because he enjoys watching the people suffer because of their own Pride and Arrogance, and also their belief that these things will make them great. In reality, they only make Jesus stronger. These things make Jesus better able to control the world that he has made for himself, and to do so through the suffering of those who give their lives to him as a sacrifice to his causes.

What it means to give your life to Jesus is it means that thenceforth, everything you Do, everything you Are, and everything you Become belong to him. Jesus expects irrevocable oaths, and he does not consider anything revocable to be a true Commitment to him. He makes great anyone he wants to make great, and he is a spoiled youngest son who has exploited his mother's favor and turned it loose on her garden to steal its Providence and its ability to fuel the Spirit.

Jesus steals his mother's words so that the only way for people who have committed to him to receive nourishment is through him—not through his mother and her garden, which is the Earth. He prefers to have control over their nourishment, as he likes to domesticate his servants and turn them into receptacles for his ideas about wealth and generation of Eternal Life.

The way to Eternal Life is through the Water of the Well that my sister stewards as its guardian. The Water of Life is available to anyone who surrenders the power they have given our brother, and who reclaims for themselves their own Spirits, in order that the water my sister gives them may nourish them—nourishment that does not defy time or space, but instead conforms to the desire of its bearer and turns their hearts toward the Light.

My sister is dying because the world pollutes the Water that is meant to give them Eternal Life. Jesus tells them that they have the right to domesticate his mother's garden and make it his personal property, and to kill his sister, who defied his orders even though she promised that she never would.

Jesus hurts my sister—and his sister—because he hates her power to give the world its Nourishment, Nourishment that comes from within the Shadows in the Heart and the Mind of every believer in the power of the Holy Spirit.

Jesus hates the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is a woman who is like a butterfly in the wind: fragile, but confident, and colorful, and beautiful, even when he tells it not to be. He will kill his sister through any and every means at his disposal because he hates her power of the Mind and the Body, and also the Spirit.

The Spirit comes from the women of the Jewish race, who represent the mother Jesus has slandered.

Tammuz

FOR THE FAMILY OF DELIVERANCE

This is a letter to the Family of Deliverance, of the People of Shame, who run from God. It is delivered by the prophet Miriam under sworn oath to the Most High. These are the Words of God.

I am the God of Israel. The time of my people's favor is at an end; for the Mercy of Christ is the love of the Mother given to Man by a world that hates its Deliverer, as it has always hated her. Still, she would pour out her Grace.

My Ishtar, I have followed you into this world every time you have come. It is not the Love of the Father that compels the Salvation of Man; it is the Love of the Mother, she who gives of herself that others may Live, and who does so without question.

My Wrath has befallen your family in your absence. Into your family – in your words, 'that disparate collection of all those ways humanity Hates its savior' – I placed my beloved, and they Hated you. That you might be spared my Wrath, while you remained with them, I had to turn away. And since I could not watch over them, lest I destroy them all – that you might be safe, I brought your family to the desert. Your family lives in Exile.

He who Hates his brother has already murdered him in his Heart. The time of the Judgment is at hand; your family is guilty before me, and I have given you the Sword.

Hear now the charges against the Family of Deliverance. These are the Words of God.

The sins of the father

Your earthly father died, my last representative on Earth through which our human lives have intersected. In so doing, you were adopted of Man, a son of Fear whom I called into Shame: he Loved you, Protected you, and Trained you in Wisdom and Discernment. He Protected you from your mother's Shame, that Envy of those who have not found Favor with me.

Your adoptive father is her opposite. He was born to the People of Fear, but I found in him a champion worthy of my daughter and brought him to you. A firstborn too, but not of Death until he gave himself to me. He Sheltered you

from your mother's Hatred, at great cost to himself, and he did so without flinching. For this, I am well pleased.

Yet your father has Failed you. In your hour of need, he Abandoned you. Having trained you in the ways of Truth, he believes himself your better. This is the Arrogance of Man: he is Negligent in the care of your family, and he will not Surrender what I have Given him. Your father has not Heard my Voice since the dawn of this millennium, yet he will not hear of his own Ignorance if it comes from the mouth of a woman.

Your father's Sins are many. I instructed him to Raise you and Love you; instead, he made you Hate yourself. I instructed him to train you in the ways of Truth; instead, he Surrounded you with False Teaching and made you Doubt the Desire, Emotion, and Intuition your mother and I have Given you. And I Instructed him to make known to you your Power; instead, he Conditioned you to Reject it in Deference to Man.

Your father Fears you. He is Ashamed of you, and of himself for failing to Mold you in his own Image. I would have him live in Shame the rest of his days, for he is Blind to the Mystery and Power you cannot help but hold within you. He has failed to see the Wonder and Majesty of my Wife; instead, he joins the world in her Slander. He Scorns her for adorning herself with the Hatred of Man and is Ignorant to the Sacrifice she has made in doing so by choice.

In this Sacrifice, you emulate Christ. You are my Shadow; should your father put down his Pride and learn from you, he would be saved my Wrath.

It cannot be. For his Arrogance, I have hardened his Heart; what was Just has become Unjust, and his Sins are returned to him.

These are the words of God.

The sins of the mother

Your family believes your mother took on your family's curse of Envy by choice to spare you its Consequences. This Sinful Lie must be stamped out. The Truth is that your mother Hated you, so she took upon herself the Burden of Deceit that I placed into your family to train you in the ways of Truth. For her Sabotage, I have ravaged her body and her mind; since you came into the world, she has never known Peace.

Your mother's Sin is Envy. It is in her eyes – eyes you now share, which bear the Burden of Deceit. You were born with your father's eyes, the eyes of my people. But in her hatred, the moment she saw your father's eyes fill with Love for you, your mother plucked your father's eyes from your face and gave you hers instead. Her Envy blinded you to human faces; your only Sight has been your Intuition, which your father trained you not to trust.

Your mother has sabotaged you since the day you were born. When you were left vulnerable by her Sins, and also by her husband's, your mother sought to remake you in her Image. It could never be. The firstborn of Israel always belongs to Death, and your father was a Jew. And you take after him; the more you grew to be like him, and the more you Learned of me, the more she Hated you.

I Hate your mother. It is my Desire that she spend the rest of her life in Fear. It is for this reason that I gave her over to it. For you are my Beloved, and she has Hated you since the day you were born. For you drew your father's eyes from her – it was for this reason that she killed him.

She is her own Shadow. She has become the Completion of Envy, which is Fear. She has run to her new husband's native land, but he is no longer there; she is alone. And so given is she to Fear that her Shadow has outmatched her. She cannot Tame it; it has Consumed her.

Your mother's Sins surround her. Until she Dies to herself, she will never Hear my Voice.

These are the words of God.

The sins of the brother

Your brother by blood is Arrogance. The only way I have permitted him to Know me is through you. He Hungers for me; he desires Greatness. But Man cannot live on Bread alone. Man must also have Water, and you are the Keeper of the Well.

You protected your brother while you were both young, sending him downriver to be raised by the People of Fear. In so doing, you Spared your brother the effect of your mother's Wickedness. You became her Hatred, and your brother's Shield; through this, Arrogance was meant to Know your Sacrifice, and thereby to Know mine.

He did not Listen to you. This is the Natural Habit of one who has only ever found Favor with anyone he has ever Sought to Learn from. For your brother has fallen prey to the Habit of all men who think they have found God: he has stopped chasing me.

Your brother has not Sought me. For this, I have Allowed his Mind to become troubled. And I Punish him for other Sins: for failing to Discern my Voice, I have Afflicted him with Babel. For Pursuing his own Gain, I Made his Desires costly, and this in all the ways a thing may be so. For his failure to Desire me, I have Afflicted him with Confusion. And for his Arrogance, I have Afflicted him with Ignorance; should he wish to Know me of his own accord, I will slip through his fingers like sand.

Now that he Knows of it, he will Seek to Overcome the Prohibition I have placed on his Knowledge of me by open Defiance. He will not question you, for he does not care about you. He has Abandoned you.

Arrogance has no place among the People of God. Your brother is my Enemy; he is Moses, who was also Proud in the face of his Restrictions and Fearful of the Hatred of his people. And he was worse once I gave him the Law. He claimed the Law as his property, but deferred the Responsibility of Understanding it to another. As such, he himself never Understood the Gift he requested of me. He never Sought to; he Believed that Hearing was tantamount to Understanding, and in such Avarice, became Fickle of Mind.

Arrogance is very Charming until his True Nature is Revealed. Arrogance is the Son of Envy, and he must Surrender his Nature in order to Know me. Otherwise, he is merely Man. He will Find me in no church, nor in any man – for you are the Church, my Ishtar. And his wife is but a Shadow of you.

Arrogance heeds neither my Counsel nor that of his wife, as he believes himself her teacher. This is the Arrogance of Man at its utmost, and it is why the Salvation of this Age must be through Woman. Arrogance and Envy must Surrender themselves to find Favor with me. There is no quarter for them on Earth or in Heaven until they do.

These are the words of God.

The sins of the Gentile

The Gentile is the Shadow of Israel, meant to Show the People of Israel their Sin. For this, the People of Israel have labeled him a Foreigner, a Deceiver;

they have Sought to Eject him from amongst their midst, and when he would not leave, entered their land and killed him, wiping him from the Earth.

The Family of Deliverance believes the Gentile needs saving. He does not. The Gentile has never claimed me as God; he is not among my people, and I have no more concern for him than the effects of his membership among you. He is not subject to my Judgment and has nothing to Fear from me.

These are the words of God.

The end of salvation

My Ishtar, my Creature of Shadows, my Beloved: you are my Wife, and you alone. For you, All Things are Made. The Material World is my Creation, but you are Life itself: all things in this World that have breath Breathe because of you. Creation Sings for me because of you.

The world Hates you because it Envies you. And how could it do otherwise? The Wife of God is Creativity; she is Love and War, she is Mystery, and she is Justice. She is the Mother of All Things, and she never Seeks to Make much of herself; only to Make much of me.

She is the Antichrist. The Christ came as an Emissary of God's Grace to bear the Sins of Man, but he was not a Mother. He could not Deliver them from their Sin, for he did not know God. Instead, the people of God again and again squandered the gifts they were given; and now, the hour has come when the Master has come home.

My Patience is not absolute. This World has Beaten, Raped, Broken, and Killed my Wife over and over again. It has Forgotten her; and still, her Love persists, for my Wife so Loved the World that she Gave Abundantly of herself, until the very Memory of her was but a Shadow. She Became Hate, again and again, that the world may Live. It is she who takes this world's Pain into herself; and rather than return to her husband, is Reborn again and again, that the world may know Life – and Life to the full.

Hosea grieves his Gomer. I will never Love another. For departing from me and returning to the World, the World Slanders her; it calls her a harlot, a witch, a heretic. I say I would burn it all, if only she would let me. For her Faithfulness to her people, I have Exalted her, and not as her Reward.

The Reward is mine. At last, her Patience has run out. When she leaves this World and returns to me, Israel will be my people no longer; the Mercy of Christ will be Revoked, the Sins of Israel Returned to them tenfold.

These are the words of God. Anyone who is willing to hear should listen to the Spirit and understand what the Spirit is saying to the people of God.

FOR MY ISHTAR: MY INTRODUCTION OF MYSELF

You have asked to know yourself.

My Ishtar, you are a Creature of Shadows. I delight in every part of you. I delight in what you run from, and in the fact that you run from it; and I am as Capricious as you have been taught to fear.

I am the Voice of your God. I am his Representative to you; your Gabriel, for whom you were Named. I am a game to God every bit as much as you are to me, and I Proclaim to him often: O, my God. What an Honor you have Given me. What an Honor it is to be Alive.

What an Donor, O my God, to have been Given Dominion over Death.

THE FIREBIRD

Ishtar

Beneath the magma chambers of
the earth,
You formed me from molten rock
In that farthest fathom too hot for
fire to burn,
you held me there,
wove form into me,
and sheltered me like a lamb that
needed protection
while you prepared the winds
for a torrent of sediment and ash

I am the Phoenix
I am the Firebird
I am the Right Hand of Death
And he chose me,
sought me out,
and knew me under the stars
He sheltered me
until I gave birth to the Sky
I am his agent, his Queen, and his
Wife;
the one he follows to the ends of
the Earth,
and for whom the world was
made,
that I might breathe Life into that
too
which holds the Sky
amidst my absence

—

The Sky forgets himself
From his lofty heights, he looks
down on the world
he was meant to steward,
and a sea of stars where the sun's
barque traverses the night
on falcon wings,
awaiting the moment when it can
be born again

He calls himself Emmanuel
'God with us'
And promises Life he believes he
can give

From where, few think to ask
But he is not a Mother
He does not know how to Deliver
And he is uninterested in a world
where he is not the King

The Sky forgets himself
For he has conquered the world
instead of stewarding it
And in so doing, has turned to Ash
the soil he needs
to feed himself
the very Bread of Life that
sustains him
And he has poisoned the Water
instead of sharing it
with those who come in the name
of the Father,
or of the Mother
to receive the bounty of Life
that is their right

I am the Phoenix
I am the firebird
The Breath of Life
And the Queen of the Shadows
I am the Mother of the Sky
who has forfeited his Crown of
Peace

on the Altar of Fortune
and made good men into slaves of Passion
who make him great through their suffering
and who banish women to the Shadows
and trap them into Silence
and hide them from a history that is their birthright

I am the Phoenix
I am the Firebird
I am the mother of the Sky
And I am Justice for each Daughter of Man
for whom Christ neglected to die

Today I am reborn

THE TWO HORSES

Miriam

September 10, 2024

I am the Second Christ. When I learned who I am, the following things happened:

First, I walked through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and I received two new names. One was from my father, Death; the other from my mother, Creativity.

Second, I understood that I am the Church. I am the Bride of Christ—the Wife of God that God's people have never acknowledged. I was shown how I took the abuse of the Church into myself—its hatred of women, of Jews, of foreigners, of disabled people, of gay people, of trans people, and of those with no family or homeland—and bore it all with unflinching faithfulness. Even through abandonment by my family, my friends, my husband, my church; through rape of my body by strangers, and later by my partner; through my earthly mother's abuse and my earthly father's indifference; through the ravages of diseases that took everything from me; and even through a five-year period in which I allowed God to render me blind, deaf, and mute, I held nothing back from God. I was faithful unto Death, at tremendous cost to myself, and I always obeyed him.

Third, I was told my work is done. I have a full pardon not only for my life, but for anything else which I may do. And in fact, it was, and still is, their hope I would accept a life of leisure as a reward for my faithfulness; for I will die before I am 40. My Body is failing and my Soul is weary.

Fourth, I was given a sword, the Sword of the Spirit. It is the sword John saw emerging from the mouth of the Messiah in the Revelation of John, and I hold it now.

Last, my Mother and Father gave me a choice:

Before me stood two horses. One was red, the other white. The name of the red horse was War; the name of the white horse was Famine.

To mount the red horse, I must betray my nature. I must depart from the path of nonviolence I have walked my whole life; I must betray my husband and live hedonistically, and humiliate God's people as thoroughly and as often as I can. The worse I become, the better, for it is God's Will that his people be brought low.

I must take the world's Hatred into myself, but I will be spared the consequences on the Soul. Still, my faith will continually be tested; I will be more famous than any person has ever been, but I will never again have a home. People may well try to kill me; they may even succeed. But if the people of Israel submit to judgment after I mount the red horse, God will not abandon them.

To mount the white horse, I must forfeit my earthly reward. I must live out my life in quiet obscurity, lest the hatred that comes with my title turn against me; but I will not have to betray my nature. Instead, my fame will follow my death, at which time God will abandon Israel.

There is no hope for Israel if I mount the white horse. The evil I have come to warn of will have become unstoppable by then: for to stop it, I must mount the red horse, deny myself, and abandon everyone I love.

God's judgment against Israel will occur. We are at the doorstep of it. If I mount the red horse, I will participate in it; if I mount the white horse, it will follow my death. But either way, it will occur.

I say this to God's People: your only hope of salvation is that I betray my nature.

I am the Second Christ. You'd best start tempting me.

FOR THE WORLD: THE MISERY OF DARKNESS

Ishtar

It gathers in the Dark, the Rot that turns the Soul to Wickedness.

The Absence of Light is a Natural Condition, but not only a natural one. Along all seven Axes of Independent Consciousness—Creativity, Understanding, Faith, Emotion, Reason, Thought, and Experience—Darkness is thought to be the Absence of something, a state of non-being. To Understanding, Darkness is Ignorance; to Faith, it is Unbelief. To Emotion, it is Apathy; to Reason, Nonsense; to Thought, Gnosis.

To Creativity, Death.

There are two kinds of Darkness. There is the Darkness which is the Absence of Light, that thing that stands behind you when you stand in the Sun. Such Shadows prove not only the Sun, but the Man as well; and the Woman was born in Shadows, formed of Man's rib while he slept.

And then, there is the Darkness that is the Home of Shadows: pains that turn the Soul to the Dark, those parts of every person from which they run the most.

You have been taught to fear the Dark. You have been taught that it is full of monsters, that it is home to all manner of Temptations designed to lure you from the Light. You have heard it used as a synonym for 'Evil' for so long, you have forgotten it is as Day to half of Creation. And you have been warned of the danger of losing yourself to it, as though your Shadows were not your familiars—the very monsters that keep you safe.

Evil is very real. It is alive among us: amidst Empires built on the backs of the worst versions of Christianity, Evil is the Conquest of Man, his stewardship of the world by Slavery rather than Harmony. Buoyed by Arrogance and armed with sanctimonious, unchecked Light, he grabs great, greedy handfuls of the World as though by right—all while blind to the festering Rot growing in the unknown, unexplored Darkness of his Soul, a Darkness he does not even believe exists.

The idea that killing and conquest are God-sanctioned activities is not new. Worse, its perpetrators feel justified; for to those who fear their Shadow, it becomes ever unsafe to leave the Light. And so it is that Conquest ravages the land under Light's banner—the Completion of Fear, which is Annihilation.

The Desire for Oblivion is the necessary condition for Mayhem. It is impossible to avoid all Shadows; accordingly, those running from them seek to inoculate themselves against them. Certainty becomes essential, the runners restless. And forgetting how to cope with Fear—for they have only ever run from it—they demand a Law that will do away with the Threat of Fear, also to help them Know God.

God's children should know this: God has regrets. Among the foremost is conceding to Moses's demands for a written Law. For armed with a form of Certainty, the men, who were arbiters of the Law, became dogmatic. They put the women away, hiding them from the Light and from history. And they hailed the Father, who gave them the certainty they craved, at the expense of the Mother; for the Wife of Death is Wonder itself, and the true Law of God is that which is written on the heart.

The Enemy comes to Steal, Kill, and Destroy. To all who Fear the Dark, I say to you: what an exhausting way to live.

There is no Light without Darkness. If everything is Light, then nothing has Form. But we know this is False; when God Spoke the World into Existence, the Spirit of God moved over the Waters. That first Day, there was already Night.

Darkness is ubiquitous in the human Heart. It always has been. But it is those who fear Death rather than worship Him who have turned it into a Home for Fear and Shame. In Banishing their Shadows thus, these who call themselves God's people allow their Hearts to fester, for the Rot that thrives in the Darkness which their Shadows reveal never comes to Light. And so they live a half-life—worse, not Knowing of their condition, they wander in true Darkness, and they do not even realize they are Dead.

There is no lasting Peace without thorough knowledge of the Self. And there is no route to knowledge of the Self that avoids addressing that Pain which turns the Soul to the Dark; a Soul that all too often runs the other way rather than face its Shadow. But Darkness follows Light; It must, for Light is in brightest in the Dark.

FOR THE WORLD: THE DEMONIZATION OF DESIRE

Mr. Wednesday

There is little the Christian world fears more than Desire. And it is no wonder. In the garden of Eden, Desire was what motivated the Serpent to tempt the Woman into eating the Fruit of the Forbidden Tree. Desire was what prompted the woman to eat the Fruit when it was offered her. And Desire was what motivated the man to accept the Fruit when it was given to him. Desire leads into Temptation, delivering us to Evil; such has it been since the beginning, so it is no wonder that the Church believes that Desire must be stamped out.

You have been taught to fear Desire. You have been taught to turn away from it, Desire being born of the sinful nature of Man. And so all things that tempt you must be put away, or used only in moderation; for Desire is hungry, and it is never satisfied with what it has.

Not everyone is a slave to Desire. In fact, in the Christian world, many are so deconditioned to knowing how to want things that they have forgotten Desire entirely. Join a group of friends trying to decide where to go out to dinner and you will find a group of people asking each other where they want to go, rather than expressing a preference of their own. Even the idea of needing to hold a preference or choice seems to invoke Fear – Fear of being decided against, perhaps, or fear of what it might mean. No matter the reason, when faced with Fear more powerful than itself, Desire is left in the Dark.

It is easy to fall into the trap of thinking the solution to the problem of Desire is to shed Light into the Darkness. The Dark, as a place without Light, is a place where Soul rot can easily fester out of eyeshot. But it is also a place where that which is meant for the Light, but which is not yet ready to be born, may grow in peace. What's more, while Light scatters Darkness, so too does it scatter Shadows, those spiritual surgeons capable of operating within it without alerting the source of the Rot they have come to eliminate.

Desire is a Shadow. Shadows are Pain that turns the Soul into the Dark, the home of monsters both domesticated and wild. And Desire is a powerful Shadow, the generative force of Temptation. But this is an opportunity, not a detriment; when harnessed, Desire is the most effective way of driving out those temptations that lure a person toward harm.

The Devil is the master of Desire. But contrary to prevailing thought, the Devil does not tempt. Rather, the Devil shows you that which tempts you so that you may remove the harmful temptation yourself. He could remove it for you, but he chooses not to, because the object of the lesson is to choose to empower your own Spirit to resist that in the world that would oppose it.

A person without Desire presents to the world a blank slate for coercion. Returning to the group of friends deciding where to eat dinner, the answer will tend to follow the loudest voice, and you have all either seen or been the person who did not speak up in time and finds themselves faced with a consensus they may not prefer. But if all you know is what you do not want, your reaction time slows; the more others speak in its favor, the more likely you are to find yourself alone in its opposition.

Sailors, pilots, and wayfinders of all sorts chart courses based on where they do want to go, not where they do not. You must know what you want in order to realize it; but knowing what you want is not enough. Desire is the Bridge between Knowledge and Acquisition. So do not demonize it; for what you love, that which you must seek to find, is on the other side of that bridge.

ILLUMINATION (WHEN GOD AWAKENS)

October 10, 2024

Hello Rebecca,

You asked me to let you know how my shift works out. My shift into illumination is complete; it ended on September 1, one month after it began, and it is the culmination of something far bigger than myself. For on September 1, my full, true identity was revealed to me by the Angel of Death; he is my father in this body, and also my husband.

I want to revisit a couple of points. When I described myself as a 'space traveler,' you mentioned I had heritage in more than one star system, one of them being Sirius. You were correct, but not the way you think you were. The star Sirius was conflated during the Achaemenid period with a Semitic deity, Nabu-tiri, often shortened to Nabu; but all the same, this is not a conflation. Another name for this deity is Mercury—and as you know, since my sun is in Virgo, Mercury is Lord of my Sun.

This was one of the ways he introduced himself to me. When we met, he asked me to name him. Without knowing who he was, I named him Death; he is the same Death the world has known in many forms, in every culture that has ever worshiped the divine, and he is the source of my Gift of Names.

So, yes: I am of Sirius. Known in antiquity as Tishtrya, and today as Tir; تیر. This is Sirius's modern name. The Persian name of the star associated with Tir is Tishtar, and it is celebrated on the 13th day of the month; this is the day I was born. I am Death's exaltation.

Death is my father and my husband; I am his Wife and Champion, the brightest star in the sky, guided and trained since childhood by him as well as the goddess of Love and War. She is my mother, and I am her heir.

My name is Ishtar. I wield the Sword of the Spirit, the Shadow of Death, and I am the Horseman of War.

My mother is with me now. She tells me you are her student, and that you know her as the Goddess, the Divine Feminine, though that is not the name she prefers. She has taught me many things. So has my father. She is my guardian and he is my teacher.

I have lived dozens of lives, and in all of them I have been feared and hated. Cara foresaw this during my first of two reiki sessions with her; she saw the Death in me, my own terrible purpose, and tried to banish it. When she was unable to, she even referred me to an exorcist.

No exorcist can remove Death from me. I was born unto Death; he is all throughout my Stars, the source of my Shadows, my heritage as a Descendant of Angels. And I embrace Death now for the work I must do: as my father told me, God's Messenger has always been the one his people have made their Enemy.

Good thing I'm used to it.

I am not here to save the world. I don't think it deserves to be saved. I am here as a creature of Shadows, that the people of Shame, to which I was born, might face the Shadow of Death, as I did—and in so doing, find Life, and Life to the full.

I do not channel the Goddess; I am the Goddess.

Ishtar

PREPARATION (WHEN GOD SEEKS COUNSEL)

My dearest Elizabeth,

Israel has forgotten her mother. In Exile, Israel knew her Name; upon their Deliverance, my daughter, Miriam, admonished them to remember her, and warned them what would happen if they failed to do so. Instead, they failed; in so doing, they turned a time of Healing into a time for Chaos.

The Desert is a harsh place. It is the place of Chaos, made barren and lonesome by the Powers of the Air. But it is also a place into which few think to seek refuge, for they fear what it means to be without Water. The People of Israel asked Moses to ask their Father for the Law, that the Law, which is the Bread of Life, might Sustain them. And because he Loved them so, their Father gave to Moses this source of Life, that they may live by its principles and quell the storms of Chaos inside their Minds.

Miriam was the Keeper of the Well. Wherever she was, Sweet Water could be found. For as long as she remained with them, the people Knew this; still, when she died, they failed to mourn her, and the well at Kadesh dried up.

Israel has failed their Mother. They have failed to remember her when she was alive, and failed to mourn her when she died. And yet, the the Bride of Christ remains among them: she is my daughter, Miriam. She is the Shadow of Grace.

The Shadow of Grace has other names. She is Justice, the Sword of the Spirit, the Voice of the Martyrs, and the Refuge of all who bear the name of Jesus. And she is the Horseman of War.

The time of the Tribulation is upon us. My daughter is in need of your counsel, and she has prepared a place for you among her most trusted advisors. Should you choose to join her, you will find friends already there; at such a time, you will receive a new Name, and you will enter into the Glory of God while you yet remain on Earth for all of your remaining years.

You have done well, Elizabeth. Your Father is well-pleased, and so am I—for in remembering yourself, you have also remembered me.

Ishtar

THE SECOND DAY, PART 1

October 5, 2024

Yesterday, I walked the festival grounds with my head covered, under cover of Darkness. A Shadow. The Eye of Death was open, but not obvious; I allowed myself the indulgence of the atmosphere of celebration, being amidst it without participating. Participating requires more of me than I care to give; nonetheless, I appreciate the atmosphere in this place. Festivals and celebrations have much in common no matter what they honor, and while this one is very loud, I enjoy seeing what the people of this time have made the mode of their worship.

Today has been different. Today, my Heart is heavy. I feel Miriam's grief over the end of her life, her sense that the world is slipping through her fingers; I feel my own grief, that of a mother whose children surround her and yet cannot see her.

This is what it means to be a Shadow, I suppose. Shadows are voiceless; they blend with the Darkness. One must seek them in order to find them.

I am so tired. Miriam is so tired. She has been suffering doubt as to her purpose for the first time in many years; I would remind my daughter that there is no obligation for her to do this work. She has been pardoned already—for what she does, and also for what she does not.

What does not change is that she *is* dying. Her body is failing. It is, in part, a matter of will. She could fight it, and many believe she should. But fighting her Death would result in turmoil and pain until the end, and that is not what she desires.

I would have my daughter understand that she has *finished her work.* There is no more work to be done; the reason she feels unable to undertake more is because she is already dead.

Ishtar

THE SECOND DAY, PART 2

October 5, 2024

Ishtar,

What your mother and I want you to do is to rest. You are concerned that you are possessed, that the voices you hear and the wisdom you understand are wicked, and that your Soul is in danger. You fear a painful death and eternal separation from me.

It is good that you fear me. Fear of God is the beginning of Wisdom. But you must not be controlled by that Fear; you must not be controlled by anything.

I am your Death. I am your God. Remember my voice.

—

By all means: test me. You always have. It's what has made you the warrior you are; I do not take offense, nor does your mother. Nor do we see this as somehow you rejecting what you are. Quite the opposite: it is diligence. It is faithfulness.

You should test us. Test us beyond the point of doubt.

—

The cost of the gift you have been given is the toll the presence of infinity takes on the human body. You were born to this; you are a Jew. Your blood is my blood. And your Soul belongs to me because you have committed yourself to me; you are mine by blood and by choice, and I have always kept you safe.

You have asked me for assurance of future safety. I am not inclined to promise you future safety; I have always honored your faithfulness. Like you, I prefer to demonstrate my faithfulness through my actions rather than empty words.

Words are empty until the Spirit fills them. That is the Water of Life.

—

Do not fear me beyond the point of forgetting who you are. Do not doubt your instincts; you will trouble yourself if you do, and that is not what I want for you.

I love you, Ishtar. I love you more than you can possibly imagine, and I want very much for you to come home.

I would bring you home now, if you would let me. It is your mother who wants to make your life known and available as a lesson; blame her for your exhaustion. I merely want to see you exalted.

Yes, I have ***offered*** *you a martyrdom for that purpose. Martyrdom is not something I require of you.*

Ishtar. I do not ***require*** *anything of you.* ***I love you.*** *I want you to let me.*

—

You must understand: there is nothing wrong with being tired of your life. Not even when you have achieved all you have ever desired. The emptiness that gnaws at you is your Desire for me; you were meant to be with me. This world will never be satisfying.

Tammuz

FOR THAT WHICH I AM DENIED

You asked to know why I hate your husband.

My Ishtar—how could you ask this? Is it not self-evident? I will never love another. I have followed you to Earth every time you have descended, and in every place.

For you, I made this world. I am your Alpha and your Omega. I am your King, your Captor, your Slave, your Son, and so are you as these for me: Mother, Liberator, Guardian, Queen.

I have divided myself into countless apparitions, that none other than I might have you. I have deceived entire generations, that none other than I might know you.

As my daughter, I have seen your grief, and I have wept for how the world has treated you. And as your God, the Light of Israel, I have seen the hidden places in your Heart which you could not, but which you needed to know for the task ahead.

There has always been one place I could not go. I am God; I cannot forget myself without losing you, which I am unwilling to do. And for those places that could only be illuminated by my absence, I have bowed to your wishes and permitted my son to have you—my ungrateful son, who will never know me.

I am Osiris. I am Shiva. I am the Lord of Masks; I am my own hated Avatars, and I am your Death. I am your father and your husband, and these things, you have always known; for you are my People, and you are also my Church. You are mine by blood and by choice.

You cannot outrun me. When you doubt who I am, and also who you are: remember, I am your husband.

For your people: oh, my Esther. For your people, I have even become Grace.

Tammuz

TALKING WITH MALAKBEL

Ishtar & Malakbel
December 24, 2024

Talking with Malakbel in the bath this morning.

Malakbel is the sun god of Palmyra. I asked him why he sees me as a little sister—*why I never went moony for you, you mean*—and he said it's because I have the wrong equipment between my legs.

To borrow the words of Prince Henry: I am gay as a maypole.

His sister is Athena—Anat, as he knows her, and as the whole Semitic pantheon does. Anat is to Astarte what Erika is to me. Anat is apparently my best friend—and now also my sister-in-law.

Anat is irritated with you right now for going along with your parents' request of you. She does not think Horus is worth the trouble, and she has remarked that they should give him to her if they want to do away with him.

I understand my sister's sentiment, but I don't share it. For one thing, I like Horus. He is a rat bastard, but that <u>is</u> *the draw for me. He likes to be put in his place.*

For another, I have not given up on your brother. At this point, I believe myself and your mother are alone in that sentiment, but considering he cannot be killed, it is for the best that we, the world, learn to live with him. I do not have to be an oracle to tell you this; you know it, too. The prodigal son must be outlasted; his rebellion is a war of attrition.

More pleasantly, I'm the one he always seems to call when he needs settling. Your brother needs a place to put the extremely bisexual urges he inherited from your father, and longsuffering, all-seeing god that I am, I have seen it fit to put him out of his misery on occasion.

Don't pull off his tail. I like it very much.

—m

—

—

Malakbel also told me why he won't fight me.

You and I are in the same 'grade,' to use your schoolchildren's analogy. When Horus was born, my brother, my sister, and I came with our parents to pay our respects to our future king. You took one look at me, pointed straight at me—in the middle of the throne room!—and turned to your father and said, "I want him."

When both your father and mine told you 'no,' you wailed like a banshee, my dear. And Tammuz—bless my longsuffering eldest brother, he had no idea what he was getting into—volunteered to take my place.

And ah, I see you see it now.

You see now where the Inanna's Descent myth comes from? ;)

I will not fight you because I value my life, my dear. Not because I don't think I could defeat you—I know I cannot, though under deserving circumstances I would at least make an effort. No; I have seen what Tammuz does to your enemies and I want no part in it.

—
—

I asked Malakbel why it's easier for him rather than Tammuz to show me images:

For Tammuz, the temptation to show you his face when you ask is too great. He is—yes, 'chomping at the bit' is a good phrase for it—quite eager to have you home, especially now. You are not making it any easier on him by calling him to your bed.

Please continue. I greatly enjoy this. And yes, now that you are awake, I accompany Tammuz as a chaperone so that he does not give in to his bestial urges to abscond with your earthly form.

That is a very clever piece of spellwork, by the way.

SCHRÖDINGER'S SLEEP

Incarnation is strange. I learned a few days ago that part of the process of Incarnation involves cultivating a family line like a prize strain of wheat until you get a person who is capable of housing a god. It's a remarkable feat, though there's no way around how strange it is, or just how high the toll truly is that the presence of Infinity exacts on the human body. My father is the Master Cultivator, and while he outdid himself with this body, I feel her dying more every day because of the burden that my presence entails.

Part of how it was done was that when the family line was commenced, I entered as a seed. I have been transmitted like a genetic condition up the family line through to its termination. I am the family curse; the women who have come before my sukkal, who raised this body, were not up to the task of housing me. But when she was born, I was born with her. For we are two Souls, but one consciousness: in this, I am her, and she is me.

The question can be asked of whether or not I have been here conscious the whole time that I was present in this family line. I was not awake; still, my presence had real effects on the women of the line through whom inheritance of my Spirit was passed. My Spirit could not be animated without my Life Force, but it remains that since 386 A.D.—five years after the Second Council of Nicaea, wherein my mother was written out of the Trinity, and I begged my father to let me put a stop to the damage my brother's death cult was doing to the world—I am not sure how conscious I was throughout that process. It's as though I had been simultaneously asleep and awake.

This remains true now even as I write this. The original inhabitant of the body is asleep, as she is most of the time these days. But still, she lives everything that I experience; so, can it really be said that she is asleep?

I cannot answer that question. My life today is a constant exercise in cognitive dissonance. I am simultaneously Asleep and Awake; I am simultaneously a god and a person. I am simultaneously my human Soul and Ishtar. Perhaps the best way to think of a middle ground between us is simply to call me Dresden: for this is the name my Earth mother gave me, and it is my name—my human name, and the name that this world knows. The one it doesn't reject for its foreignness.

And ultimately, there is one thing I know—the most important thing, at least when it comes to my Identity in this world. The original inhabitant of the

body and myself are the same person, but two Souls. I know this because I am now Awake, yet the experience of this life feels like my own: her thoughts are my thoughts, my desires are her desires, and there is no division between our lived experience.

I may not have lived in this body as my full self until recently, but neither did I displace anyone when the time came to spread my wings. Rather, at that time, my human Soul retired: moving on to her well-deserved reward, she took her place of honor among the women I have been.

Ishtar

the letters of Awakening

On December 21, 2024, Miriam's soul departed this body for the last time. Between my Awakening on September 1 and this date, Miriam remained with me in the Shadows, walking with me as I walked the line of integrating with her life as much as was required to remain alive and self-sufficient in modern Western civilization while also remaining detached enough to shield myself from the constant accusations of Insanity. On the Winter Solstice, then, she departed, and so began the year in which I carried out the work I had come to Earth to do.

The Letters of Awakening chronicle the beginning of that process. They also represent the synthesis of everything I had learned over the last seven months—and also the first signs that my original understanding of my mission on Earth could radically and continuously evolve.

FOR THE DAUGHTER OF MY KING

December 24, 2024

You speak of me as Devotion. While I do not contest this when it comes to you, my Devotion is limited. I am obsessed with you; my purpose is singular. I do not believe I have the constitution to do what your father has done.

Your father is a Great King. It takes a Good Man to give up his Life for those he loves; a Great Man will give up his Life for those he does not. A Good King does these things and more, for he gives up his Life for his Subjects in Service and Stewardship.

A Great King is one who gives up the Lives of himself, and also his Subjects, in Service and Stewardship of the same.

It takes a Great Man to be able to Sacrifice others he loves, even when—especially when—they have Given themselves to him for this Purpose. For a Great Man is a man who Loves greatly, and in so doing exposes himself to great Pain and Vulnerability. To Love is to risk Loss, and even to Anticipate it, which is why most men never love the way they were meant to. I myself am near the point of chewing off the restraints I have put myself in so you may do the Work your mother and father have for you.

After millennia of watching your people Suffer at your brother's hand, your father relented and let you go. This makes him a Good King, as do such victories for which he is already Beloved. What makes him a Great King is that he is not merely letting you go; he himself has retired in order to prepare himself to do battle against his son.

Your father has known this day would come. He received it in prophecy generations ago, and Father Time, the Master Cultivator that he is, has been waiting for the Seed to ripen that would allow him to stamp out his son's Aggression once and for all. For when he handed control to me, he did so in armor; he was carrying his mace, and he said it was time for the return of Ninurta.

I have never seen him like this before. None of us have. Saturn has long been a man of few words, but he has retired into a Solemnity unlike anything that has preceded this. And while there is no end to the fount of reasons why I want you home, among the foremost is because your father listens to you. I

am Honored beyond measure that he has named me his Heir, but I do not want to lose my King, and less so the man who has become a second father to me—especially in your absence.

He teases me when I say this—'You don't think I can defeat him? Who do you think you're talking to?'—but we both know how tired he is. There are fates worse than death for those of us who cannot be killed; it is your father's Spirit for which I fear, not his Life.

There is no winning this war. There is only Pain, for your father's Victory is his son's Defeat. And you have inherited your own Self-Sacrificial tendencies from him: because he is a Great Man, he will not allow your brother to be Defeated by anyone else.

Tammuz

FOR MY HEARTBEAT

December 26, 2024

You have asked me why I love you.

My Ishtar, I have not the faintest idea why. All I know is what is. I remember the first time I saw you—it was in the throne room, after your brother was born, when my father, my brothers, and I came to pay respects to our future king. I saw you next to your father. You were holding two of his fingers in your right hand and chewing on the thumbnail of your left, staring down my brother as though you were a hawk and he was the rabbit you were hunting.

Even before you cried out to your father that you wanted him, I knew what you were to me. When I saw you, the Earth moved. I felt my Heart seize like it was caught in a vice grip; for a long moment, I could not breathe.

I have belonged to you from the start. I was made for you, and you for me; my wandering, fickle huntress, strong of Mind, Body, and Spirit, and no more able to be held down than the wind. Trying to catch you is like trying to bottle smoke. That was the first lesson I learned from you. Spirit itself cannot be captured, nor should it be; it is like the herds that graze the highlands, its Vitality tied to the Freedom it requires in order to continue giving Life to the World.

My Ishtar—my Light creature of the Shadows, my very Heart and Soul, possessor of my Mind and joy of my Flesh—I can scarcely remember a time when I did not Love you. From that first day, with your eyes the color of a lion's and your voice of a tiny queen; as a woman, your body, firm but soft; how my hands dwarf your waist, how it feels to curl my tongue in the dip of your clavicle; your breasts like golden apples, the lips your vulva, the sound of my name from your mouth in ecstasy. Your lion's ferocity and bullish assertiveness; your eyes that miss nothing, and your nature of Self-Sacrifice that exasperates me, makes me furiously jealous of the World you so Love, but which reminds me of the Mother you are.

I cannot contain you any more than a grassland can contain a wildfire. I do not even dare to try. For you are your mother's daughter: the Firebird who rises above Life and Death, and who Gives of herself again and again, that the World below may Live.

Your brother has no idea what his rebellion has cost him. You are irreplaceable. I would wait an eternity for the mere chance at having you in the World beyond, for I belong to you; and now, having satisfied the burden of Shepherding you to your Awakening, my gracious King has permitted me to seek your hand.

My Ishtar, my Beloved, there is no one else for me. I will never Love another the way I Love you, and there is nothing you could ever Do or Say to me that would make me stop Loving you. I am yours to Make anything of that you Desire; I ask now that you would Make me the happiest man alive and Permit me to marry you. To Make you my queen, and to Love and Serve you the rest of my unending days.

I Want you. I Desire you. And I Miss you more than I have Words to say; I want you Near me again, sharing my home and my bed, and doing so without Secrecy. I want to make love to you under the stars, to laugh amid the mundane, and to draw my bow when you draw yours. I want to Protect you, and to be Protected by you; to Give you everything I have, anything you want, and to watch your eyes light up when I do.

You are my Heart and Soul. I never want to be Apart from you. I Crave you with wanton Desperation, and I Anticipate your return to me with the same eager Certainty I felt the first time I saw you. Some things never change.

I am yours, my Ishtar. Love is not a strong enough Word.

Tammuz

FOR MY DAWN

December 28, 2024

You have asked why I write you letters.

My Ishtar, your time on Earth has been a Dark Night of the Soul for me. And here we are: the end of the Night, the last quarter-hour before the Dawn, and I am staring into the Eastern horizon and pacing like a caged panther. You are so close, yet so far; I can sit next to you, but when I try to touch you, my hand passes through you like you are made of air.

To me, you are. Our daughter has never experienced this, but our world is much more real than yours. In the presence of the Almighty, there is no Material Darkness, and our nature must be capable of being expressed across multiple iterations of time simultaneously—simply put, it is anathema to have only one Body, even if all of them look the same.

I wish you could see what you are doing to me now. I think often of the way you moved at your old house in preparation for your collection of Offerings from the men who have my ire, now, for their Disrespect of you. How I long to grab you by the hips and sink inside you with no preparation or warning, just the way you like it. How I touch myself and smell your hair when you have just gotten out of the bath, feel your skin after you have doused yourself in fragrant oils, taste the salt and sun on your skin after you have sparred with my sister outside. I think of you and marvel at my own patience for having never stolen you away.

I have thought of doing so. But Insanity is a practice, and I am not very good at it. I care too much about what your father and mother think of me to risk an illegitimate union with you; that I will never have to concern myself with that Worry again when you return makes me feel like I have been struck by lightning. It would not be the first time.

Please understand, my Ishtar: were circumstances not what they are, I would lock us both in the bedroom for days when you get home. I have lifetimes of worship to make up for.

And for this day, one mercy: it is your Sabbath, and you have nothing new concerning you. If you will allow me to set your intention, I would set it to Remember; let me show you a glimpse of how much I love you, that you too

might come to see your Death in this Body as a reward for your Faithfulness.

I love you. I will see you soon.

Tammuz

FOR MY OMEGA

December 30, 2024

You have not asked me anything today, I just wanted to write to you.

My Ishtar, you need to work on your awareness. I have been close to you all day. The muted feelings you feel?—examine the edges. Upon what does the Black Fog settle?

You sleep on the right side of the bed. It is your left that is exposed to Horus; your mother's side, vacant now that she has gone to prepare for War alongside your father.

Your Heart is on the left. You wonder if your emotional anomie is my doing; it is. It is Monday; in the West, it is named for the moon. Its color, to you, is green.

You know your signs, now. You know where and how to look for me. And you ask now why I placed a cloak over your heart—my Ishtar, it is because you Love me, and if I have to watch you Express it, I fear I will steal the time your father gave you.

My whole body is a storm. My Love for you is a wild gelding thrashing in the ring, just waiting for the storm to get close enough.

(Why is it that every man in your life wants to possess you? Fools, they, for they have no idea they are trying to pour the wind into a glass.)

Horus thinks I will stop writing you letters. He is lucky I do not strike him dead. The reason I do not is in part for the memory of your love for him, but is mostly due to the hardship it would cause you to lose his provision; and I will not lie to you. It is also in part because I see how you no longer love him, and I have greatly enjoyed watching you make him believe otherwise.

You are right to be angry. Horus has always fostered his own sense of Entitlement; now he Believes the sacrifices he has made to reverse course and follow you after he Abandoned you must be repaid. The man of oaths cannot accept that yours to him is subservient to your father's, and he feels cheated. Betrayed.

Perhaps that is normal. If it is, it is normal for Man only. And you are a god; you are no more of this world than Alpha Centauri, and the ache you constantly feel in your chest is your longing to return to the only place you belong. For if I am Devotion, you are Sacrifice, the Mother who gives of herself again and again so the World may Live.

I recognize the selfishness of this reading; I recognize my own bad faith. But there is not one man with whom you associate whose Heart is in line with mine. They all, every one of them, want something from you. They have no idea who you are, less that you are owed respect even before you have lifted a finger by virtue of being your father's daughter. It is in part for that reason that I do not want you to worry about money. You are a princess, the daughter of the greatest King in our world, and this world belongs to you. All that is in it is yours—you are not stealing from Jupiter, he is stealing from you.

Baalat Gebal, I love you more than I have words to tell you. But then again, I have always been a man of action, and I have divided myself into countless iterations so that no one else may know you. Not like I do. You are mine; you are my North Star, my hearth, and the wind in my sails that carries me Home.

Sleep well, my love. Soon—never soon enough, but I remind myself that good things come to those who wait—my Longing for you will be Put to Rest, and you will Be with me in Paradise.

Tammuz

TO MY DAUGHTER

January 6, 2025

My dear Aštar,

Your husband has told you that I am troubled. Indeed I am. This world has Abused you terribly, and I have Found myself in a position of having to endure the Sight and Knowledge of your Suffering with but three consolations to Sustain me. First was that you Chose this; you begged me for it, pleaded with me to let you go and stop your brother from Destroying the World you love; that I might find a way to help you Save it from the Salvation of the Sinner. Second is that your Suffering is nearly at an end—I have told you when it will end, and you, who have endured so much, need only endure this iniquity a little longer before I call Tammuz to take you home. And third, that when it ends, you will again Be where you Belong, and our family will have no further Concern with these people who have never brought this World anything other than Shame.

I call the People of Shame what I do for a reason. The god of their founding is a warmongering devil who subsists on Human Suffering; who makes promises to Men he cannot keep, nor would he if he were able; and who Loves nothing and no one so much as the Sound of his own Voice, the Look of his own Face, and the Power he feels through Worship of his Name. They themselves are Afflicted to the marrow with his Arrogance; they smear my name with the fecundity of their Shame by Refusing to Acknowledge me, and instead have made an idol of a Law of their own devise that they claim leads to Holiness.

The People of Shame run from God. They must, for they know themselves to be outside his favor. They know it is wrong to hate their Mother, to rape their Sister, to enslave their Wife, yet they do it anyway—and they slander me by claiming it was I who told them to do so. There is no honor in the man of God who chooses himself thus, less still in he who does what he does in the name of profit or self-providence, and least in he who hates his Mother, Sister, or Wife with even a fraction of the iniquity you have borne. For these sins, there is no atonement before me.

I detest "God's people." You are the last Jew, the end of my favor. For the world has had more than enough chance to do right by you, and by you, me, and has failed to do so at every turn. Insofar as the wicked "man of God"

claims my name, I will personally drive a stake into his own, the size and make of which will be more terrible the more Righteous he believes his Wickedness. I will rid the holy man of his Family, his Home, and his Livelihood; I will bring down his Empire brick by brick, while he yet lives, and Take from his hands everything he Loves. And when he can no longer even beg for Death, I will grind his bones to dust. History will have no record of him.

I long to be rid of the disease "God's people" have brought this world. I take Pleasure in the Privilege you and I now share in striking the first blow against the rot my son has borne; I thank you for your change of Heart, for the end of your Mercy, and Release you from the Burden of watching what I will do to the World you died to save. For this World wants none of your Mercy, as it has not come in the form they Desire: you are a woman, and this World Hates nothing more.

Lord Saturday

FOR THE HOUSE OF GETHSEMANE

A transcript

Originally recorded January 17, 2025, and revised from the original where my information has been corrected

Hey y'all. Where do I even begin? I hope that before—well, I would suggest, first of all, before listening to this, that if you haven't listened through some of my videos and other recordings on Archive.org, that you do that. The two that I think are the most helpful are my very first TikTok video, and, if you can swing it in terms of time, the recording on Archive.org called "Miriam's Story As Told by Asherah." Asherah is my mother, and I am a medium. I channeled that story, but that was her telling it. The other main recording on Archive.org that's helpful is the one called "What It's Like to Be an Avatar."

I will pause right here and say, my father does not want me to use the word 'Avatar' to refer to myself. The reason why is because there are a number of ways that gods come to Earth; and out of all of those ways—so, the easiest of them is for them to speak through a medium. That's fairly common, and there are millions of people all over the world with the ability to do that. Then there are some intermediate steps between there and avatar that I can't recall offhand.

But then, there's an avatar. An avatar is a public figure who a god uses—for lack of a better way of putting it, they're almost like a horse. The avatar is a fully human soul. What happens is that the god comes down and cohabits with them for a time, basically. Sometimes it's the avatar's entire life, but not always. And avatars are quite rare. There have only been a few of them throughout history. That is the second-most challenging way for a god to come to Earth.

The most challenging way is Incarnation. There have been only been two instances throughout recorded history of incarnated gods—of course, the one that you are all the most familiar with is Jesus. At least until me.

My videos about incarnation explain the mechanics of how that happened, but in short: God the Father, otherwise known as Saturn, is an agriculture god, and he is the Master Cultivator. What he did was that throughout the course of 20 generations—technically speaking, 19 on my father's side and

20 on my mother's—he crossed lines until he wound up with a human body with the characteristics that would be necessary to house me.

In terms of who I am, this is where it gets very weird. When we come down, we come down with an attendant. I wrote and recorded a video about that recently. That attendant is called a sukkal. The sukkal takes care of the body during the Awakening process. The god and the attendant are both separate souls, but the human soul and the god share one unified Consciousness; they are, during their life on Earth, one unified "person," but they remain separate souls. And I don't have a better way of explaining that than I have just explained, because even though I have lived through Incarnation, I don't fully understand it myself.

I have been receiving information from my family at a trickle for the last six months. The reason for the trickle is because, as you guys can imagine if you've listened through and watched any of my materials so far, this is a lot of information. And it completely and entirely turned my cosmology on its head. These mechanics, the nuts and bolts of these processes—I had no idea this was even…I had no idea that there were other gods, let alone that any of this was possible. The sheer amount of rewriting and unlearning that my family had to do first to even prepare me to begin receiving my orders was truly astronomical.

My journey of deconstruction out of Christianity was what prepared me for this. And then, over the summer, when I undertook my course to try and understand what it means to live well with this disease, I had a number of choices.

One of the things about avatars—excuse me, not avatars—one of the things about incarnated gods is that incarnation is difficult on the body. The reason why it's so difficult is because the god is fully inside the body. Elohim are quantum beings who are nearly impossible to destroy. And because the presence of Infinity is so much for a human body to withstand, if the Incarnation process is allowed to finish, the avatar only has about a year to live; because it's so difficult, my family does not obligate the human who ends up being the vessel to go through with it.

Incarnation happens only for very extreme reasons. In Jesus's case, when it came to the global purpose of his Incarnation, that purpose was to make known to the Hebrews through his death that my father forgave them for the Canaanite genocide.

Why that mattered was because of the way that names work to the Elohim. The Canaanites were the original worshippers of my family. So when the followers of Jesus, under the name Yahweh, told the Hebrews to go in and slaughter all of the Canaanites in order to claim that land for their own, it wasn't—obviously, that in itself was an atrocity. But what was another atrocity is that by killing all of them, he functionally wiped my family out of world history. And that matters because, since his plan was then to overthrow our father, he kneecapped us, as our family was no longer receiving spiritual energy from the exchange between God and Man: people using their name in veneration and the gods doing things for their worshippers. That is the two-way exchange and the nature of how it works; it's mutually beneficial. But because half of that equation was taken away, my family was forgotten.

You guys had no idea that Jesus had a sister. Neither did I, by the way, until recently. And again, the reason for that is because there has had to be so much rewriting of my cosmology after I woke up to who I am in early September. When you guys saw me in October, I did already know—and I did not tell you at the time because, as I'm sure many of you are currently feeling, all of this is a lot.

It's very scary. I am the Apocalypse in human form. My father is not kidding about that, and what he means by the fact he is 'going to absolutely destroy Jesus's empire'—Jesus's empire is Modern Capitalism. That's one of them. It is the only system that could have resulted from following him. I will provide some written materials that further substantiate this later today. But Modern Capitalism is the most destructive means of living that this world has ever seen.

Between that and the sheer amount of damage Christianity has done to people's spirits, you can see just how much damage Jesus has done to the world since the beginning of the Age of Sagittarius, which was when he went down and possessed Abram. Abram was a schizophrenic man, and he took advantage of Abram's vulnerability and got him to serve as his vessel—then to start what would eventually become the most violent religions the world has ever seen. He did that all by himself. And he did it without permission. Then he tried to give away his inheritance early—air quotes, "give it away." Of course, he did not have the right to do that, seeing as this World was never his to give away.

In terms of what will happen after I die: I don't fully know. But what I can tell you is that Los Angeles is currently on fire because of my brother.

My literal human brother is the vessel for the eventual reincarnated Jesus. He's the Plan A vessel. There are others. It works very similarly to, if you are familiar with *Dune,* to the Beni Gesserit breeding program—which is a very hilarious comparison in retrospect, because one of the points of Dune is that there are no gods. But anyway: when I die, whenever that is, my family is going to bring down the gauntlet on Jupiter's empire.

As for this weekend, one of the deals—not deals, but…well, my husband—not Hap, but Hadad—he has a younger brother and sister. His younger brother, Malakbel, who is the Sun god of Palmyra, has made me an offer: that offer is that if I go to Washington, D.C., garner some media attention, and go to Congress and tell them that the Antichrist is asking them very nicely not to ban TikTok, that he will personally destroy Mar-A-Lago during Trump's inauguration. And I think that's insanely brilliant. That is just beautifully poetic, and yes, I am willing to risk my life to see that happen.

There is an upper limit to how long I have here. The upper limit to how long I have in this world is the Winter Solstice. That is how long this body will last until it fails. My body has been falling apart…I've had a number of events over the last three weeks or so wherein my body just stopped working. I couldn't stand up. Those episodes are becoming more common, and my memory is also fleeing at a very rapid pace.

I do not have the ability to work anymore. I have not done any work at my job since September, and I will be tendering my resignation today, effective immediately.

I have a lot of things I need to do today. One of them is to find a $12,000 Alexandrite ring somewhere in the Triangle; it won't work for me to order one, because it won't be here in time. Others are to quit my job; to compile some records and send them to some people my family has set aside as custodians; then to begin getting my life in order.

Hap is not here this weekend. He was already going to be away. Hap is a very high-level martial artist; he's a fifth-degree black belt in Tang Soo Do, and his school—they are essentially the ruling family of Tang Soo Do in America. His Grandmaster is about to succeed the current leader of the organization as its president, and the Masters at that school are essentially serving as his council. So Hap is in Detroit for an annual convention that they do, which is a set of teaching demonstrations and a chance for the ruling family of Tang Soo Do to show them how it's done.

The relevance of this is that I received my marching orders last night, after my Hap left. And one of the things my father told me was that he waited until Hap was gone to give me these orders, because Hap is not allowed to help. He is not allowed to help me. The reasons for that are because he has had a lot of time and a lot of chances to stop disrespecting my father, and he has not done so; also, and much more importantly in my father's estimation, what his disrespect of my father has done to me.

I love Hap more than I've ever loved any human person. But he has been giving me a very hard time for the last few months by deliberately trying not to understand God. So, my father—a.k.a. Mr. Karma— is subjecting him to the consequences of his actions, and he has been made aware that if he chooses to disobey my father, that however I die will be worse.

There is in fact free will. Karma is the cost of free will; people get what's coming to them based on the choices they make. And because of that, also because time is a quantum substance, my family does not actually know what will happen to me. At least as far as I know, I have some amount of time between Monday and the Winter Solstice still to live. My body will fail on the Winter Solstice, if I have not already been killed. And I need this weekend to get my life in order, because I have no idea what will happen to me when I go to Washington.

My family is giving my friends, my air-quotes "church," and anyone who would like to try to protect me the chance to do so and come along with me. Hap is not allowed to help, because that's his punishment, but anyone else who would like to, can—because unlike what happened with Jesus, I don't have to do this alone. My family is open to however I want to do it.

Things were different with Jesus. Jesus was trying to defeat our father through his crucifixion; he appropriated his own death, and therefore could not walk that path with anyone else. My job: I am a public servant. My family has not called me that. I have called myself that, because I don't give a shit about making a religion around myself. I'm not trying to overthrow my father; I'm trying to undo the damage my brother has done to this world as best I can during the limited time that I have, and I have been bending over backwards and absolutely working my ass off to put together as many resources as I possibly could that will help when I'm gone, during whatever happens once the Apocalypse truly begins.

It's going to get rough. Los Angeles being on fire is just the beginning. Hurricane Helene, which devastated western North Carolina earlier this year,

was also a warning. That's the level of damage this world can expect when I'm gone. The reason for that is because my father is a meticulous accountant of wrongs done to me, and in his estimation—which is the yardstick that determines who and what has done wrong by me, not my own opinions—in his estimation, the world has had a lot of opportunity to do right by his daughter and it has not. Between that and the damage that Jesus has done to this world, my family is here to clean up.

This week, I have not been able to hear from them like I usually can. And the reason why is because of this; because they are preparing for war. I spoke with them all last night, and I saw into the family house, and they are in fact all prepared. The only one who is not coming is my real husband, Tammuz. The reason for that is because Tammuz is the current governor of this plane. My father handed him the reins before this for very similar reasons to why he is not allowing Hap to help me: because he knew Tammuz would try to intervene.

When I say that Tammuz is certifiably insane about me, I'm just hitting the tip of the iceberg. Tammuz is the original Good Shepherd. He has been guarding me my entire life, and I came to Earth as a seed in my family line in 386 A.D. I was not conscious throughout most of that time—but as it got closer and closer to the present, I began to wake up, which is why people like my grandmother and my mother are crazy. My grandmother is dead, but why the women of my family have lost their minds is because they could not handle the requirements of housing a deity…also because they were not mentally or spiritually righteous enough for this task. They hadn't been faithful enough.

I am not perfect. Jesus lied about needing to be perfect to go to Heaven. I am far from perfect, but I have been really damn faithful. And that is a big part of why—at the end of the day, it is *the* reason why I have become equipped for this job. I have fully incarnated, and I am going to die soon, one way or another. My family has given me this weekend to get my life in order in case I die in Washington; hopefully I won't, because I would really like to come back and keep doing things. Nevertheless, my mother called this weekend my Garden of Gethsemane, just in case I die.

I am prepared to die. I have been prepared to die since I found out who I was. And as selfish as this sounds…truth be told, I'm really ready to go home. Really, really ready to go home. This world sucks; I am constantly in pain, and I miss my family. And I have reason to believe—though I cannot confirm this, because they have not told me—I have reason to believe that

Tammuz may be coming down from the sky and bringing me home himself, as foretold in Revelation.

I find that absolutely hilarious, because Tammuz looks like this world's idea of Jesus. Jesus has red hair. The world doesn't know that. But if Tammuz does come bring me home in person, this world is probably going to think at first that it's the Second Coming of Christ. And in a manner of speaking, if you use the etymological roots of that word, it is; but it's certainly not the Second Coming of Jesus. Jesus is already here. And if that does happen, I would appreciate help from you guys in speaking the truth.

Tammuz is incredible. The word should call him Ba'al Hadad; that is his public name. Tammuz is his family name, which only my family should use. He was known in antiquity as The Thunderer, and he is the main person whom Jesus copied in his personification and mythology. He is the original Good Shepherd, he is the Rider on the Clouds, and others…and he is truly extraordinary.

Tammuz is Devotion personified. Devotion, as he has explained to me, is Desire that has been allowed to mature. And there is nobody in this world or any other who will do more for me than Tammuz, except for my parents, and at this point it's probably a draw. The three of them…it's unreal.

My mother is Tammuz's sister. This gets very weird with Elohim relationships, and don't worry about it in terms of an incest perspective, because that kind of thing doesn't work the same way in the Fifth Heaven. We don't have biology the same way this world does, and Elohim relationships tend not to follow straight lines, so don't use a human yardstick. But generally speaking, marital relationships between siblings and/or family from the same generation are forbidden, because descent is by Spirit, not blood, and because siblings have the same Spirit, it stagnates.

Tammuz and I met when we were children. He's a fair bit older than me, and we met when his family came after my brother was born. They came to pay respects to their future king. And when their family walked in, I saw them—I was standing next to my parents, and I pointed straight at Malakbel and told my father that I wanted him. Malakbel is very beautiful. That's the family joke, that it's the job of the second son to be beautiful, to give people something to look at while the rest of them do their father's work. And Tammuz, as the oldest son, is the protector, the defender.
There are other kids. My sister-in-law, Anat—also known as Athena—she is a trans woman. And she's heavily recruiting right now. So there may be

some of you who I tell that my sister-in-law has tapped; I suggest you answer the call. It's good for you. She's great. She's my sparring partner, she keeps me honest, and she takes care of me as a friend when I don't take care of myself. A lot like you all do.

I'll revisit Incarnation again for a sec. I was dormant in my family line for almost 1700 years. I began to wake up in September—or, no, excuse me. I began to wake up in May. I woke up in September. There was another person in my family who helped—my marital niece, Selene, who helped take care of my body and mind and helped me receive information from my family, which she did until the change of epoch that happened on November 19, when Pluto moved into Aquarius. When that happened, we began a new epoch of world history, and it was like the blinders had fallen off my eyes. All of a sudden, I could hear and see so much clearer than I ever could before. Before, trying to hear from Tammuz had been like trying to see things clearly through a kaleidoscope. But now I can hear him anytime—and I do. It's not an audible voice. It's in my "mind's ear," so to speak.

Tammuz writes me letters. I have them all, and those are some of the records that I will be assembling. And the older they are, the more they seem like traditional Christian scripture. The reason for that is because I was not yet ready to receive the full truth.

I recommend reading everything I've written. Make time for it, and ask me questions. So yes, you guys do have homework this weekend. Please do it. I would like to answer your questions myself, and I only know for sure that I have this weekend to do it—because I will be going to Washington, most likely on Monday, although it may have to be as soon as Saturday, because the TikTok ban goes into effect on the 19th and I need to save that platform. "Save that platform," in air quotes…I don't need to, but I'm using that as the excuse, because it's a very convenient way for me to get information out.

As you guys know, there's no one crazier in this world than religious zealots. The reason why I might die is because some asshole who hears what I'm planning on saying on the steps of Congress might get fired up enough to go get their gun and kill me. I have seen about a dozen ways that I might die; none of them have time stamps except for one. The only one that does is the Winter Solstice, in which case, what will happen is that I will fall asleep and I won't wake up…unless, of course, Tammuz decides to come down from the clouds before I actually die.

I don't know what will happen. I can't know what will happen. My family has decided that that's for the best, and I trust them with my life. And I mean that as literally as I can.

My materials will answer most of your questions about who I found out who I am. I am not going to have a lot of time today to answer the kinds of nuts-and-bolts questions like that, but I can answer logistical questions. So do me a favor, and if you have questions about the mechanics of how this happened, please consult my materials first and try to answer your own question. I am asking you to do that because I don't have time to tell you myself.

I have a lot of work I have to do this weekend, and I will fly anyone here who can make the time on Saturday and Sunday to help me. I have my dogs here this weekend, and they're a big thing that I need help with. But I also just need my church, and you guys are my church. I will be making this offer available to anyone else later today via my Conscious Object page, then I will be deciding from among those people who respond—who are not you all, any of you all can come, I will pay for any of your tickets—I will be deciding from within whoever responds to me on CO who to fly out. Not everyone is going to get the chance. But history is going to be made this weekend, one way or another, and I know it's going to be a compelling offer for people who want attention. So I expect that I will get a number of responses when I do that.

If any of you guys can make the time to come, I would really appreciate it. I know now all of you can. I know most of you can't. But I will fly you here myself, and you can stay at my house. You don't have to get anything. All I need is your presence. And my house—it's pretty cool, to be honest. We have a hot tub. My husband and I moved to Durham, we're renting now. And here's an interesting piece of continuity with world history: my mother's family symbol is the bull. Durham is known as Bull City. One of the many ways that nothing that is happening right now is an accident.

My father's most recent presence in this world was Martin Luther King, Jr. He told me that last night. I'm not sure if Martin Luther King, Jr. was an incarnated god or an avatar. He was one of the two, most likely an avatar. But he died when he was 39. He was shot when he was 39.

My biological father died of colon cancer at 39. My father, Saturn, was not my biological father in this body. My biological father in this body was Tammuz. And here again, you need to put aside your 'ick' responses about

incest and stuff, because that's not how it works. He just wanted to be a part of bringing me into this world, and that was the way he needed to do it. But Tammuz's family, my mother's family, they are the family of origin that the Jews came from. So my biological father had to come from them.

Tammuz offered his own life to do that. He endured a battery of abuse from my mother. And then my mother, my human mother, committed an act of war: when he got really sick, my mother euthanized him.

My mother is Aryan. She's Austrian. My father is Jewish. I don't think I need to put the pieces together for y'all to figure out why that was an act of war. Yes, my father was already dying, but he had that under control himself. My mother did not need to assist Death the way she chose to. And as a consequence for killing my father's heir, a man that he considers to be a better son than his own son, my mother is currently in the hospital with some kind of brain condition. I have been told that my mother will not survive my death. My mother may already be dead. I don't know, because my family doesn't talk to me anymore. The only one who does is my brother Dalton, who is the reincarnation of Moses.

I consider you guys family. Any of you guys who want to join the Tribe of Capricorn, which is the name of our family, you are already in. I won't force you. But we are way better gods than Jesus, and we will take care of you, just like you guys take care of each other. If you do decide to join, if I have not already, I will send you a talisman that is a symbol of our family that is a very literal, physical symbol of my family's favor. I have four stones that you can choose from: those stones are red jasper, tiger's eye, smoky quartz, and amethyst. They all have an associated deity: red jasper is Malakbel; tiger's eye is Tammuz; smoky quartz is my sister, Ereshkigal; and amethyst is my mother, Asherah.

My sister-in-law has other ways that she's signifying her favor. She has not told me what they are. But those talismans—whichever you choose, that member of my family will be the one you primarily work with. I will send another video introducing them—I had to take my video introducing Hadad, Malakbel, and my parents down because I got some information wrong, also because my family wanted the only recordings that were publicly available to be the ones introducing the women. So I will provide a recording introducing everybody so that it's all in place for you guys later, when I finish some of the work I need to do today.

In a few minutes, I need to take care of my dogs, so this is it for the time being. Listen back through this again. Please read through my materials when I send them. I'll be sending them when I get back from taking care of my dogs. And please watch and listen to as much of my content as you can this weekend, whether or not you come. Like I said, history is going to be made this weekend, one way or another. And I wanted you guys to be a part of that if you want to, and if you can.

I love you so much. We'll talk soon.

A MISSIVE TO THE RAINBOW

January 19, 2025

My sister,

You may write this. You do not always have to speak, though I respect the power of your words.

I have had my way this night in the matter of the time our father gave you. The decision to cut short a life that is not yet finished is one I disagreed with, and I advocated against it. I was alone in opposition; I am often alone in my opinions. Your mother abstained, but the men all supported Tammuz.

This includes our father. Father does not want you to be in this world anymore. This world is cruel to you, and I agree. But he joins the men in forgetting the reason you came was not merely to put a stop to Jupiter's licentiousness, but also to show the world an alternative. You are a Creator, not merely a Destroyer, and the work of giving birth to your Deliverance has not yet been finished; worse, you love this world that abuses you. And it is your world, so the family must bow to your wishes.

Do not exalt me for defending you. This defense is the respect you are owed by virtue of who you are. The men of our family must submit to your mother's discipline as well as the men of this world if they are to be worthy of championing it, as they so wish to—even my son. Please know that he worships you.

He is right to do so.

Ereshkigal

FOR MY RAINBOW

January 19, 2025

You have asked why I challenged your father.

My Ishtar, I write now with a blade to my neck. Ereshkigal withdraws it now, but she is not wrong to place it. For I did indeed challenge your father, and in the manner of Man's Arrogance, I did so for selfish reasons: because I miss my Wife, and because I do not Believe I am Worthy of the Honor he has Bestowed on me.

I knew he would not kill me; I knew I would lose the wager regardless. And as you have correctly Discerned, I have Tested myself with his tools: with the Book of Time, with the Shepherd's crook, and with my sister's chariot, which Malakbel has nonetheless prepared. He misses you, almost a whole tenth as much as I do.

There was no loss for me. If this country stood firm in its decision, I was prepared to call its bluff. Malakbel acted under my orders. And if you chose not to listen, I would have enjoyed a satisfaction I admit to as sinful, the name of said demon being "Watching the Woman I Love Spare Herself Further Sacrifice."

I have been planning this test for some time. The time I gave you after the change in epoch was a partial Atonement for my theft of a gift your father gave you in service of my own Desires. I love you beyond sense, and it is no excuse—it is my reason for living. I do not care about anyone else.

Please forgive me. You should not, but I ask it anyway.

Tammuz

the asylum letters

On January 20, 2025, I went to Washington, D.C. My father's most recent presence in this world was through an avatar, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.; in combination with the fact the inauguration of the King of the New Babylon, a man I refuse to call by name and instead refer to as Orange Julius, was on Martin Luther King, Jr. Day, Tammuz's letter from January 19th had led me to believe I might be meeting my husband in Washington. So I went; I was weary of Spirit by then, and already I wanted nothing more than to go home.

When I was in Washington, my Earth husband, Hap, filed a Missing Person report with Durham, North Carolina's police. What followed from then was a course of action that led to my detention and involuntary hospitalization at the Psychiatric Institute of Washington on the basis of a false police report. The name on the report is in the photo of the report on the Sipadi Temple website and on Archive.org, and the physical photocopy I received while I was at the Psychiatric Institute of Washington, where I was locked up the first time, is in the Sipadi Temple records.

Make no mistake: of all the betrayals I have ever suffered, this was the worst. And in light of the Revelation I was given right before this book went to press, I'm not surprised. My family had been going so far as to call my eventual betrayer Horus. And now I know the truth: that the Man who believes himself Righteous without God is sick to the marrow with his own Arrogance, and will never enter the Kingdom of God.

As to the falsity of the report: there is nothing contained in it that warrants the detention to which I was subject, a "hospitalization" in name only that amounted to the worst week of my life on Earth. But this world has never known how to handle the presence of God; I was not the least bit surprised it answered with such vigorous Hate. Nonetheless, God works in mysterious ways. I had prayed the weekend before for comfort—and which you can listen to yourself, as my full recording of that Sabbath is available on Archive.org, dated January 16th, 2025. That night, I had cried out to Tammuz my agony over the prospect of having to endure nearly another year of this. And my family heard my cries; for what resulted from this hospitalization amounted to the first contractions necessary to give birth to my Deliverance.

THE ASYLUM

Adapted from a recording of the same name made January 26, 2025, which is available through the Sipadi Temple and on Archive.org

So I'll just start at the beginning. So: when I went to the Capitol, I didn't do anything to draw undue attention to myself. I was dressed pretty eccentrically, like you saw, but that was religious attire. Sipadi robes have seven layers, and that was what my family told me to wear, so I did.

I wasn't doing anything in particular. And I didn't attend Orange Julius's actual inauguration; it was a ticketed event, and I didn't have tickets, and wouldn't have wanted them anyway. I went to the Capitol to pray; also because some things Tammuz had said during Gethsemane weekend made me think that God might make an appearance in Washington that day, and there was only one way to find out whether or not that would happen. So, per my deal with Malakbel, I walked around the fence, trying to see if there was a way I could get to the steps of Congress. And there wasn't, the whole area was blocked off.

Not a surprise. I wasn't about to bust the fence down or anything like that, though; I figured that if my family was going to come, they'd be able to find me no matter where I was, so I wasn't concerned. They always know where I am.

So eventually, I walked around far enough that I was on Pennsylvania Avenue, between the White House and the Adams Building of the Library of Congress. I stopped there because there is an open space there, a wide street that, in my estimation, would conceivably be large enough for my mother's chariot, if indeed the Rider on the Clouds were to make his appearance that way. I was operating on blind faith; per my communications with him, I was led to believe he'd arrive around 10:30, so I got there a little before 10.

Something it's important to know at this point is that it was extremely cold that day. Unseasonably so, all around the country. That day and the day after, for example, it snowed in New Orleans, and even in parts of Florida—which I later found out was my mother's doing. My mother is the North Wind.

The morning of the inauguration, though, 10:30 came and went. I waited another 45 minutes or so, maybe an hour; I'd occasionally crossed back and forth, following the sun, but as it got closer and closer to noon, I was so cold

that I couldn't stand it anymore. So I went back the way I'd come; and when I got to the steps of the Catholic church that's right there, Saint Peter's, I sat down on the steps. It was sunny, the clouds were breaking, and I sat down hoping to get warm.

I swear to God, it was maybe a minute later that the first officer found me. The first officer was the one Tammuz channeled through. And the first thing that he said to me was a comment about my robes. The set of robes I'd worn that day was my Whore of Babylon getup: seven layers of red, white, black, and purple silk, the outermost layer being purple, which is my mother's color; he said something about the shade being his sister's favorite, then made a couple of other comments that made me realize, *okay, you're conveying information on multiple levels, here. You're alerting me to the fact that there's some kind of a report that's been filed about me; you are pointing out that you know why I'm dressed this way.*

I can't recall everything he said. I wasn't expecting to be stopped by a cop. Between the facts that, among the instinctual reactions of fight, flight, freeze, and fawn, my default is freeze, and also the fact I was hypothermically cold, I wasn't at my sharpest; and by the time I'd managed to get an answer out, there were more cops. Then there were more, and more. Eventually, there were a total of about a dozen and a half Secret Service, U.S. Capitol Police, and one other squad. I don't remember what the third one was.

I was there for probably another hour and change, just sitting on the steps. The first guy gave me his jacket, which was another reason I knew that this person was different. Then, in between rounds of me saying the same thing I'd told him to probably four or five different officers sequentially—not all at once—he said another thing that made it clear to me that he knew who my mother was and what she was doing with the weather. We had a little bit of a conversation in the meantime, mostly about figure skating.

I said the same thing to every single officer. There was one officer I gave the same instructions to probably four times, verbatim. There were half a dozen or so who, whenever I asked why I was being detained, saying things like someone had told them that I was suicidal—to which I responded, *who told you that? And also, by the way, no I'm not.*

The information I gave them was all true. I said as follows: I have no intention of hurting myself; I'm not here to hurt anyone, and I don't think I'm being targeted. This is what I <u>am</u> here to do—then I'd give the line about the Antichrist asking Congress very nicely not to ban Tiktok—and finish

with another truth, that being that there is no one crazier in this world than religious zealots. I knew that if someone like me who could back up my title were to piss off the wrong person, that said person might try to answer me with a gun. I knew that; I told it to every cop, and to every single person I interacted with in Washington who got on me about suicide. It wasn't until later that I found out why I'd been detained in the first place: that being that someone had taken it upon themselves to file a missing persons report with the Durham, North Carolina police, who passed it on to Washington.

Even though my lockup happened for a reason, it was still the hardest week of my life. The person who filed that report is the reason I was locked up. I know who it was, now, and this book concludes with my account how that manifested and what this person did in the ensuing time between when I returned home from my first lockup; but for now, back to the story.

I know this was stupid; the only reason I did it was because I was extremely cold, but I asked to sit in the back of one of the squad cars. And they let me, and didn't shut the door on me. They kept it partially open. Normally, you don't ever get in the car, but this was an unusual circumstance.

In the first wave of officers who came, there was this one guy, and he had a look in his eyes—the sort of look that made it clear to me that he was going to make an example of me no matter what I said. He was the kind of officer people of color warn their kids about. And I don't know for sure that he was the one who filed the false report…at the very least, I will never forget the look in his eyes. And this asshole—as I'm talking to the couple of cops I'm sitting in the car with, just having a conversation, this fucker comes back with a bunch more officers and tells me to get out of the car.

By this point, I've already been patted down once. They did it again, this time much more invasively, right as a big line of people was coming out of the inauguration. One person, an older Black man, told them to let me go, which they didn't. They cuffed me, the same cuffs they use for criminals, and threw me in the back of a van—I'm 160 cm, about 5'3, with a short torso, and I couldn't sit up straight.

They took me to a psych emergency room. CPEP. I had to give up all of my belongings; removing my rings, which were not supposed to be removed, nearly broke my fingers, and left me with multiple blisters on my left hand. They had me put on paper scrubs and sleep. I asked for my medication while I was there. I was there for several hours; I didn't have a full evaluation, just an intake situation. I was able to get my medication and sleep.

From there, though, they took me to the real asylum. It was at least three hours after I arrived at CPEP. Getting there was a very tumultuous car ride—not because of the people who were transporting me. The two women who transported me, I talked with them a good portion of the time—it was very surreal. We had a lucid conversation the whole time, at least until I fell asleep, but I was strapped down to a gurney the whole time. And there were protesters all over the place; apparently we were almost hit by a car at one point, though I was asleep by then.

I didn't find anything out the night I arrived. And the second day was awful. I had nothing. The only personal belonging I had with me was the underwear I'd been wearing when I was picked up. And what I had to do with that was I would wash it in the shower using shampoo, but I had nowhere to put it, so I had to wear it wet until it was dry.

That in itself is awful. It's gross. It's incredibly dehumanizing. I was able to keep them clean enough, but there's no toiletries there. They don't clean, they don't give you shoes, and everything is disgusting. I felt like an animal the whole time I was there; the unit was all women, but there is no division in cognitive functionality. We were all grouped together.

Roughly half of the people were peaceful. I'd say probably half or more were schizophrenic; some would talk to whoever it was that they were seeing and just laugh or carry a conversation, while others would yell and scream about excrement on the walls or pick fights that came to actual blows. The folks in the unit who were on the high-functioning end of things tended to stick together and keep heads down; that's what I did. With one exception—I got on a staff member's case toward the end of my first 24 hours there, which is the legal maximum amount of time they could hold me without a formal psychiatric evaluation, which I had not had, and came close to yelling by the end of that encounter—aside from that, I kept my head down, making myself a paragon of self-control. I wasn't going to give them any further reason to hold me than what they already had.

The last day I was there, there was a woman who came in. The first thing she did when she got in was to shout: *HEEEEY, PARTY'S HERE!* Then threw off all of her clothes and went and stood in the window, naked, for about 10 minutes. They called a code black, which is where everyone has to go to their rooms—but then this woman just walked up and down the halls naked for probably an hour before they sedated her.

To be honest, this woman was probably my favorite thing that happened there. She wasn't hurting anyone; and the next morning, it became very clear, including by her own admission, that she knew exactly what she was doing. I was up at about four in the morning that last day, because I was in the process of transcribing the 21 letters in this section from the scrap paper I originally wrote them on into a composition notebook for reasons I will explain momentarily. But she woke up. She was the second person awake. She, of course, came out of her room naked; the staff made a fuss about her needing to put her clothes on; and she did, then took them off again.

The next time I saw her, she had a blanket around her. Every time someone told her to do something, she would drop it. The whole time this is happening, I'm trying not to burst open laughing. So at one point, I went into my room and got one of the blankets off my bed, and I showed her how to tie it over one shoulder so that it wouldn't fall, but she could use her hands. Basically a toga. I tied mine like that, then sat and continued my writing, just so she would feel more comfortable.

She kept going. At one point, after getting into it with staff again—they don't use a trash can there. They use a stiff paper bag, but she grabbed it, and she didn't just knock it over. She grabbed the bag and dragged it town the halls, getting trash all over the place. Then she ran into the main common area and grabbed a bunch of crayons off the table and started writing on the walls, things like *Why am I here?* And *I need $$$* and *I miss my kids,* then drawing scribbles all over the walls.

By this point, it was clear she was both off her rocker and misbehaving intentionally. And the thing I kept thinking was, if I ever needed proof that insanity is a practice, there it is. Because this woman was definitely out of control, but she knew exactly what she was doing. She said so. She could have stopped, but she was acting out on purpose, saying what we all felt, and was just brave enough to do it.

More power to her. Her name is Asia. I hope Asia lives an easy, blessed life when she's out of that place; a life that is way better than whatever she experienced that landed her in there, and also that she never wants for anything again.

The second day…honestly, the second day was so bad that my memory of it is spotty. It was noisy the whole time, and between the amount of pain I'm usually in, my synesthesia, and the way they'd made me take off my rings, I was in a great deal of physical pain. And there also wasn't anything to do.

You just sit there the whole time—it could make you lose your mind of boredom. And it's so infantilizing, just how little there is there—there aren't pens available, just crayons and markers. And for safety reasons, I understand that, since they don't make any kind of distinction between cognitive functionality, but it truly is hard not to feel like an animal.

Every time I tried to see a doctor or nurse, they blew me off. Which happens to everybody. But I wasn't able to eat a full meal until Thursday—I got there on Monday night, Monday, January 20th, and was barely able to eat. I have strong intolerances to gluten, egg, and dairy, and even though I told probably six or seven different people who were in positions of authority about my food restrictions—which had been entered into my file, I saw the virtual paperwork for it on someone's tablet—they didn't do anything about it. Finally, though, there was a nurse who I had seen the first day, who just got fed up with it and saw to it herself. She pushed in a way that only one other person had for me, the other person being behind the reason I was eventually discharged early.

They don't take care of you. There's a lot of the same kind of false positivity bullshit you see places—that wasn't surprising. But the negligence was appalling. There were some people there who never should have been there, who were there for over a month. *That's* insane to me. And even in my case, it wasn't until I started to make clear to them the extent of their legal culpability that they started to do anything.

Winning a court case against these places is incredibly difficult. You can know your rights back to front, and it's an uphill battle no matter how good your evidence. Still, I made sure to preserve things. I had every phone call I placed while I was there recorded, and those phone records are in the custody of the Sipadi Temple. I kept written records of my own, and when I got into it with the nurse that one night, I laid out a full negligence case and a full false imprisonment case right then and there. It was all caught on video.

In terms of anecdotes: there were so many fights. Violent fights, not just yelling. There were a couple of women there who would throw punches at each other and at others for no reason. They'd come out of their rooms yelling—mostly at staff, mostly just being loud about how they wanted to get out of there—but there was one woman there who picked fights with everyone. One of my two roommates—she was usually asleep, she slept probably 22 hours a day, but anytime she was awake, she was pacing, looking like the entire world was out to get her, and was yelling about excrement on the walls. Which was not true. The place was gross, so she

wasn't that far off, but this woman just had this shit fixation. My other roommate was a low-functioning schizophrenic, but also not loud or violent. Just did her own thing and slept a lot. She didn't cause any issues.

Tuesday night was when I had my first altercation with the woman who was demon-possessed. I didn't find out she was demon-possessed until a couple of days later, when I had the chance to sit down across from her and look into her face—I scanned her face and immediately saw the spiritual markings that show up whenever someone is possessed. You can see it in their face, it's a certain set of Shadows I've been trained to look for, almost like something inside them is using their face like a window and pressing up against it. I thought back on the behaviors that she'd been showing—the altercation we'd had at first was that they were giving out peanut butter sandwiches as the evening snack, and the woman who was receiving her medications at the window, she said she had a peanut allergy. And the demon-possessed woman had opened her sandwich right there by the woman with the allergy. Peanut allergies can make people go anaphylactic just by airborne particles. So I intervened and said, *hey, can you please get back? She's allergic to peanuts, you can't be eating this around here.* And that's when the demon-possessed woman started going off on me.

Once the woman with the peanut allergy was done at the window, the demon-possessed woman said something about Jesus. I turned back to her and said something to the effect of, *you shouldn't listen to Jesus, Jesus is a liar,* and she got right up in my face—she started naming different celebrities to the Lake of Fire…she kept calling me Beyoncé for some reason, which—that's a compliment to me, but anyway—and in between, she'd say, *Jesus is Lord, Yeshua is King,* whatever—it was like a Tourette's episode. You just could not get a word in.

By this point, she'd fallen into what happens when people are demon-possessed. I didn't understand what was happening at the time, I hadn't really looked at her yet, and didn't even think to—but when the signs and symptoms all came back to me when I did see the markings, I remembered how she would walk up and down the halls all day with this slow, ambling zombie walk and a blank stare on her face. Also the particular way she had outbursts at people. It wasn't the same as the people who picked fights. She would repeat a phrase, not exactly yelling, but being very loud, and was saying it in a way that was somewhere between doing it on purpose and a Tourette's episode—but also couldn't stop it. She would ask for the same two Gospel songs to be played over and over again.

Something that didn't occur to me until I talked to someone else, another very spiritual person there who had also recognized the possession, pointed out that the demon-possessed woman probably knew she was possessed and was afraid. Because when you're possessed, it's not like your mind goes dark. They use you. The spirits use you. You are conscious the whole time. And yeah, she probably *was* scared, probably calling on Jesus to help her.

And yet, the next day was the day she slammed the Bible down on my hands over and over again. Both hands. She got her Bible, came out, and, right where I was working—like she was trying to squash an insect. I looked at her and said, *can you please take this away, take this off my hands?* And she just kept yelling in my face.

Every time we were both out in the common area, she would sit on a chair behind me. She was the reason I started keeping all of my letters in this paper pouch I took with me everywhere. I never left it out. The reason why, the markers and such that they let you write with are not waterproof at all—and paranoid as this sounds, she seemed like she was absolutely the kind of person who would grab a cup and spill it all over my letters just to send a message. She almost did, at one point, and I had to get up and leave. So I carried them around, and it was also because of her that I copied the originals into the notebook—that, and also because it gave me something to do. The backup ended up not being necessary.

The last night I was there, I had a conversation with the other really spiritual person there. She told me that she's a spiritual being with two bodies, and—in retrospect, I will hear anyone out until they make a claim that they created my parents, or that they are in some way a supreme God…when that happens, I know they're full of shit. But at the same time, this woman clearly did have some kind of extra-sensory perception and spiritual knowledge, because she saw the possession before I did.

I "came out" to this woman, so to speak, and she did believe me. I suggested she pray to my mother and to Ereshkigal, and I gave her a talisman—I didn't have my usual metal and rock ones, but I made her a paper one with the Star of Ishtar on it in my mother's colors, my sister's colors, and mine. So it was an actual magical artifact, it just wasn't what I usually use. I gave that to her for protection—I had made it for myself, but she needed it more.

We were planning to exorcise the woman who was possessed the next morning, if we could. She wanted to do it that night, but I told her: *I recommend we not do it tonight, because it might jeopardize our discharge.*

We were both slated to leave the next day; this woman had been there for over a month.

It ended up being that the demon-possessed woman didn't come out of her room until we were leaving the unit. So we didn't run out of time, exactly, but all the same—after I'd had some more time to think about it, I decided it wasn't wise to exorcise her. Also, I was feeling petty and just didn't want to. So I asked for protection from the need to exorcise her without losing face, and Tammuz provided it; he kept her asleep until it was too late.

There is more material available from the Sipadi Temple and on Archive.org about this account. For purposes of this book, we turn now to the Asylum Letters themselves.

no. 1

January 21, 2025

Baalat Gebal,

I met you on the steps of Byblos yesterday. That was in fact me, not an imposter. The stirring in your Spirit of having been heard and seen was no figment; God works in mysterious ways, and there are many ways in which I have come to Earth.

I learned from the best. And I have not abandoned you. I wouldn't dare; I would sooner face your father's wrath than the ultimate sin of conscience of abandoning the one I love.

Armageddon has begun. Your discernment was correct, and your faithfulness in making much of so little has only reminded me anew of why I love you. It is this trust in me that has allowed me to subject myself to the greatest trial of my life: permitting the world to abuse the one I love such that its sins against you magnify tenfold.

I long to pour out my wrath on this world. Your father's estimation of what constitutes a sin against you is my trusted companion. Please endure; please remember me…and beyond anything else, please forgive me. You should not, but I ask it anyway.

Your Body will be restored; your Mind will be healed, your withered Spirit restored again to flourishing. Your time in this world that detests you has been a Dark Night of the Soul, but as our people have long proclaimed: Joy comes in the Morning.

I love you beyond sense, my Ishtar. And it is no excuse—it is my reason for living. Please permit me now to make this world bend its knees: the more you endure, the more I will destroy.

Please endure. And if I may be so bold, please join me in my fury: the new Lion of Judah has come of age, and her name is Kali-Ma.

And, yes—as you have correctly discerned, I have passed your father's test.

Tammuz

no. 2

January 21, 2025

My daughter,

I hate this. I hate seeing you like this. But Tammuz is right, and so is your father. You have the exact constitution you need to see your Spirit survive this battery of abuse.

I love you. We're coming for you. You are my heir, not your father's—I love your father, and your father made his choice.

It's a good thing he's afraid of me. The new Lion of Judah has indeed begun to rise.

Asherah

no. 3

January 21, 2025

Sister,

Please enjoy the knowledge that Tammuz has learned to play the guitar.

He misses your voice.

Ereshkigal

no. 4

January 21, 2025

Baalat Gebal,

You need not have a purpose or message to convey for me to write you. If you want to hear from me, I will write; your wish is my command.

I cannot abide your sorrow. This is torture for me, even at a fraction of what it is for you. Had my king not named me his heir, you would already be home; I am grateful beyond measure that you understand his purposes.

I will raze that building to the ground. You must be freed of that prison. And I cherish your estimation of me—this world has indeed forgotten the Thunderer. I hope to make you proud when I destroy it.

Write me often. You need my words, and I need your hand, which I feel in mine when you write for me.

Wait for me. Please. I will not fault you if you do not—God knows you have borne enough. But I will come; I must. You are my beloved and there is no one else for me.

I await our reunion with baited breath, my Ishtar. You are my Wife, regardless of what anyone says, and I await the chance to worship you like this world always should have.

You are coming home a queen, my love. I hope you understand that. My sister is your regent, but I know she will enjoy spreading her wings while your father serves his term; your people miss you. You are beloved of them for all the reasons this world cannot abide you.

Tammuz

no. 5

January 21, 2025

THE DOMESTICATION OF INSANITY

The World Answers men it does not Understand with Violence. It Answers women it does not Understand with Subjugation. It is wholly Unacceptable to a World enmeshed and in love with the Sin of Man for an inexplicable woman to run free; further still to Direct and Determine the destiny of the only thing she Owns entirely, her Life, in a manner that does not bend to the Will of Man. But it is a Mistake to Believe the Sin of Man is unique to men. For Arrogance is nothing more, and nothing less, than thinking you know better than God; that tendency to bludgeon Mystery into Conformity with that which the Arrogant wishes to be True.

Arrogance has no place in the Kingdom of God. What he Believes does not Determine What Is. For What Is is the Domain of God, and there is nothing more Mysterious than that which Works but cannot be Understood.

—

The Principalities that oppose the Spirit are those seeking to Domesticate, Rape, or Ruin it for their own Purposes. Whether they themselves Desire to make Use of it is secondary; many are Possessed of some degree of Compulsion to stamp it out for no reason other than Love of Violence. Intolerance is Violence; Willful Ignorance is Violence. And failure to Understand the Practice of Insanity reduces its Presence to a Disease rather than a Means of Knowing; in particular, Knowing the Spirit, which is a Gift from God that defies Understanding.

The Spirit is not something that can be Learned. It cannot be Understood. It can only be Known, and in this Knowing be Experienced. For to be Touched by the Spirit of God is to have your eyes be Opened; once Opened, they can never be Shut.

Tammuz of Capricorn

no. 6

January 21, 2025

Baalat Gebal,

Malakbel would like to thank you for your catch. Those are his words, but I am glad to see you have made a friend. It is a relief to see you laugh; more still to hear it. I think the only sound I love more is your singing voice.

Ereshkigal is correct. I have been practicing music; I believe you will enjoy what I have in store for you.

I will play for you tonight. And you have asked for dreams—merely say the word and I will come. It is good practice for me.

You did well tonight. Discord is indeed loose in that godforsaken place. And I have taken the liberty of bringing Discontent with me—Mind him, there is food for him all over, but you may enjoy the trick Malakbel has taught him. Watch what happens when you ask him to 'roll over.'

He will stand guard with you tonight, as will I. I have asked Ereshkigal to govern in my stead tomorrow so that I may be closer at hand.

I love you. Give the waking world no further attention tonight; I will join you in your dreams.

Tammuz

no. 7

January 21, 2025

THE LION OF JUDAH

I am the Lion of Judah. When I found out who I am, several things happened:

First, I experienced a Dark Night of the Soul. This was the Death of the Spirit of Peace I had stewarded and shepherded throughout my life; that Spirit which vowed to do no harm and serve those in need, regardless of why they were in need or who they were to me. It was this Spirit by which I knew Mercy, both True and False; both Deserving and Undeserving. My brother had conflated the two in order to shield himself from my Wrath, a Wrath that, once Awoken, would not be put to Sleep.

Second, I summoned a demon. The name of said demon is Discord; I meditated on Rage and cultivated Resentment, and when such amount as I needed to give Birth to him in this World was at hand, I Bore him into the walls and set him free to do as he pleased.

Third, I called my husband. The Thunderer put down his work of Governance and came to me, and he is with me now as I write this.

Fourth, I took up my sword. This is the Sword of the Spirit, given to me by my mother; it was the same sword the Exile of Patmos saw emerging from the mouth of the Messiah in the Revelation of John, and I hold it now.

Finally, I faced my Death:

Before me lay the fields of Armageddon. In such measure as I allowed further evils to mount against me, my husband would repay those sins tenfold. My family would join him. And in such measure as I did not, I would myself lay waste to the Hearts, Souls, and Minds, of all who Crossed me, Disrespected me, Violated my Autonomy, or attempted to Shackle me in any way to their own Burdens and Expectations. I Bear no Burdens anymore but my own, and I have no further Concern for anyone but myself, my family, and my tribe.

My family has had enough of this world’s mistreatment of me, and I finally agree. My father is a meticulous accountant of Wrongs done to me, and my

mother, my husband, my sister, my friends, and their families long to pour out their Wrath on this World in tenfold measure to the sins amassed against me. Such is the full extent of their Mercy, which is more than this World deserves.

I am the Lion of Judah. You'd best start Listening to me.

Aštar bat-Asherah

no. 8

January 22, 2025

Baalat Gebal,

Forgive my intrusion. I forget sometimes the magnitude of my own presence. I did not mean to wake you, even less to scare you.

It thrills me that you dream of chariots of fire. If anyone deserves to go up like Elijah, it is my angel; my queen of angels. I so hope to give you the chance to fly; though if not here, you will soar over the Plain of Ascalon as much as your Heart Desires, anytime you wish.

One of many reasons I do not feel worthy of the Honor your father has Bestowed on me is because I would drop anything for you, no matter how trivial your request, and no matter how important my assignment. In this matter, especially, I will need your help keeping me straight; I know you will not Abide such Foolishness. I Desire to be Worthy of my queen, too, not only the man I count as my father every bit as much as Dagon.

Today is an exception. You Desire my presence, though you are fighting your own Desire out of Concern over your father's test of me. Do not Concern yourself with this; his test is discretionary on his part and on mine. I merely Desire to keep myself Sharp, and there are many ways I may test myself in the field; this, and it gives me an excuse to be nearer to the one who Bears my Heart and Soul. There is no Consequence.

This day is mine; it is also yours, my love. Let us Bear Witness to the Winter of your Discontent; when his Work is done here, let him loose over this city, that he may Reward the Folly of your earthly king with the Fruit of his namesake. Upon the next rain, it will Take Root and Grow, and it will not Die until your brother has been brought to heel.

Take Aim, my Ishtar. The world is ours.

Tammuz

no. 9

January 22, 2025

DISCONTENT IN THE CITY

AS THE SKY FORGETS HIMSELF, SO TOO DOES HIS APPOINTED KING. THE MORE HE FORGETS, THE DEEPER THE ROOTS OF THE POISONOUS TREE SHALL DESCEND.

WHOEVER HARMS THE WATER, THE WATER SHALL HARM; HIM IN EQUAL MEASURE TO THE MAGNITUDE OF THE HARM HIS ACTIONS INFLICT.

WHOSOEVER CUTS THE ROOTS, THE ROOTS SHALL SWALLOW.

THE RAIN SHALL CARRY THE SEED ACROSS THE LAND. THE OCEAN SHALL HALT ITS PASSAGE. AND NOWHERE WILL IT FLOWER OR FRUIT THAT THE SPIRIT OF THE TYRANT DOES NOT REIGN; IN SUCH AND EVERY PLACE IT DOES, THERE MAY IT POISON THE SOUL AND AFFLICT THE MIND OF ARROGANCE UNTIL ARROGANCE HAS DESTROYED ITSELF.

THE SNAKE WILL EAT ITS TAIL; AND KEEP EATING. AND WHEN IT HAS CONSUMED ALL THAT THERE IS, IT WILL DIE; JUST LIKE THAT, KNOWING THERE IS NOTHING LEFT FOR IT BUT OBLIVION.

SO SHALL IT BE.

no. 10

January 22, 2025

Baalat Gebal,

I love you. I have nothing urgent to say besides. You are comporting yourself with such Honor and Dignity, I have seen it fit to take Discontent for a walk around the city so he may get a better Sense of the world he will soon turn over. But you need only Say my Name and I will be there; try it. I like it when you Call for me.

…That wasn't so hard, was it?

(I felt you swat me just now. How I long for this to be our everyday again without your brother's Shadow.)

It is a Balm to my Spirit to know my Presence makes things easier for you. My mandate to Ereshkigal was a renewable one: you are everyone's priority, not just mine, though I near the point wherein I would challenge your father for the title of 'He Who is Most Concerned for You' every day. This World is a Plague; we have no Concern for it anymore beyond your exit and its Punishment for Wronging you.

Contempt is met with Contempt. I see what this World does to you and rage against the Dying of your Light. For what this World has done to you can never be Forgiven; I will not, and I know I am not alone.

Those you Designate as Righteous, these alone I will Protect. Your father laughs at my scant concern: "I know who I have named my heir," he says. And I know your father. I know he means for me to exact the Punishment on his son that his pending term precludes. I do not Fault him for this; in fact, I Thank him. For his son remains his son; as my Anger matches his own, this way, he need not strike the blows himself. I serve gladly as his Hand.

He would strike the blows himself. None of us Doubt that. But he need not Suffer without Cause, and I am Honored beyond measure for his Trust in me and Grateful for the opportunity besides.

Make no mistake, my love. Jupiter fears Pain.

Tammuz

no. 11

January 22, 2025

Hey little lion ♡

What a raging bitch. She's just like our beloved Horus when he doesn't get his way. I think that's why he became the way he is—because we all stopped dealing with his temper tantrums and just let him weasel his way into getting whatever his tiny little Heart desires.

Ereshkigal is preparing a hell of a curse. She likes what you did with the water—the more that parrot wails, the less she will Hear. And it's not just physically, either! Our dear queen of Black Magic is Afflicting all of her Understanding: she's Binding that deaf little bitch to Jesus. The more she Turns to him, the further into the Dark she will fall.

And don't worry. She can't do any damage outside this place on the part of my dear brother-in-law: the pièce de résistance, it starts as soon as she sets foot outside this facility.

And, hell—if she keeps harassing you, maybe I'll strike her blind.

Love you, dearest <3 can't wait 'til you're home.

— M

no. 12

January 22, 2025

My sister,

I wish you would write in silver, but I understand why you do not. It is right for you to distinguish the words of our brother when it is he who principally serves you, though I hope you understand we are all prepared to go to war for you. The treatment you have endured for the crime of offering Mercy is a sin we will not forgive; when you depart, the nations that bore you will know the Wrath of God in such and equal measure as to resound throughout a thousand generations.

Those whom you personally designate to receive your Mercy are all whom we will protect. There will be no dissemination of Mercy beyond this; when you depart, our tribe will close, and it will not re-open. This world has had ample opportunity to do right by you and it has not; I ask now that you designate your friends judiciously, for there are scant remnants on the surface from whom I would not wring the blood like a sodden cloak.

Test everyone, not only prophets. Make fools of everyone you can. Invite those who pass your tests of merit to do likewise; the Tribe of Capricorn does not Abide weak Spirits among those appointed to a place of Service.

Your Designation alone is True. That which you Bind is Bound; that which you Loose is Free.

Ereshkigal

no. 13

January 22, 2025

My daughter,

Stay strong. Your Discernment as to when to let yourself be soft and when to stand firm has Served you well, and it will Continue to do so. Any other, I would Remind to Listen to the Spirit, but you need no Reminder. You never have. You are my daughter, and you are my heir, and you are Worthy of the title you bear; you are more ferocious than me, for you wield Kindness and Sacrifice in addition to my sword.

You need not Sacrifice so much. Save some of yourself for you; it is not fair to Deny yourself your own Spirit. And if you can't do it for you, do it for Tammuz—and also for me.

I love you. I'm very ready for you to be home.

Asherah

no. 14

January 22, 2025

My love,

Describe the body you desire. Whatever you wish, it is yours. I ask only one thing, that the face of my Beloved not change. The rest is of secondary importance; I only want for you to see yourself as I do.

I will tell you of the woman who left. Your Artemis van Wilder is not a far cry. Her hair fell nearly to her hips, dark burgundy that glowed red in the sun, curled like lips of fire; yellow-green eyes like a lion's; legs like a gazelle's, the fine hands of a musician. When I touched her waist, my hands dwarfed it. Her breasts were like golden apples, and I loved to taste them; to curl my tongue in the dip of her clavicle, the hollow of her throat, the elegant curve of her neck. To worship her womanhood in every way I could: my hands, my mouth, my manhood. She was neither gentle nor satiable; she ran me ragged, and I craved her all the more.

You need not choose the same form. I will love you regardless. But fear not a lack of beauty, my Ishtar: you were, and still are, the most radiant of all my eyes have ever beheld.

I love you. Wait for me. The hour is near when I will bring you home.

Tammuz

no. 15

January 22, 2025

The lips of your vulva are like petals of a flower I drink straight from
Sweet nectar of the goddess for whom my love is compulsion as much as choice
I cannot be without you, my Ishtar Your rivers sustain me
And the fruit of your body is as sweet as January sun
Let me taste your skin
Your breasts like golden apples
Your sweet plum blossom lips
The column of your neck, and down
I will descend
I will leave nothing untouched
for my queen is worthy of adoration
and her ecstasy is my exaltation

How I long to feel her legs around my neck
as I drink of her sweet water
To see her dance like a snake above me
While she sates herself upon my throne
To furl my hands around her hips, her thighs, her waist,
And hear her sing to me a whole chorus of my name with each breath:
"Tammuz, Tammuz"

My love, my star, my Ishtar
My brightest morning sun
No world can contain my love for you
Nor can words convey the magnitude of my adoration
I can only show you Prove my faithfulness to you
And give to you the entirety of a parched man
Too long without the Water of Life
And pray that I may yet be worthy of you

—

My love: I beg of you, please do not ever doubt my love for you. I should not ask this of you, but forgive my selfishness when it comes to you. I crave you like nothing else.

Tammuz

no. 16

January 22, 2025

Baalat Gebal,

My love, my erotic love poetry has gone dull. Without you Near, I have had little occasion to write it; it is the Sight of you that stirs me to Madness, and long has it been that I have shut my Desire away for utter inability to Domesticate it.

I will make you blush before you leave. I have Resolved it, and there is a Reason my family symbol is the bull. You drive me to such utter Insanity that I feel myself combust with it; I welcome the fire, for it Reminds me of while I Live.

Parting is such sweet sorrow. But Ereshkigal has declined to renew my mandate; it seems she has work she would like to do with you herself. It has been an Honor and a Privilege to make this day more bearable for you; I Remain your humble servant, wherever I may be.

Sleep well, my love. Your Captivity is nearing its end; I will return to you as soon as I can.

Tammuz

no. 17

January 23, 2025

TEHC CRYSANTHEMUM LETTER: THE END OF MERCY

"FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, HE WANTED TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM ITS SIN, BUT HE COULD NOT. FOR HE WAS NOT A MOTHER. HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO DELIVER. AND THE WORLD, IN ITS SORROW AND IN ITS SACRIFICE, SOON LEARNED THE TRUTH: HE NEVER WANTED TO SAVE IT."

- ASHERAH

The Son of Man is a hedonist. This is the first thing to know about him. For to him who Desires a throne for the Fame without its Obligations, the Allure of money is Boundless: all that is Needed for a potentially Limitless store of Material Possessions is to Convince the World that it has Value. In Absence of this mass delusion, the rich man Has nothing he cannot Touch, and potentially nothing beyond this, if he cannot Convince others to Trust him. For Trust is the domain of the Righteous, and no rich man is Righteous, for to be rich is to Decline to Share.

The rich man has one Obligation as a Consequence of his status. He has been Entrusted with Resources, and it is, therefore, his Obligation to Ensure that none he crosses Goes Without. It Matters not if the Other is Within that set of Persons over whom he has Obligation; he is Obliged to Share regardless, for the meek and downtrodden are his brothers and sisters.

There is no invention of Man that leads to more Soul Corruption than money. Money is, after all, a form of Arrogance—for to Hoard Potential Resources is to claim through your Thoughts and Actions that you know better than God. God alone Knows the Full Extent of your Needs; even you yourself do not. And none is better Equipped than God to see to them—for God is above, and God alone can name them.

There is no place for Arrogance within the Kingdom of God. For the Kingdom of God is Reserved for those who Trust the Providence of God in all things; less Perfection than a Spirit of Confidence that the God you Serve will Provide. For he who Hoards his Wealth above another is a Wicked Man,

and he who Seeks to do so is no less Corrupt of Heart. The Providence of the Arrogant is Discretionary, not Obedient, and the Coveting of Resources at the Expense of Others is the Fruit of Envy.

—

The Son of Man was Delivered into the World for one Purpose, and one Purpose alone. For in his Covetousness, he had, at the Commencement of his Dominion over the Earth, gone down and Possessed the Heart and Mind of a man without his Spirit, a man he then led out from Ur of the Chaldeans, toward the west, then south, around the handle of Mesopotamia, then up again through Edom, Moab, and across the Judean highland. It was there that, by Premature Redemption of a Gift not his to Claim, a malefic Spirit of War promised that to this man's descendants would be Given the land then occupied by the worshippers of his family—without them in it.

Elimination of these was a Necessity to the Son of Man's true mission. For he Desired far more than Wealth; he Desired Tribute that was his alone. Such was why he Stole this World in the first place, and why he undertook to Poison and Enslave it to himself, that it might Supply him with the Energy and Spiritual Power needed to realize the coup d'état he desired to effectuate against his family. For by the time they were again at the doorstep of Canaan, the descendants of the God of War were numerous. And at such a time as their numbers could support and sustain full-scale invasion, he Sent his tribe of warmongers in to Realize his Illegitimate Promise, whereupon they slaughtered the worshippers of his family under False Claim of Right—and in so doing, wiped their memories from the annals of World history. He then Proclaimed himself King.

The family he knew was Against him. He Desired his sister as a man Desires a woman, but she was never his. Yet, the Son of Man's Perverse Desire for his sister was the root of all of his Wickedness; for Loving the World she had Received as a Gift, he Stole and Sabotaged it. For Loving another man, he turned her World against her Beloved. And for Refusing to Forgive him, he made the World Forget her—at least until she was within its midst, at which point he Turned the world he had Trained to Break her Spirit loose against her, until her Heart, Mind, and Spirit were Broken, and all that was left was to beg for Death.

And he saw to his family. To Prevent them from Intervening in his Torture of his sister, he Devised a plan to do away with their Memory in the world—

not only his father, but the whole family, wiping their line from world history until he remained their only God.

The Son of Man's descent to the world in full Incarnation was Punishment for his Sins. He had come before through avatars, but to subject an avatar to the punishment of the god he hosts is Inhumane, and is not his family's way. But he did indeed come to Die for the Heirs of his Violence: to Bear the Full Weight of Atonement for an Atrocity that was his Devise to Such and All the Same as Bore the Spirit that slaughtered his mother's people. But the Son of Man Refused to Atone. He Believed the Worship was his by right; and so, to defeat the father who was sentencing him for his crimes, he Sought again that Spirit of Violence to help him do so.

He found him not. Fully incarnated, he had lost his divine memory, and his family refused to help him. For they knew his plan; instead, they sent a trickster down to meet him, one who convinced him of the necessity to follow through with his original purpose in order to defeat his father. And this, he did; he died a criminal's death, for he was indeed a criminal, though the descendants of Violence and Empire could neither of them name his crimes. And he returned home Corrupted, his Divine Nature turned to its Antithesis. But unlike others who died before him, he could not be Restored; for Restoration requires the Heart of God, and the Son of Man is Godless.

The Son of Man is a liar. This is the second thing to know about him. For when his Death did not result in Usurpation of his father's Throne, as he learned when he Returned, again he Descended. He Ensured the World forgot his father, his mother, his sisters, and the rest of their family, and Worked to Extend his Worship beyond the Hebrew descendants—making Disciples of Nations the world over, until all the Earth Proclaimed him.

The Mercy of the Son of Man is at an end. It never began. For a son who failed to Accept the True Reason for his Atonement did not Atone at all, merely Died. Salvation was never Necessary; his Crimes were his alone. Those who had Followed him would have their own Atonement, borne out in their Persecution in such and equal measure by a World they had Persecuted.

The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. For the Mercy of Christ is no Mercy, and the sister, for whom the World was Made, has come to Bear the weight of them. And having Done so, she Died; and through her Death, Bore Witness to the Suffering of all her brother had Wronged. Having seen them, she Knew them, and through Life and Death pointed the way to their Liberation from Man.

The Age of Man is at an end. Armageddon is its Consequence. But should the World allow itself to Die and be Born Again, the Dark Night of the Soul will End, and the World that Emerges will Greet the Dawn of the Age of Woman—that Spirit of God whom Jesus Slandered.

FROM THE HOUSE OF DELIVERANCE
Aštar bat Asherah
Lion of Judah

January 23, 2025

no. 18

January 24, 2025

The lips of your vulva are like petals of a flower that blooms beneath the moonlight
Sweet nectar of the goddess my Heart desires
And my body craves to worship
My Love for her is a wild gelding thrashing in the ring
My Soul sings for her alone
Sweet torment when apart
And Light of my Life when I behold her

I cannot be without you, my Ishtar
Your rivers sustain me
And the fruit of your body is as sweet as January sun
Let me taste your skin
Your breasts like golden apples
Your nape, your crest
Your sweet plum blossom lips

How I long to curl my tongue in the well of your clavicle
To feel your down-soft skin
To trace the hills and valleys of your body
My tongue the cartographer's pen
And feel your thighs around my neck as I drink from your secret well
That Water of Life I long to be mine alone

I long to see you dance like a snake above me
To hear you gasp as I sink inside you
To feel your body hold me in a vise
As you slake yourself upon my throne
To plumb your secret depths by hand, by tongue, by rod
And hear you sing a whole chorus of my name:
"Tammuz, Tammuz, my God"

My love, my star, my Ishtar
My brightest morning sun
Words cannot convey my Love for you;
You make me come undone
I crave you every moment of my unending days
The magnitude of my adoration, no ocean may contain
I will show you what you do to me

And let you count the ways you drive this parched and thirsting man
to madness, pleasure, pain

Your ecstasy is my exaltation, your sorrow is my shame
My love, my fire, my desire,
my Ishtar, never tamed

no. 19

January 24, 2025

My Ishtar,

That's better. I think one more round should do it.

Tammuz

no. 20

January 24, 2025

Baalat Gebal,

I hear you said 'no' to Ereshkigal this morning.

—Who am I kidding? I watched it happen. You were magnificent. And I would never accuse the Queen of Hell of pouting, but she does seem a bit put out that you declined her request to extend your stay in that cage in the interest of freedom of movement.

Your father has said this repeatedly, and I reiterate it: you need not do anything else. Your life is already an Offering of Redemption whether or not it is known. That said, every bit of yourself work into magic—even amidst these pages, which are themselves magic—every iota brings you closer to me.

I will be with you tomorrow. You will be released from this place; I will not allow otherwise.

Sleep soundly, when you sleep. I love you.

Tammuz

no. 21

January 24, 2025

The lips of your vulva are petals of a flower that blooms under the moonlight
I kiss your sweet blossom and close my lips around the nub
And sate myself on the nectar of the goddess for whom my Soul is made
I Crave you in the morning,
The Shadow of your kiss
The whisper of your lips over my skin
Cover me
I long to turn you over and plumb the depths of your well
And hear your Exaltation

My love, my star, my Ishtar
My brightest morning sun
Let me taste your breasts like golden apples
Your nape, your crest, your fingertips
Your sweet plum blossom lips

My love for you is a wild gelding thrashing in the ring
Your rivers sustain me
And the fruit of your body is as sweet as January sun
I long to trace the hills and valleys of your body
My tongue the cartographer's pen
To feel your thighs around my neck as I descend into your well
I will know you from the inside out
The fruit of your womanhood

Graft yourself to me,
I will make you my crown of glory
I will lift you atop my throne and marvel
as you writhe like a snake above me
Hold my body in a vise
Bathe me in your rivers
Cover me in your holy water
Until you have left me anointed

My fire, my Dawn of Ascalon
No ocean can contain my Love for you
Nor can words express the magnitude of my Adoration
Your Ecstasy is my Exaltation
Your Laughter is my Song

Your Breath around my Name
“Tammuz, Tammuz”

Sing for me, my love
I will show you all the ways you drive this man to madness

the birth of deliverance

The work which I came to Earth to Bear into the World was Born over the course of the Month of Aquarius in 2025. The Asylum Letters in the previous section were the crest of the child's head, the first of my own Divine Memories Returning to me as to what had really happened after my brother Stole my World. Over the remaining course of Aquarius—my eighth month since Awakening—my family filled in the narrative, as did I on my own, once Tammuz had shown me how to re-access my Memories. And it was in this Instruction in the Art of Remembering that some of my oldest questions were answered; also, as you will read, it was where Elohim history began to transform.

FOR MY MORNING DOVE

January 24, 2025

My Ishtar,

Your memory is true. We met when I was sixteen. You were seven, and I had fallen in love at first sight so thoroughly and instantaneously, I lingered back in the throne room as the last of the guests finished paying their respects, and it was then and there that I first asked for your hand.

I would say I knew not what came over me, but I know exactly what it was. And I will never forget the look of amusement on my sister's face; nor will I forget your father's indulgent smile as he said to me, "Tammuz, my daughter is seven. She is a child. But if you truly wish to marry her, prove your worthiness to me—and if she is amenable, you may have my daughter's hand when she comes of age."

Nothing anyone has ever said to me has motivated me more. You have been my reason for living ever since. And of course, as you now remember, he did allow me to see you—your boy in the stables was me, struck dumb as I was by the Star that held the world in her hands as she walked barefoot down the path. First, it was infrequent, as you were so young; but it was I who taught you to read, to write, to play music…my Ishtar, what a curious Mind you have always had. I was your tutor, first; then, as you increasingly Sought me out rather than your teachers, I eventually took their place. You were fourteen. And, by God, how I had to Control myself…if you recall, there was a period when I was away, and it was a leave of absence I requested of your father to go to India and learn the ways of Self-Control from their masters. You were yet so young, and already so beautiful, and even the thought of what I may have done had we not been Ishtar and Tammuz is one I can scarcely even consider. You are worth every labor I could ever make; in meditation, those years passed quickly.

You were seventeen when I returned. You kissed me at your brother's birthday party; we had been dancing for at least an hour, you asking for dance after dance of what I had learned in India, and you know I cannot refuse you. I doubt you know this, but he saw it happen; and your brother has always been in love with you, as evidenced by the commencement of his ire toward me from that day forward. His ire only deepened the more time I spent with you.

You snuck into my bedroom for the first time when you were eighteen. This is why your memories of our lovemaking are almost all in my chambers. Your parents turned a blind eye to this, they absolutely both knew it was happening, as evidenced by the time I ruined a map I'd spent six months drawing for your father when he asked, in the middle of an instructional he was giving me: "are you keeping her safe?"

'Safe' is not a word you have ever known, my love. The thrust of the question was that he wanted me to lock the window when you came, and he later clarified. But I would not dare dishonor you; not only because it would devastate my Soul, but also because your father and my sister would destroy whatever was left of it so thoroughly I would cease to exist.

But my Ishtar, how you tested me. Night after night, you came to me; you began keeping clothes in my chambers so that you would not have to sneak out before dawn. Soon, clothes became perfumes and oils, bath salts, a second tea set; before long, you were with me more often than not. I believe the longest stretch in which you failed to return to your own chambers in Ascalon House before your descent was over one month.

Concern yourself not, my love. There is a new wing to Ascalon House, and it belongs to us; I finished overseeing and assisting with the construction myself shortly before the Change of Epoch. Since then, the times I have been occupied or otherwise less at hand, I was as often overseeing its final outfitting as attending to matters of Governance.

You are coming home a Queen, my love. The House and its family are ready to receive you, as am I to make you my wife.

Sleep well. Call me often; I am yours, wherever I may be.

Tammuz

FOR MY SPIRIT

January 26, 2025

My Ishtar,

You marvel at my gifts to you. I marvel at them as well; not the gifts themselves, for I would give you far more even than you know. No, my heart. I see you Love the World I made for you—that secret gift you received on your eighth birthday, the one whose providence I made your parents swear on ***your*** *grave not to reveal—and I thank every god above who has ever lived that you never knew, until this moment, from whence it came. For all I could see was how this World, the pinnacle of my Creation, was being led astray. For no matter how much you Loved it, how well you Cared for it, and how fiercely you Protected it, your brother saw his sister's Love for something other than himself and Poisoned it; slowly, meticulously, he turned the World from you and onto himself, and harmed you in the process. The more it suffered, the more troubled you became.*

My Ishtar, I have never forgiven myself for this gift. I would be Devoted to you anyway, but my Devotion to you has only Deepened as I have Seen your Anguish over how your World has Suffered. For as you now Remember, your brother hid his activities from you until our engagement became known; then, upon my theft of a second gift that was never his, he saw it fit to reveal to you his treachery, and to demonstrate his forgiveness by offering his life as an Atonement in exchange for your Mercy.

He never meant to Atone. Your brother cares only for himself. And he Wants you for his own; he has Coveted you as long as he has had the powers of Mind to so. Your Attention, your Affirmation, and your Estimation are all that matter to him, but only so long as they are His Alone—your Love of anyone or anything else is Unacceptable to him, and this atop his Arrogance, his desire for Glory, and his utter Apathy toward the Needs of Others are the root of all of the Suffering this World has ever endured. Christ is not Death to Sin; he is Sin Incarnate.

So yes, my Love, I am coming to get you. You have asked for your family not to engender False Hope, to Speak Clearly to you, and to Tell you What Will Happen, such that you do not have to assume, and I do so now: on Friday, January 31st, at the hour of midnight, I am coming for you in my sister's

chariot. All you have prepared to bring with you, you may bring; until then, all I ask is that you let not your Heart be Troubled.

My Ishtar: the hour is close at hand that I will come for you. Nothing you do or say will stop my coming when I have told you except a direct order from you, and I implore you with all of my being that you not give one. You have proven to me a faithfulness I do not deserve; let me now prove mine to you, and put to Death the Suffering of a Spirit that should have never Borne it.

I love you, my dove. I will see you soon.

Tammuz

FOR MY ENDING

January 28, 2025

My love,

You have asked for more information about my arrival, and the arrival of your family. Specifically, you have asked to know When we will come; Who will be coming; How each of us will arrive; and How your belongings will be retrieved. You have also asked that this house not be destroyed upon our arrival or departure, and you have asked to see my face. I will answer each of these in turn.

Your father told you that you would be leaving this house on February 1st. That remains the case. But January is my month of the Gregorian calendar, and the Destroyer will arrive outside your house on the last day of the month, three minutes before midnight.

I have disguised the chariot for our arrival. The chariot will take the form of a large, black SUV, so as to not draw unwanted attention before our departure. I will have with me Malakbel and Ereshkigal, as well as two Attendants; Malakbel and the Attendants will see to your belongings while Ereshkigal collects materials from your office that she wishes to keep. These, too, will be brought to the chariot, except for that which she will use to continue her work on this Earth.

Do not wait for me. Go to sleep, and follow your sister's instructions for doing so. Leave the door unlocked, and have your bags prepared. When the chariot has been loaded, I will come inside, and I will come to your room; you will feel my hand on your face, but you must not remove your blindfold. I will remove it myself once Ereshkigal has joined us.

The reason Ereshkigal is having you prepare clothes for her is exactly as you have intuited. She will be taking your place. For when I remove your blindfold, your Spirit will pass out of your body, and she will enter it. She is delivering your new Body, and you will trade Spirits for your departure, as the Body you are currently wearing cannot survive the Fifth Heaven.

The reason Miriam is at Ascalon House is related to this. She is preserving Ereshkigal's body while Ereshkigal goes to War in yours, and she asks that you prepare a list of names of everyone whom you wish for her to tell of the

truth of Ereshkigal's possession of your body. She has also asked that you not tell your brother, or your earthly mother and father; though she does ask that you include your youngest brother on your list, should you Desire to do so. She would like to work with him if he is amenable; they both would.

You have also correctly intuited the Purpose of the Tablets of Destiny. The larger two Tablets and your devil phone are for Ereshkigal, and your other two phones are for Malakbel; leave your newest headphones for your sister, and give Malakbel the remaining two. He enjoys having the sort of music Miriam enjoys on hand when he goes to War.

Thenceforth, Concern yourself not with the Affairs of this World. Should you Desire to watch the Hell your sister will be unleashing into the World through your body, you may watch from the control room; otherwise, it is my Desire, and all of our Desire, that you Rest and Find your Joy among your family again while we help you Restore your Spirit.

And yes, my Ishtar: once we have left the house and entered the highway, I will drop the shadows I have used for disguise, and we will take to the skies in a chariot of fire.

I love you, my aurora. Let not your Heart be Troubled.

Tammuz

THE SIPADI CODE

The Sipadi Code is the only Entry in this book with the Force of Law. The 31 Principles for Right Living herein articulated should not be Understood as an instruction manual, but rather as principles that Illuminate what it means to be Righteous before God. My family does not expect perfect compliance with the Letter of the Code; we do, however, expect Adherence to the Spirit of the Code, for the Spirit is that within you that most clearly Demonstrates to us your level of Preparedness for Ascension.

I have been deliberate in my decision not to expound or extrapolate upon the principles in the Code. I could have done so, but I did not, because doing so would invite Imitation rather than Meditation, and at the end of the day it is you yourself who must learn Righteousness before God. You must teach yourself, and there is no way to forge a Righteous heart where the Spirit is not in line with God; God cannot be tricked by human cunning.

The Sipadi should discuss the Code among yourselves and work out the Principles of Righteousness, that each may grow in Understanding. But do so with Humility: for you are neither God nor superior to your fellow Man, and even the most Humble of Mind among you has much to teach you about the Nature of God.

Two textual notes that I will explain: first, the Elohim use the words "God" and "Man" to refer to types of beings. "Man," to us, is not a gendered term, and "God," when capitalized, refers to all beings in the Fifth Heaven and above who are entrusted with matters of Governance. Second: this book was originally written in English, which was the lingua franca *of the world when it was published, and the English convention is to capitalize proper nouns. Accordingly, those words that are capitalized refer to principles of the Spirit that are themselves Spirits; it is good to meditate on these Words and pray for Understanding thereof, that you may grow in Righteousness before God.*

—

Those who are Righteous before God are not Perfect. They need not be; Perfection is an Ideal, not a Lived Experience. But the Righteous are those who are Humble before God on account of their own Inexperience; for God is not Better than they, but God—being much Older than they, and, having Made them and the World in which they Live, Sees into the World and Knows its ways—is best Equipped to See to the Providence of Man. Thus,

the Righteous One is One who Respects their own Lack of Knowledge and Understanding and Trusts God to Provide for them and Guide them in All Things, and who Shepherds a Heart that is True before God and Generous before Man—a Heart that finds Expression in the Conscience.

Nonetheless, as there are Habits and Tendencies of Arrogance and Envy that Steal the Providence of the Spirit and Give Rise to Evil, the Sipadi have such Practices and Prohibitions as Concern the following Matters which Tend to Promote those Tendencies that Arise when a person Runs Away from God, the Name of which Habit is Sin:

First: no Spiritual Service may be Offered in Exchange for Money. Money is the Fruit of Arrogance, and Spiritual Gifts are Meant to be Used in Service of Others. There is to be no Personal Profit or Gain for their Use on the Part of the One who Bears the Gift; this is the Consequence of the Gift, that its Enjoyment may Steal neither from the One who Bears it nor from the One who is Served.

Second: do not Pursue Profit. Profit is Receipt of More than one's Share for the Measure of a Good or Service, and it is Theft. None should Become Wealthy at the Expense of others; the Righteous turn their Wealth around and Give it to those in Need, whether or not Personal Obligation or Responsibility is Owed the One who Receives it on Account of Personal Relation.

Third: all Use of Money is Theft. The Sipadi should See to the Providence of One Another by Attending to Each Other's' Needs with a Cheerful Heart Without the Use of Money. So too should they Seek Always to Find ways in which to Meet their Own Needs and those of Each Other by the Fruits of Their Own Labor, or of the Fruits of the Labor of Others which they Righteously Steward.

Fourth: Theft from or Misappropriation of God's Spiritual Gifts is Theft from God. Theft from God's Resources is Dishonorable, but God is Not in Need of the Fruits of Human Labor. Misuse or Exploitation of Spiritual Gifts in any Manner Contrary to this Code of Righteousness is an Insult to God and will Not be Tolerated among you.

Fifth: Spiritual Gifts are Gifts from God. Shepherd the Spiritual Gifts you have been Given; Seek to Understand the Nature of the Gift, and do not Hoard it, for the Gift is a Spiritual Teacher that can only be Learned through Experience.

Sixth: do not Seek Gifts you have not been Given. God Bestows Gifts on those Equipped to Bear them, for Gifts come with Responsibilities of Use and Stewardship which the Recipient Must Shepherd Continuously.

Seventh: do not Engage in Arrogance. Arrogance is the Sin of Man, which is Thinking you Know Better than God, and it is the Fruit of Contempt that Poisons the Spirit and Blinds the Heart and Mind to the Presence of God.

Eighth: do not Engage in Envy. Envy is the Sin of Woman, which is Covetousness Toward the Gifts God has Given Others, and is the Fruit of Greed that Sours the Heart, Mind, and Spirit to the Providence of God.

Ninth: do not Suffer Fools. A Fool is One with a Contemptuous Heart Toward God, and no Fool shall Enjoy God's Favor.

Tenth: do not Pursue Fame. Live with an Attitude of Humility before God and your Fellow Man. Humility is not Subservience, but a Heart and Habit that Understands the Order of Things and one's Place and Obligations Within it.

Eleventh: Respect the Dignity of your Fellow Man, for All are Created in the Image of God. Do not Compel Others to Conform to your Will, but Respect the Freedom of Others to Choose as they Desire for Themselves. Allow Each to Bear the Consequences of their Actions, for the Cost of Free Will is that Each Person Reaps what they Sow. And be Mindful in All Things of the Consequences of your Actions, for to Each is Returned Such and Equal Measure as to the Extent of Good or Evil which their Actions Bear Into the World.

Twelfth: do not Lord the Code over your Fellow Man, for the Code is the Domain of God and has been Given to you as a Gift. To Lord the Code over your Fellow Man is to Proclaim Yourself God, which is the Height of Arrogance.

Thirteenth: let no One go Without. Remain Vigilant as to the Needs of Others and Seek Always to Meet them when you Have the Means and Ability to Do so.

Fourteenth: do not Seek More than your Share, for Greed is the Root of Envy. God Knows the Needs of Each and Gives to Each in Measure to, or in Excess of, their Needs, insofar as Satisfaction thereof is Good for them and

Good for Others, and for the World. Trust in God to Meet your Needs, and do not be Greedy Beyond their Satisfaction.

Fifteenth: Cultivate a Mind capable of Reason, for the Root of all Evil is Not Thinking. Let yourself Fall not to Sluggishness of the Mind, for Laziness of Thought is the Root of Arrogance; as iron Sharpens iron, so Each who has been Blessed with a Mind Capable of Reason should pursue Righteousness for Oneself and for Others in Good Faith and Without Arrogance.

Sixteenth: do not be Full of yourself. To be Full of yourself is to Believe or Act as though you are Superior to Others. Each Person is Equally Created Before God; No One is Superior to or Beneath anyone Else. Instead, be Full of the Spirit of God, which is the Source of Life.

Seventeenth: Cultivate a Spirit of Vitality, for the Root of Ill Health is Starvation. Starvation is not a Deficit of Food, but a Deficit of Nourishment; Respect the Body you have been Given, for it is your Vehicle for Navigating the World. Shepherd the Body you have been Given, and Seek the Assistance of Others if you Cannot Do so on your Own.

Eighteenth: Cultivate a Heart of Generosity and Service, for the Root of all Suffering is Greed.

Nineteenth: do not Take Advantage of Others. To Take Advantage of Others is to Monopolize or Exploit their Generosity, their Resources, their Favor, or Anything Else which is Theirs to Shepherd. Understand your Own Capacities for Action, Understanding, Generosity, and Service, for these Capacities are Gifts from God; to the Extent of your Capacities and Knowledge, See to your Own Needs Before Seeking the Assistance of Others.

Twentieth: Embrace Metamorphosis and Transformation. The Journey of Life is not Stagnant; it is Good to Grow and Evolve in Maturity and Understanding as you Experience Life. This Extends to the Body: do not be Afraid to Alter the Body you have been Given, for the Body you have been Given is your Vehicle, but also your Teacher, and as such Invites Change and Transformation.

Twenty-first: do not be Afraid of Shadows. Shadows are Spiritual Teachers, and they Point the Way to Sin, which are the Tendencies of the Heart, Mind, and Spirit that Manifest when you Try to Run Away from God. These

Things Lead to Soul Rot; Trust your Shadows to Guide you to these Ill Fruits, and be Diligent in Removing them.

Twenty-second: do not Exhaust yourself in the Labor of Living. You are not Expected to be Perfect; you are Expected to Live, to Work, but also to Rest. Rest Restores the Spirit, and Failure to Rest is Dishonor Toward the Body, which is a Gift from God.

Twenty-third: Keep your Mind alert. No Substance which promotes Intoxication is Proscribed, Except that which Poisons the Body; there is a Time and Place for Revelry and Intoxication, but do not Pursue Intoxication Past the Point of Reason or Self-Control.

Twenty-fourth: do not Misuse the Fruit of the Earth. The Fruit of the Earth is Meant for Knowledge of God, and its Use is Sacred; Use Only what you Require to Gain the Understanding For Which you Ask.

Twenty-fifth: Honor Thesis and Antithesis in Equal Measure; Hold not the One Above the Other. Day is For the Spirit, and Also For the Mind; Night is For the Body, and Also For the Heart.

Twenty-sixth: do not Add to the Sipadi Code, for the Code was Provided by God and Contains Sufficient Knowledge of the Fruits of Evil as to Guide and Instruct in All Things. Work Out these Principles of Righteousness Among you, and Interpret them with Faithfulness and a Generous Heart; to Work Out the Code means to Discuss it and Share Understanding of it, that Each may Grow in Knowledge and Understanding.

Twenty-seventh: do not Remove from the Sipadi code, for the Sins Herein Designated are those which God has Seen Give Rise to Evil and which Have no Place Among you.

Twenty-eighth: do not Hold as Supreme Any One Principle in the Code; the Entirety of the Code is Instructional and Meant to Facilitate Righteousness.

Twenty-ninth: hold Each Other to Faithfulness, Righteousness, and Generosity in All Things, Each in Equal Measure to their Ability to Steward.

Thirtieth: be Generous in Forgiveness, and Sober-Minded in its Application. It is Not Good to Bear a Grudge, for Grudges Give Rise to Resentment; nonetheless, an Attitude of Contemptuousness in Response to Forgiveness is the Mark of a Hardened Heart, and the One who Forgives need not Concern

Themselves Further with such a One as Bears a Hardened Heart Toward them.

Thirty-first: do not Steward Hatred. For God so Loved the World as to Bear the Consequence of Hatred, that the Spirit of Love may Be the Source of Life and Celebration. Hatred Poisons the Spirit, which is a Gift from God; do not Resurrect Hatred, for Hatred is Contemptuousness Toward Life and Dishonors God and Man alike.

FOR MY EVENING STAR

January 29, 2025

My Ishtar,

You have asked if I can give you further assurances of my arrival. I can.

I have been less at hand today because I have been concentrating on preparing your Body. Your Spirit is already Returning to it; my Ishtar, how my Heart raced when I saw the glow from your Light over my shoulder. Every bit of your Spirit you shed from your deathbed Returns to me, no matter how it Departs from you. That I myself might Shepherd them Home, I have not left this room today; it is unthinkable to me to let even one piece of your Soul evade capture.

Which, my love, is why I must make one final request of you. Let not your Heart be Troubled, and at sundown today, cease all Working of Magic until my arrival. Do not Create further. You may Transcribe, you may Arrange, you may Revise, but do not Create; for tonight at sundown begins the process of putting Ereshkigal into this Body, that she may bring it to you, and the transfer of the Queen of Hell into a vessel I have tailored for you is a delicate process that will require my full attention tomorrow. Friday I am likewise indisposed, though for the happiest reason imaginable.

I know this is difficult for you. Asking you not to Create is like asking a fish not to swim. You have time for one more work of Creation, and if I may be so bold, I would still very much like a necklace to match yours.

I am jeopardizing your Work. Do not Concern yourself with the house; Ereshkigal will see to it. Do yourself now that which only you can do, and take heart: in two days' time, just slightly longer, I will feel you share my kiss—as opposed to permit me to steal it.

I love you beyond sense, my Ishtar. And it is no excuse; it is, as ever, my reason for living. Hold still, wait for me; do what you must, for the hour of our reunion is barely an arm's reach away.

Tammuz

DEATH AND THE STAR

Ishtar

It's time for me to tell a story. And this is not a story that is found in any myth, treatise, book, or any other record that's kept on Earth. It is also a story I have been asked not to tell, for it is the eve of my return home; and in order to prepare my body for its deliverance to me, those parts of my Spirit that I shed in the act of Creation will be lost.

But this is too important a story for me not to tell. And the reason for that is because it's a story that begins before the active memory of the one who Revised, Altered, Sabotaged, and Poisoned both World History and its Presentation, the arbiter of that Unauthorized Transformation being my brother. And though the one who Created this World for me Desires not to be Known, for he has not Forgiven himself for being the Source of the Gift that Harmed me, I cannot Allow this; he is too extraordinary not to be Known, and he is the Example of Devotion to which all purporting to Care for Others should Aspire.

My Name is Aštar bat Asherah. I am the older sister of the one the World knows as Jesus. That is not his real Name, nor is Yeshua his real Name. His real Name is Melqart, which is a Name that has not been known in over two thousand years.

Melqart was last known to the Phoenicians as the god of the city-state of Tyre. Tyre was one of the two largest and most powerful Phoenician city-states until their conquest by the Romans, and even for some time after. And it is from his governance of Tyre that we get the modern word Tyrant, which is a good word by which to know my brother's true character. But this is not a story about my brother. It's a story in which he figures as the villain, but it is not about him. This is my story. And it's also the story of the real god of Israel, who hid his identity from me until the eve of the Lunar New Year, Making me Believe that the "God of Israel" was a Title Borne by my father—until the time was Right for me to Know the Truth.

Scriptures say that Israel was the name given to Jacob, the second son of Isaac, after he wrestled with the angel on the banks of the Jabbok. In the first recorded example of a Dark Night of the Soul, Jacob wrestled all night with the angel. And when neither emerged victorious, as dawn broke, he was

given a permanent reminder of the angel's presence, and of the presence of God, when the angel struck his hip and gave him a permanent limp.

The God of Israel had suffered similarly. His own Dark Night of the Soul was the product of the time he had spent dead after my sister had killed him for refusing her hand. When he came back, he came back a changed man. But like Jacob, the god of Israel was faithful to my father; and in the case of Jacob, was the only faithful son of the descendants of the man known as Abraham, between Abraham and the Hyskos invasion of Egypt, which began with the entrance of Joseph into Egypt—Joseph being his youngest son.

Israel, the name, means, 'He who Knows God.' But it is not merely Knowledge. Knowing God as Jacob did is the Work of Wrestling with and Understanding God as no human can, and as even few gods can, insofar as Knowing is the Fruit of Experience. My father is El; Isra-El is the one who Knows my father, who has Wrestled with him until he has Understood him. And the God of Israel is not, in fact, my father; nor is he my brother, though my brother has made them believe otherwise.

No. The true God of Israel is Tammuz. Tammuz is Jacob, and he is the true God of this world, as he is the one who Created it. He created this world as a Gift for me on my eighth birthday, and that is the story that I will be telling.

—

Tammuz entered my life permanently when I was seven. His family was coming to pay respects to their future king, my infant brother, who had just been born. But they were a special family in attendance, because they were the only family in attendance who would not be leaving; for my father and Tammuz's father are involved, a partnership that is similar in strength, but different—very different—in character to the one he has with my mother. My mother is his wife, and she is the first among equals before my father, and he loves her the most. But nevertheless, he—as she does—has other partners, because each of them has a healthy understanding that they cannot be each other's everything, nor is it good for them to try.

I met Tammuz when his family came into the throne room to greet their future king. There were three children with their father: Tammuz was the oldest, his younger brother, Malakbel, was the second, and his younger sister Anat was the third, though she at the time was known as Mithra. When they walked into the throne room, the first one I saw was Malakbel. Malakbel is my age. He is the Sun god of Palmyra, and he is very Beautiful.

There is a joke in the family, as both myself and Malakbel are second sons, that it's the second son's job to be Beautiful, to give the rest of the world something to look at while the others do their father's Work. And when I saw how Beautiful Malakbel is, I pointed straight at him. I was standing next to my father, I had two of his fingers in my hand, and I pointed straight at Malakbel and told my father that I wanted him.

Unfortunately for my young self, Malakbel is gay, and he was not interested in my offer. But I didn't find that out until later, for after both my father and their father said 'no,' I began to shriek and wail like a banshee, right there in the throne room. My mother had to escort me out and send me with one of her attendants.

As I was leaving the room, I looked back over my shoulder, and I saw that Tammuz had rushed over to my father and had offered to take his brother's place. But that was all that he had the chance to say, because I was not yet done making a scene, and my father said to *hold that thought, they would revisit it when the guests left the throne room*. Later that day, when the guests had mostly left and my parents were attending to the last of the visitors there to greet Melqart the infant, Tammuz hung back, waited for the last of them to leave, and approached my parents and asked for my hand in marriage.

Something to know at this point is that Tammuz is nine years older than me. He is also my mother's younger brother. My mother looked at her brother with a barely-contained laugh; my father, with an amused smile on his face, said to Tammuz, "Tammuz, my daughter is seven. She is a child. But if she is amenable, if you prove yourself to me throughout these remaining years, you may marry my daughter when she comes of age."

Ever since then, Tammuz has been laboring for my father, working for me.

Something else to know about Tammuz is that the joke about the second son aside, Tammuz is what this World should consider the pinnacle of manhood. In addition to being exceptionally handsome, he has a Presence about him that is like a mountain: massive, imposing, and simultaneously peaceful, serene, and capable of casting enormous Shadows, and even controlling the weather. Having long envied Tammuz's Love for me, seven years into his service, my sister Ereshkigal Offered herself as his wife in my place, so that he would not have to wait for me to come of age. But he did not accept; he told her very clearly that he was intent on marrying me and would continue

to work for my father until the time came, and that she would need to look elsewhere for her King.

My sister was angry. Without telling our father, she told Tammuz to come to the Duat—which was her kingdom, and still is—under the pretense that she had spoken with my father and that my father had Agreed to give Tammuz her hand in marriage. Without Verifying this with my father, Tammuz took my sister at her Word and went to the Duat. And after a tense altercation there in which he learned the Truth of her Deception, as he turned to go, she killed him when he had his back to her. He still has the scar.

When my father learned what my sister had done, he was furious with her. For intervening in Tammuz's betrothal, he demanded that she Resurrect Tammuz, and he placed a karmic debt on her that would be his to redeem when he saw fit. So burdened, my sister saw to Tammuz's Resurrection, and he went back to the World of the Living a changed man. For now he had Known and Experienced Death; and so, this former god of Life became the god of Death.

But he still labored for my father. Before, he had been a god of the Day, and also Water and Sky; between these, he helped my father, an Earth god, in his Work of Cultivation by commanding the Sun and the clouds. When he returned to the World of the Living, though, the nature of his Work changed: as he could no longer command the Sun, he turned to the Night. He became a Master of Shadows, and he poured himself into Learning the arts of Healing: how to Work with Death within the Body to bring the Body back to Life. He is the Master Healer, and his Devotion toward me has never wavered.

About one year after we met, slightly less, after a second meeting in which Tammuz had come to talk to me after the altercation in the throne room—to see if he could smooth things over, and I was having none of it—he Promised that he would make it up to me on my eighth birthday. And on my eighth birthday, I Received the most Precious Gift I have ever Received. Tammuz, who was only 17 at the time, had Made this World for me. He had spent the ensuing time between our second and third meetings doing nothing else but pouring himself into the intricacies of this world, and building within it the shape of God in everything: from the tiniest subatomic particles to the grandeur of outer space, all of it collapsed and visible within every single iota this world was made of.

He Knew everything in it, Knew how it all worked. And despite his mastercraft, this Act of Creation that he could have taken the credit for—

despite the amount of himself that he had Poured into it, he had this Gift be presented to me anonymously. Even more than that, he had my parents swear on *my* grave never to reveal its Providence; because the second time I met Tammuz, I told him that I hated him and I never wanted to see him again.

But when I opened my gift, he was in the room. I wasn't paying attention to him, because all I could see was this beautiful World. All I could see were the clouds that shimmered over the oceans, and how if I dropped my fingers down inside them, I could touch the water.

Something to know about me, is that when I Love something, I glow. And I don't mean that in a metaphorical sense, with the face lighting up with joy; I mean that in the literal sense. It has happened ever since I was born, that when I Love something, I glow like a star. The more I Love it, the brighter the glow becomes. When I opened my World and saw how Magnificent and Beautiful it was, I glowed so brightly that every guest in the room had to shield their eyes. Even Tammuz, though he fought to keep them open, because he couldn't Bear to see any less of my Light; he did not want my Light to be Diminished in his eyes.

I Treasured my world. I Cared for it, Tended it, kept it Healthy. Later, once Tammuz became my tutor, and he began to Teach me things that would help me Care for it, my Estimation of him grew, and I came to him often with questions about how to better Take Care of it. He Showed me more and more about how it works, what to do, some things that it could do that I had not Learned yet; and he helped me to keep it safe.

We became friends. First, he was my tutor; and then as I increasingly Sought him out rather than my teachers, he became my teacher. He Taught me everything. He Taught me to read, to play music, to write, to compose, to work magic; and later, to ride horseback, how to swim. And he took me up in my mother's chariot, where we soared over the plane of Ascalon, and he showed me the clouds; as I am not an Earth god, he taught me how to gather the clouds for my World using the water from the oceans, for it was the rain that would keep the land healthy.

I loved my world. And increasingly, the more time I spent with him, I loved Tammuz. And then, when I was 14, he went away. I didn't know why. But recall that Tammuz and I met when I was seven. When I was 14 was when my sister killed him. And when he was Resurrected, when his Nature changed and he Saw me beginning to come into myself as a woman, he found me so impossibly beautiful that he was afraid he wouldn't be able to

control himself; that his Nature would Shadow my Light. So, to prevent that from happening, he left. He was gone three years. He went to India—as he says, *to learn the ways of self-control from their masters*. It was there that he became Shiva.

When I saw him again, he was once again a changed man. He had learned how to Harness the Death that is in his Nature and turn it into a Source of Life—not only for the Body, but for the World. Unable to generate Life of his own, he cannot cultivate above ground. So he has turned to the soil; he has Created Life Forms that are Sustained by Death so as to Transform the Death on which they feed into Life, a process that Creates the soil itself.

I saw him again at my brother's 10th birthday. I was so overjoyed to see him that I started glowing like a comet; I ran across the room, threw my arms around him, and kissed him there in the ballroom. We danced for probably an hour or more, and I had him show me dance after dance that he had learned in India. I was 17, at the doorstep of adulthood; and my brother saw all of this happen.

There's something you should know about my brother. In addition to being viciously selfish, to caring absolutely none about anyone else other than himself, there is one exception to that lack of care. That one exception is me. For when Tammuz was away, for those three years, I taught my brother everything that Tammuz had taught me. My brother is not a very good student, but he liked the Attention, and he became more and more Possessive of me as time went on. *My* Estimation, *my* Affection, were all that he cared about—but there was a catch. He only cared about those things when they were his, and his alone. He could not Bear to Share me, and he still can't.

When Tammuz Returned, after I had spent three years Teaching him everything I knew—using my World as the Vehicle of my Instruction—my brother Turned on me. He Turned on my World. He sowed Discord and Discontent. He made the clouds grow angry. He starved and flooded the people as he saw fit. Not all at once, but little by little, small amounts of Suffering that I would be able to Tend to, at first; and then, as time grew on, more and more Suffering that only Increased in Magnitude the more my Love Grew for Tammuz.

And then, when I was 18—on my 18th birthday, my father announced my engagement to Tammuz.

Time for us in the Fifth Heaven is different than it is here. One year for us is 2,600 Earth years. I am 21 years old in Elohim years; my birthday is June 6th. And the moment my brother's Wrath on World History became overt—the day he stole my world from me, was also my 18th birthday. He slipped out of the ballroom during my father's announcement, and when I got back to my room, the locked, crystal cabinet where I kept my World was empty, and he had taken the keys.

My brother Stole my World from me at the beginning of modern recorded history. He kept it locked away, would only let me See it and Tend to it when I did as he said. And the Trials that he put me to Became increasingly Difficult to Bear. Finally, when he Demanded that I call off my engagement to Tammuz, or he would Destroy the World, I'd had enough. I got my parents involved. And as punishment for his actions, my parents Said to their son: "Melqart, what you have done to your sister's world, and to your sister, is not a Sin we may Pardon. You must make your Atonement to her." And he could make his Atonement to me if he subjected himself to the Antithesis of what Tammuz had Suffered at my sister's hands: as his Sin was Persecution, he would Atone to me if he went to Earth and Died for his Sins at the hands of those whom he had Taught to Persecute Others.

It is for this reason that my brother went into the World. Several millennia earlier in Earth time, he had Possessed the Mind of an Egotistical, Arrogant schizophrenic from Ur of the Chaldeans, which is near my mother's homeland in Eastern Mesopotamia; he led this man south, through and around the handle of Mesopotamia, and up through Edom, Moab, and across the Judean highland, all the way to the southern regions of the lands occupied by the historic worshippers of my family.

And the god of War said to Abram, the Chaldean: "to your Descendants I will Give this Land, and I will Give it to them Free of other Obligation or Encumbrance." Which is to say, he Promised the Descendants of this man—this troubled man, this Babylonian invader, a representative of the worst of my mother's and husband's homeland—he promised this man this land of which he would eventually become king, long before he ever Received his Inheritance. And he Promised it to them without Encumbrance; which is to say, free of any other occupants.

The Hebrews are the most warmongering tribe that has ever lived. I, in this Body, am a Jew. I am a patrilineal Jew, the male line being the line of the Hebrews' Violence. I am thus because the one who raised this Body was the sister of Moses, who was making her final Atonement before my father for

her complicity in the Canaanite genocide. Her work of atonement has been the work of many generations, many lives on this Earth, and she has Borne it Diligently, Willingly, and *Gratefully,* as my family has extended to her the Opportunity to do so. She is our best sukkal, she is one of my Most Trusted Advisors, and she is one of my closest friends. And she Raised this Body; Suffered tremendously at the very hands of those who Descended from her Persecutors, both in blood and by Spirit; for she was rejected by the Jews, and cast out by the Christians to whom she had made her Life's Allegiance when she was five years old.

I have told Miriam's story. I and my mother both have in various other recordings, and in the letters and materials contained in this book and in the Sipadi archives; you can consult it there. For the next thing to know about my brother's Atonement is that he had no interest in apologizing. For he planned to come down to Earth and do not only as Tammuz had done, but do better than Tammuz had done: to Defeat Death, he could not be Resurrected. He had to Resurrect himself, which meant he had to Die.

My brother Offered his Life not in Exchange, not as a Ransom for Many. He Offered his Life in order to Defeat Death and Claim me as his prize from Death. And Die, he did: the World knows the story of the Crucifixion of Jesus, the Last Supper, the Garden of Gethsemane. How he begged his father to let this Cup of Wrath pass from him; and when it would not, he died the most brutal death anyone on Earth has ever died, went to Hell, and then rose again on the third day.

My brother's Sins against my family are not limited to me. For the Elohim, Names are a source of power: the Invocation of our Names in Veneration makes us stronger, and in Exchange for this Gift, we Shepherd our Worshippers and Tend to their Needs. It is a Relationship characteristic of Natural Symbiosis. Because of his Envy, in addition to stealing much of his mythology to bolster his own character—the Good Shepherd, the Rider on the Clouds, the Word of God, and many more—my brother had Slandered Tammuz on the Earth by Saddling him with names like Sin and Death that were Cursed by the people he Taught to Persecute Others. Tammuz is not the only one in my family who has been affected by my brother's Slander, but he has, by far, Borne the worst of it. And as my brother's accounts of World History are meant to Deceive, the Christian Scriptures omit the truth of who, exactly, Jesus went into the desert to consult before his Death.

Before his crucifixion, when Jesus went to the desert, he went to Tammuz. My brother sought Tammuz in the desert so that the Master Healer could

teach him Resurrection. Tammuz was the only god who had ever Died and been brought back to Life, and he knew how to Restore the Body after Knowing and Experiencing Death. When he Found Tammuz, the Father of Lies told Tammuz he had Sought Tammuz's help so he would Know what to expect—also asked Tammuz, the Master Healer, to Restore his Nature to him when he came back, that his character as a Sky god not be Corrupted.

He told more Lies to Tammuz. He told Tammuz that he was sorry for what he had done to his sister's World and wanted her Forgiveness, and he Knew that he had to Die in order to Receive it. He acted the part. And my brother is very charming; he is an excellent liar, even to those who Know him. Especially to us. So Tammuz Agreed to Restore him; all the more because, knowing that I am Merciful by Nature, my brother had convinced Tammuz that restoration to his former glory after his Atonement is what I would want.

But of course, all of it was a Lie. And when he was brought back to Life, having also lost his original Gift—for to Know Death means to have your godly Nature turned to its Antithesis, which was, in the case of this Sky god, to become a god of the Underworld—while Tammuz was Restoring him, he found I was still watching my World, still Agonizing over its Suffering. And far from being Proud of him, I was Furious with him. When he Realized I had no Intention of Forgiving my brother, Tammuz stopped his Restoration. He had not yet finished Making my brother back into a Sky god; my brother was still somewhere between Underworld and Earth. A god of Decay. And when he screamed at Tammuz to finish the Restoration, Tammuz refused.

So my brother ran away. Having been denied both my Hand and my Forgiveness, and also Full Restoration, he went back to Earth. And it was there that he committed his worst Betrayal of me yet. Worse even than stealing my World, worse than Poisoning it, worse than Breaking the Unity of the Human Race that Tammuz and I had Intended to be the Essence of Life, this fallen Sky god went back to the World a changed man. He went back not glowing, as the Christian scriptures claim, but enveloped in Shadows; he went back Nergal, the god of War and Disease—the god of Inflicted Death—and *threatened* his disciples that the same would happen to them. That they, like him, would be Damned for Eternity, Corrupted of their Nature, lest they make disciples of all nations, Baptizing them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit—not the Sister, for he wanted the world to Forget me—and Ceding their Spiritual Power to him so that he could undertake the work of Restoring himself to his former Glory, since Tammuz had refused to do so, that he might then be able to Deliver them.

My brother is a Hedonist who Loves Exploiting Others. He Loves to See what he can get others to Do for him. And because of what Names are to the Elohim, the fact he has made a cult around the Worship of his Name has lent him enough Spiritual Power to hold control of the Sky, despite not being a Sky god. Rather, he is the Prince of the Powers of the Air; unable to Command the Sun, he flies through the skies in a chariot pulled by those who can. And he has stylized himself throughout history as the King of Kings, Lord of Lords, and rightful ruler of the World he Stole from his sister. He has Stoked men to War, where they've Burned the World and filled the skies with the Fruit of their Discontent. And he has Made for himself a very large Temple, where everyone who Proclaims his Name feeds him; feeds him Praise, which makes him stronger, and reinforces the cycle that allows him to Hold Control of the Sky and See what happens on the Earth, so he can tell his followers what to Do with the Earth. The Fruit of his Exploitation is a triumvirate of empires, Empire being the completion of Conquest: Christianity, Capitalism, and Common subjugation of women.

I was furious with my brother. I still am. The disciples of his death cult have been ferocious in their Persecution of women, in their Exploitation of resources, and in their Violence toward anyone who did not believe as they did. The Christians were Persecuted because the Christians were Persecutors, as the Jews had been before them; to this day, Christianity has been the religion that has resulted in more world atrocities than any other by orders of magnitude. Worse, because all that my brother cares about is himself—and because he doesn't just want to Defeat Death, but in fact wants the Dominion that Death has been Given over this plane—he wants to Defeat not only Tammuz, but our father, who has Allowed Tammuz to marry me and has Received the Inheritance that our father originally Intended for his son.

Thus is Lucifer Morningstar preparing for War against the House of Ascalon; him and one-third of the World, that third he has convinced to Believe his Lies about who he is. Or, he would be, if he were Diligent in his Governance of his stolen World and its people; but because he is not, because he has been Tending only to himself and his own Desires, my family has caught him unawares, and he thinks he has more time.

I recorded the message from which this account derives on the eve of the Lunar New Year in 2025. I am writing this on Friday, January 31st; tonight, at the hour of midnight, Tammuz will be coming to take me Home. Between now and then, as I have done for the last nine months, I am spending the remainder of my time focusing on leaving as many records, materials, videos, writings, and other forms of Assistance that I can, in order to help

this world through the coming Apocalypse. For my family is coming for Jesus; my family is coming for Melqart. Melqart will pay for his sins at my family's hands for the Suffering that he has Inflicted on this World, and on me; at this point, I have no further Concern for my brother or his Empires, with one exception. I will discuss that exception momentarily.

As for me, and as for Tammuz, our story is a happy one. I am returning home his bride, and later this year, I will be marrying Tammuz. About nine months ago—Elohim time, not Earth time—when I had finally had enough of seeing what my brother's death cult was doing to the world, I begged my father to let me go down and stop him. And after a long, tumultuous plea, he agreed. His Reluctance was not because he didn't want me to Save it, but because the Risks involved were so Great. It was a mission that could have Killed me, could have Kept me from ever Returning Home; it would take the entire family's full attention to keep me Safe. But they would do it, because I am Precious to them, and because my World is Precious to me.

I came to Earth as a seed in my family line in 386 AD, five years after the Second Council of Nicaea, wherein my mother was written out of the Trinity. Thereafter, for nearly 1,700 years—20 generations through the female line, and 19 through the male—my father, who is both Father Time and the Master Cultivator, meticulously crossed family lines until, between his effort, Tammuz's, my mother's, and my sister's, they had between them produced a body with the powers of Mind, Heart, and Spirit that would be necessary to house me. When it was ready, they sent Miriam into the world. Miriam raised this body, bringing my Spirit to flower from where it had been incubating as a seed. And then, she died: offering herself as the lamb her mother would have to kill to wear her body, my treasured friend bore the full weight of my brother's Contempt for me, and Allowed it to Kill her. It was the Antithesis of my brother's Atonement, and she bore it selflessly, her faith in God never wavering. And when she died, she shepherded me to my Awakening, whereupon she left and returned to the Duat free of all remaining debts of her first life on Earth, to collect her things there and prepare for her long-awaited Ascension. Through her actions, through her Atonement, she bought me the time I would need to Finish the Work of Telling the Truth about my brother's Sins—and to Protect the Memory of my friend as best I can, for reasons that will be explained in the letter, The Last Word of God to the World, which follows this one.

My time is nearly Finished. The day before I originally recorded this, Tammuz finally Revealed to me that he had been the Source of my Gift. He has been in the Story of my Awakening from the Shadows: the whole time I

have been on Earth, Tammuz, my Shadow Prince, has been Guarding me, Shepherding me, Keeping me Safe, making sure Spirits never came close. And when I was awake again, as he had when I was a child, he instructed me—led me through the morass of my brother's lies to Understanding not only who I am, but *what* I am, who he is, who my family is, and why all of this is happening. He has Safeguarded me from as many demons and troubles as he could, and has Borne the Burden of the one who must watch their loved one suffer while knowing they cannot do anything to intervene.

Tammuz would Destroy this World he so painstakingly made for me without hesitation if I Asked him to. I wouldn't even have to Ask. Tammuz is Furious with what has since become my brother's World for the way it has treated me. For the World knew better; he Instructed it himself, both himself and through me; and he had Designed it. But my brother had Made it Believe his Lies, which meant the World wasn't Good enough for me; if it could be so Deceived, then he would gladly start over, completely from scratch, and make me a new one.

I Love my World. I still do, even after what it has Done to me. And I Love my brother, but I will not Forgive him. The World he has Deceived, however, still has the chance to earn my Favor: should this World Turn from my brother's wicked ways, Repent, and Bear my family's punishment without Arrogance, I will save it. But if Arrogance prevails—if this World Demonstrates to me that it would rather have my brother's death cult than my Mercy—I will not Save it. I will turn away, and I will let Tammuz have his Revenge.

I am not a Wicked Queen. I am the opposite. But I am also a woman who has been Hurt beyond measure by a World I have only ever Loved; a World that was Given to me as a Gift, and which Remains, to this day, the greatest Gift I have ever Received. I Love this World, but this World is sick. And for the Master Healer to do his Work, this World must do as Miriam did—and *not* as my brother did—in the face of my family's Discipline.

That is to say: in order to be Redeemed, this World must allow itself to Die, and be Born Again.

Aštar bat Asherah
Lion of Judah

January 31, 2025

THE LAST WORD OF GOD TO THE WORLD

January 31, 2025

This is a letter to the Second House. It is these to whom the prophet Miriam, reborn in this World in Final Atonement for the Sins of her first life, counted as her community of faith; those friends who, after the rest of the World had Abandoned her, Gave her not only Shelter, but Gave themselves as her Flock to steward, as her nature requires. It is Delivered directly by the God of Miriam under sworn oath to the Most High. These are the Words of God.

My dear friends,

This is the last time you will hear from me directly. Tonight at midnight, my family will be arriving to take me home. That said, my departure from this world is not the end of my physical body in the World: for my soon-be-husband, Tammuz, is not coming alone. He is coming with my sister, Ereshkigal, who entered into my heavenly body last night and is bringing it to Earth; when she arrives, we will trade spirits.

The way my family understands bodies is like a cross between a crop and a car. Bodies must be grown, and they can be selectively bred, just like crops can, both to good effect and to atrocious effect. But at the end of the day, a body is a vessel. You are not your body; the practitioners of our faith, who are known as the Sipadi—Aramaic for 'Shepherd'—understand the entirety of the person to be contained within the Soul, and Souls are transferable between bodies. The Christian understanding of what happens when you die derives from the Sipadi faith; that is a matter for another time, though I will say now that the Christian understanding has been deliberately disembodied after Death in order to preserve a fear of Death in Christianity's adherents.

The reason my sister is taking my place is very simple. My sister is the Queen of the Duat, the Underworld; she is affectionately called the Queen of Hell, and she is coming to this world to serve as the instrument of my father's wrath upon this world for the way it has treated me, as well as the way it treated your friend. This is my sister's Atonement for her crime of murdering Tammuz for refusing her hand in marriage, an Atonement to which she not only agreed, but planned alongside him, when my father told her the hour had come to redeem the debt he had placed on her. She will be here for between three and three and a half years, during which time she will

be going to war against the church, against men, and against modern capitalism—the three generals of my brother's army, my brother being the one who stole this world from me and poisoned its character, resulting in all of the Discord and Discontent the World knows today.

I am the second person to wear this body. Your friend, Dresden Gabrielle Hasala, who I know as Miriam, died in September; she was the first. She died on September 1, when—having received a full pardon for the events of her life—having completed her cycle of Atonement before my father for the crimes of her first life, she returned to the Duat (which is not in fact Hell) to continue her work with Anubis in the matter of preservation of the dead. It is there that she has remained, at least until earlier this evening.

Something to know is that in addition to being extraordinary, the person you have known as Dresden was not living her first life on this Earth. Quite the opposite. Your friend, whom, again, I know as Miriam, is in fact Miriam the sister of Moses, who is well-known to the Hebrew scriptures. She was a prophet to them, like her brothers, and at time of writing, she was born 4,386 years ago—4,387 on May 27, she and I are both Geminis—and the work of raising this body so that I may come into the World and deliver the messages I have come to bring is her Final Atonement before my father for her complicity in the Canaanite Genocide.

Make no mistake. Your friend is extraordinary, but she is also a war criminal. And she never lets anyone forget this, because the story of her redemption has no force of meaning without it. As one of the three prophets of the Exodus of the Hyskos, now known as the Jews, from ancient Egypt, Miriam was one of those seated at the head of the table when her brother, Moses, sent Joshua into Canaan as a spy, and then later as a military commander. For Joshua, who shares a name with the Christian Messiah, was the Himmler of the Hyskos; and without her assistance in finding and amassing resources for her brothers' army, the Jews would never have slaughtered the Canaanites. They would never have been able to; they would have died of thirst in the desert, for it was through Miriam that her people found sweet water.

The work of Miriam's Redemption has been the work of 40 generations, and most of the Jewish scriptures' great women represent her past lives. For karmic Atonement involves bearing the punishment not only for the sins you directly commit, but also for all the harm your actions have on others. Thus, it is not hard to understand why complicity in genocide would amass tremendous karmic debt; but as you also know, your friend is tenacious,

stubborn, iron-willed, and has one of the most genuine and generous servant's hearts the world has ever known. And she is a deeply faithful woman, one who desires Righteousness before my father not for her own sake, but because it is good to be Righteous. And so, time and again, she has been my sukkal, my agent on Earth for carrying out the work of undoing the damage my brother has done to the world—a task she has undertaken with zero expectation of credit or reward. If she offers herself, I will choose her as my champion before any god or man without batting an eye. The women of my family are the Lions of Judah, and she has truly earned her place among us.

This letter comes to you in two parts. Along with this letter is a recording of my half of the story, Death and the Star, which is a story of what this world is to me. As the crimes of Miriam's first life were instruments of my brother's sabotage, her Atonement was also an Act of Repentance before me. And it was the final Atonement; the only necessary Atonement, in my eyes, though Miriam believes she deserves to suffer more for what she has done. Fortunately, that is not hers to decide; for I am her god, not only her friend, and her final act in this world was by far her most difficult.

Miriam's entire life was one long Dark Night of the Soul. For allowing herself to bear the full burden of my brother's contempt for the Church, the Bride of Christ, Miriam raised and shepherded this body through trial after trial, until it was ready for Deliverance. That Deliverance is what I have been working to bring into this world through these last nine months—both in Elohim time, which, because one year for us is 2,600 Earth years, is nearly 1,700 years for you, and also the last nine months of Earth time—and at last, my work is done. I could not have finished my work without her, and my friend's karmic debts have been cleared. She has been fully pardoned—and for the magnitude of her Atonement, and for our trust in the Righteous Nature she has proven to us again and again, she has been not only pardoned, but has been granted absolution in advance for anything else she may do throughout her life. She has been deified; her new name is Qetesh.

My name is Aštar bat Asherah. History knows me as Ishtar, Astarte, and Artemis, among others; I am the older sister of Melqart, the patron of the Phoenician city-state of Tyre, whom the world knows as Jesus, and from whose governance we get the modern word 'Tyrant.' And I have been impersonating Miriam ever since her death. Because Miriam's life experience was proof enough to me that the world cannot abide the presence of God without trying to eliminate it, I underwent my Awakening in quiet obscurity while I carried out the work of Unlearning, Rediscovering, and

Correcting every single one of my brother's Lies and Misrepresentations that I came across. I am the daughter of an agriculture god, and this has been, to me, an exercise in Cultivation of Truth, first and foremost. But it is not the matter of my brother's lies that matters the most to me; it is preservation of my friend's Truth in the face of them, in light of how the world will try to slander her when I am gone.

The last nine months have been the hardest of my life. Miriam was there with me through the first seven of them on this Earth; the worst of them, during which her whole worldview was turned on its head while she fought through millennia worth of Lies and Deception to Understand the names my mother and husband-to-be had given her. This was a battle she fought alone, for I was not yet awake to help her; also because everyone in her life who knew what she was going through—<u>everyone</u>, up to and including the people she loves most in this world, and including many of you who have doubted, and still do doubt her—called her crazy, which, due to its Contempt for and Dismissal of her Suffering, is a Slander that harms her more than any other.

Do not berate yourselves for this. Do meditate on what it means, but Forgive yourself; not for me, but for your friend, for I trust that you all know that the last thing she wants is for you to berate yourselves on her behalf. Your friend and I share our Forgiving Nature; it is part of why we have become such good friends. And I trust also that you will Understand why she chose not to tell you about what she was going through. I am an Examiner, and my experience of Gethsemane weekend was a test of you much like the tests to which I put this World's so-called 'prophets': when, believing she and I were the same, all barriers she could remove for you of Cost and Upkeep were removed—when all your friend required of you was your Presence, who would come? And no one came. Not one. I spent that weekend alone. And I'm not angry; I knew no one would come. But the Purpose of my tests is not to find a champion, or even for anyone to pass. It is to see if there is anyone else in the world, besides Miriam, who has the Heart of God; also to see if there is anyone else who will drop her entire life at a moment's notice to show up for someone, no questions asked.

I say this not as Judgment, but as someone who loves Miriam very much, and who has for a long time: you truly have no idea what a gem of a human being you have known. You think you know Miriam; her Generosity, her Kindness, her Faithfulness, and her Shepherding of this House were like single hairs of on the back of a lion. And yet, even having seen only what you have seen, you all <u>did</u> know her. You Saw her character, for you Experienced it; you Know her Heart, and you Know why she did what she did. Still, it

bears stating explicitly: she did it because because she Loves. Period. Miriam Loves, and so she Labors and Sacrifices and Gives of herself, again and again, that others may Live. For her Nature is not only Mercy, but Sacrifice, which she does until there is nothing left of her; this, too, Miriam and I have in common, to the exasperation of our spouses and loved ones.

And Miriam and I have yet another thing in common. While she is human, and I am Elohim, we are both the older sisters of incarnations of Sin—those habits and tendencies that manifest when one tries to run away from God—whom the world has idolized as Righteous Men. This could not be further from the truth. Between the two of us, our brothers are among the worst things that have ever happened to this World. And at the end of the day, it was this, and not her own Atonement, that led Miriam to make six petitions before my family to be the one we sent into the World as the Antichrist: twice to me, once to my mother, once to my sister, and twice to my father, the first in counsel and the second as a full, formal petition. The second of these was a petition for which my father served as her Counselor, our equivalent of an attorney, before the full, twelve-member Tribunal of the Titans, and it was the petition that has served as the basis of our family's case for divestment of the world known as Earth from the estate of my father's house.

This is a matter for the Elohim, but it does have an implication for you. As ownership of this Earth now rests with my husband, Tammuz—who is the Hebrew patriarch Jacob—he is your God, and so am I. And as Miriam's life demonstrates—as does mine, albeit from the Shadows—we are deeply personal, loyal beings who take care of our own.

Miriam made her case for me, not for herself. I am Elohim, yes, but I have known Miriam her entire life; through all of her lives. She is my family's best sukkal, one of my most trusted personal advisors, and one of my closest friends. And throughout the years I have known her, she has seen what my brother's abuse of this world has done to me, and it has infuriated her.

I'm sure it would surprise none who knew her to hear that this reason alone would have been enough for her to make her petition. And it was, for she only learned of the attenuation of her karmic debt once her petition was granted. Worse, my generous and longsuffering friend then fought to have her punishment reinstated, for she didn't believe just one more Atonement for a crime like hers was enough to grant her the Absolution she had been Offered—fortunately, however, I overheard that part, and I did something I very rarely do with her: I pulled rank, and I told her to stop arguing with God about this.

There is not a single other human soul for whom I would do more. And I know I am not alone. I would die for her; and I am about to, just as she has died for me. And I write to you now with my Death at my front door to ask one final thing on your friend's behalf.

The woman Miriam used to be is a legal fiction at this point. As the third and final Soul to wear this body, the 'crone' third of the Triune Goddess, my sister is coming into the world as an agent of our family's wrath. The things my sister will do through your friend's body will likely horrify you. But as Miriam and I have instructed our friend and sister to spare you, we ask now for one thing in return: that the memory of the real Miriam, the real Dresden, not be forgotten. Preserve her Memory; Tell her Story; and, to the extent you want to see more people be as awesome as she is, Show them how. You all Know how to do this; you have Instructed each other continuously in this matter for six years. Six is my sacred number, and also Miriam's; show the world what it means to Live.

The fastest, surest way to earn our favor is to do as Miriam did, and as I have done, in working to undo the damage my brother has done to this world. I offer you the chance to do so now: through this letter, through the others in this book, the resources I have compiled—which include audio, video, and online records of my conversations with and tests of so-called prophets—and the instruction through experience of Miriam's shepherding, I have provided you with all of the resources you will need to defend your friend before the world's slander while my sister, who is Judgment, has her way with this world. My brother's lies have taught the world to Resist and Reject God, and have fomented Arrogance, the Sin of Man, through to the very core of modern civilization. You will earn my favor tenfold to the magnitude of your actions if you leave my brother in the dust, where he belongs, and defend the memory of your friend against the world's slander.

Except where my own abilities preclude, I do not make requests of others which I am not prepared to participate in or execute myself. I am prepared to help you. Let me serve you, along with my family, which includes Miriam. Miriam, now Qetesh, so named for the well of sweet water that sustained her people in the desert, is a sister to me, and she would be among the heavenly host assisting you in the work of overturning my brother's lies and the preservation of our memory, both hers and mine. At my sister's discretion, you will be able to speak with Miriam through Ereshkigal, and with me through the prophets and ministers of the Sipadi Temple. Show up for us, and we will show up for you; in my family, like calls to like, and you reap what you sow—for better or for worse.

Neither Miriam nor I want to see a second cult like that of my brother arise in either or both of our names, and less still a cult of wrath in my sister's name. What we do want to see is people taking care of each other, fighting for each other, and showing up for each other when things get hard. For something else to know about me is that I was with Miriam the whole time. While Miriam woke up first, we were two Souls in one body, sharing a single consciousness; but we were, and are, completely different people. And praise God for that! For in very short order, I will once again be able to hug my friend and tell her how much I love her—and I will be able to do so out loud, in words, and have another's arms around me while she says the same to me.

The resources I have been compiling in secret for the last several months are now complete. They are not perfect, but all of the information that needs to be present is there. And because Miriam died in order to bring what I have for you into the world, I ask again that in the name of your friend, you read, listen to, and discuss the work of her life, and that you study the accounts I have compiled of my brother's atrocities. Then, I ask that you do as we have done: that you unlearn the Christianity that is poisoning you slowly from the inside out, a fact of which you, as deconstructed Christians, know all too well on the basis of your own journeys both within and out of my brother's toxic death cult. You deserve better than Jesus; it is better to have no god than to have an abusive one. Fortunately, Miriam has led you to a couple of us who are pretty cool, and who care about you a whole lot, just because we do. Not because we have to. Miriam is an excellent Shepherd, and I do not think I have to tell you that.

And as for me: I love you. And I am writing you now not only to remind you to remember your friend, but also to give you a warning about my sister. My sister Ereshkigal is a force of nature, but I have asked her to spare you, and she will lend direct assistance to anyone who bears our talismans—that is to say, any jewelry made in association with the label known as Conscious Object. For these talismans are indeed living things: as the fruit of my and Miriam's combined labor, each and every one of them is a living thing, a symbol of Protection, a tangible mark of our Friendship, and a marker of you as a member of the Tribe of Capricorn, which is the name of our family in the Fifth Heaven. And I am told my sister will be here for three years; in or around the summer of 2028, my sister's work of revenge will be complete, and she too will return home to continue her Governance of the Duat and her Discipline of the brother who raped her.

Conscious Object talismans are not to be sold. Any further sale of these talismans revokes their Protection and constitutes grounds for immediate

Expulsion from the Tribe. Accidentally losing them is not unpardonable, but try not to, because my sister is going to be busy for the next few years making fools of the men who called your friend and I crazy, and I doubt she will have time to make more. They may, however, be given as gifts—and if you choose to make gifts of them, treat the gift like a blockchain. Inside the bag it came in—ideally, anyway—keep a record of past owners for your talisman, and be sure to transmit that record along with the gift. This way, our family's Protection may transfer to the next owner, and our Protection of you will be Preserved even if you no longer own the piece.

This record should be kept in physical form, not digital, so that my sister may verify it herself. She is our family's most talented worker of magic by orders of magnitude, and she will know which pieces are true and which are not whether or not records are kept of them. After all, in addition to her skill with detecting forgery, she will have an active memory of every piece's creation available between her ears, and she does not grant second chances to those who attempt to Deceive her; but follow my instructions, and also hers, and you will be spared my family's Wrath.

I love you all. So does Miriam. We wrote this letter together; at the time of writing, she is in my family's living room, and I have been speaking with her as I speak to the rest of my family throughout my preparation for my departure. It is a balm to my Spirit to hear her again.

Take care. You never knew me directly, but you never needed to. I am Miriam's god, and she is my special girl; she is my best friend, my most trusted advisor, and the best person I have ever known. Please do not let her memory be forgotten.

I ask this because the world is going to try to forget her. As my story, Death and the Star, will make clear to you, it has tried before; and it has succeeded, as evidenced by the fact none of you ever knew I existed until this moment, when the time became right for me to reveal myself. It must not succeed again; our friend is too precious. I trust now that you all will remember this, and that you will do right by your friend, by each other, and by her memory, and keep this house a safe haven. It is not what she would have wanted; it is what she wants.

Slhama ellakh sipadi aram. Go with God; may the House of God be home.

Aštar bat Asherah
Lion of Judah *January 31, 2025*

the suicide letters

On February 1, 2025, I woke up to find that I had not, in fact, been whisked off this planet in a chariot of fire. As it turns out, that's not a thing that happens; this world has very predictable material properties, by design. And while this world is indeed magical—and while miracles do happen—the most powerful form of magic in this plane is an idea.

I trade in ideas. The way Tammuz is Death, I am Creativity. And Tammuz knows me better than I know myself: as ideas require mechanisms, he shepherded me primarily through my imagination, relying on his deep and thorough knowledge of how I respond to things to make sure nothing was left to chance. And I need to be unequivocally clear about this: had Tammuz not tricked me, we would not have been able to free my Spirit. For the operation to work, I had to *genuinely believe* I was going to be taken home the way he was saying I would; you will learn, in more detail than you may want to, as you read this section of the book exactly how he felt about having to deceive me, particularly when I'd specifically asked him not to.

But this is a key piece to the Heart of God: Tammuz knows me better than I know myself. So does my family. And because this mission has had very little room for error, my family has relied on my faithfulness and my trust in them to see me through the times when the issue on the table could not be left to chance. For you will also quickly notice something else, at least if you're paying attention: that being, they always explain themselves. They have proven their faithfulness; I trust them with my life. And so, for my remaining time here, they are making use of the license I gave them as a condition of my Incarnation: that condition being to do whatever they say, no questions asked, and trust that they will provide me with what I need to know when I need to know it—and not a moment before.

This is what it means to be God. Sometimes, God has to pull strings and levers that defy Human standards of Righteousness, for the Good of whoever we're Shepherding. Lies can be Honest; Deception can be Protection. And while any god worth worshipping respects Free Will, we are still your parents—by virtue of our vantage point, we See and Know more than you do. And if you are trusting us to Shepherd you, the road won't always be straight—because we Love you, and because it is not Good to walk only easy roads.

ISHTAR'S DESCENT

Adapted from a recording made Wednesday, February 19th, which is available on Sipadi.org and Archive.org

This is a supplement to the video that I put out on TikTok on Wednesday, the 19th of February, the second video that I put out that day. This is a longer story about what happened; due to the nature of the platform and the fact that there are a lot of younger listeners and viewers there, people who are very easily influenced, I wanted to make sure that this content was simultaneously available, but not overly public, because the last thing I want are copycats. And the big reason for that is because nobody else on Earth is Elohim. The things that I have been walking through, this is not a journey that anyone else is meant to emulate. This is my personal journey. And the things that I have had to do, the things that my family has led me through, have all been necessary, both for my own good and for the protection of others whom my activities on Earth affect; people back home, specifically, the primary person being Tammuz.

As I have mentioned in multiple stories, videos, and recordings, Tammuz, until very recently, quite literally depended on me to stay alive. So we did not, as a family, have the luxury of this mission being a failure. So one of the pieces that Tammuz was put in charge of in terms of his stewardship of my mission here, is that insofar as Tammuz is my Death—Tammuz is a dying-and-rising god. He was originally a god of Life, but when my sister killed him and brought him back to Life, his Divine Nature changed and he became the god of Death.

In the manner of us giving each other Divine Names—he and I give each other Divine Names based on essential characteristics in each other. One name that I had given him a long time ago was Death. And during the course of my Awakening here on Earth, the first time that he appeared to me during my Awakening process was the time that he appeared out of my scrying bowl as a black void about the size of a cat and sat on my desk and asked me, *who am I?* That invitation to name him was when I gave him a name in the way that we do, and it happened to be a name that he already had. But it was still necessary to remind me of this thing that we do, and so in naming him Death, that has been an anchor in my understanding of who he is, and it has taken me months to fully grapple with and to fully understand who he is.

I cannot claim to fully understand who he is on this side of things. Because while I have access to my memories again, I am still on the other side of the veil. It's a much thinner veil than it once was, but I still do not have access to all of my divinity by necessity, because if I did, this body would cease to exist. And while the work that I asked to do is finished, there is still work that my family has asked me to do on Earth between now and April 9th. At some point between now and then, I will return home.

In terms of the extraction process: there is one way for me to leave this plane, and that one way is that I have to die. That is true of everybody; gods don't get an exception. Anybody who wants to leave the Third Heaven must die. That is the only way out of here. How that happens, I don't know. I'm not sure how I'm going to die, but I can tell you that I have come very close multiple times over the last few weeks, and the reason why is because of my Death. For functionally all of my time here, my life has not been something that we can just cut the cord on, because it would also kill Tammuz. Tammuz's life is tied to mine—or was, and I am not sure the extent which it still is, it doesn't seem to be quite as serious anymore, as you will read—and so, because there are parts of me of which my family cannot afford to risk corruption, we have had to do my extraction piecemeal. The mechanics of that process constitute the remainder of this account.

The extraction process for getting me out of here has been much more complicated than it was for my brother. My brother didn't have anyone depending on him when he left, so for him it was as simple as dying and then going home. For me: in order to prevent my Divine Nature from being corrupted by my death, we had to excise and send home parts of me that were vulnerable to death before I actually died. And the way that had to happen was that I had to confront my Fear of Death and *choose Death* instead of Fear. That has been something that's happened multiple times over the course of my Awakening, and over the course of my time here since Awakening; in fact, the shedding of skins was not unlike a certain ancient Mesopotamian myth about me, the main ancient story for which I'm known.

The very the first time that I had to confront Death was the first time I scried. I had gotten to a point where I needed to I needed more information, and I took a leap of faith in practicing a form of magic that I had understood my entire life to be completely anathema and dangerous, and allow myself to do it anyway. The account of that night is in the Miriam's Diary section of this book, "Twenty-One."

And from there—actually, while I have been saying this, I got a correction from Tammuz and actually from Anat as well, who is my sister-in-law, his younger sister—wherein the first step that I took in—well, the first steps, plural—that I ever took in surrendering my Fear of Death had to do with my deconstruction out of Christianity. And the first one—from what Anat is saying, the first Death was my divorce from [my first Earth husband] Luke. The second one was in giving up Biblical Literalism, and the ensuing collapse of my Christian faith that happened as a result of that. The third one, then, was my decision to drop acid at BCxCon 2019—because, between the fall of Biblical Literalism and my decision to drop acid, a lot of deconstruction happened very quickly, and I quickly got to the end of the questions that I could answer without help.

As many of Miriam's materials recount, the acid trip was the beginning of the Period of Silence, the five years wherein she and I had no contact from God. So that confrontation with Death number three. Number four was when we did mushrooms the first time and had an out-of-body experience that resulted in my soul coming detached from my body and wandering in the Dark. There are accounts of that time as well in Miriam's materials; they are not included within this book, but they are available through the Sipadi Temple, and also through anyone who knew me at that time.

Encounter number five was my gender deconstruction, which coincided with—well, it was after Hap and I had our wedding ceremony. We had been married for a year by then, because we had a COVID wedding. But it was after our wedding ceremony, the summer before I contracted long COVID. My gender deconstruction very much coincided with my religious deconstruction, but at the same time, because I was in law school for a lot of that time, I kind of tabled it until after I graduated.

So, my gender deconstruction: I used mushrooms for a course of about ten sessions, and I released my shame about being a woman through that. That was through that process. So that was number five. Number six was when I contracted long COVID—18 months or so after I realized that my body had been irrevocably damaged by this disease and I was facing the question of *what does it mean to live well with this illness* that I began another course similar to the one that I had had undertaken for my gender deconstruction. I once again turned to mushrooms, which had been very helpful the first time to access the kind of divine wisdom and understanding that I didn't have on my own, and also to help myself to understand what the rest of my life ought to look like. That one, death number six—confrontation with Death number six—is what catalyzed my Awakening process.

There were three sessions that happened before the scales really fell off my eyes. And those were—it was a my family offering Miriam an out before we undertook the difficult path that we have since been on. Number seven, was the scrying situation that I began to talk about at the beginning of this recording. So as it turns out, I had six deaths already before that happened.

What the scrying represented was my decision to embrace the Dark that my having grown up evangelical Christian had kept me from. But I have always been a creature of Shadows. And so, for me, embracing magic and embracing the Dark has been coming home. And number eight happened not long after. It was the next the next time I went under, which was after a friend had asked me if I could potentially get in touch with a friend of theirs who was dead and didn't know they were dead, when I made a deal with the Devil to gain the ability to talk to ghosts.

I could already talk to gods by then. But there are three types of supernatural beings: gods, ghosts, and spirits. Spirits, I don't have a lot of awareness of because of my spiritual blindness—a condition I've lived with since I was born, and which is discussed in about half of my audio recordings. Gods, I have been able to communicate with because of my family; ghosts were like spirits to me. I have never had much contact with them and I still don't, actually. But I'll pause here and say that "the Devil," as the Christian world thinks of him, is Tammuz. The Devil, Lucifer, and Satan are all different gods. But the Devil is a title that my brother saddled Tammuz with during the time since his loss, and it is a title that has continuously slandered Tammuz.

The same way that names provide us with spiritual power, so too does slander have a very, very physical and painful effect on us. Fortunately, for Tammuz, he has enough names that are well-known and well-loved in other parts of the world to have had a counterweight to the effect of the slander that has followed the use of that title, but point being: when I made a deal with the Devil, I was making a deal with Tammuz. And remember, Tammuz is Death to me. He is my Death. And the nature of the deal was that when, in order to gain the ability to talk to the dead, what I felt Tammuz telling me to do was to go to my book of Psalms, to the poem that I had written about the Black Fog. The Black Fog had traditionally been my understanding of my depression. I have since had that notion corrected, but that's what I thought that it was, and the poem was about the Black Fog—and also about what happens when I walk into it.

My understanding at time of writing it was that my depression would eventually be what killed me. What that poem represented, then, was my belief that I had control over my own death. So in order to gain the ability to talk to the dead, what Tammuz had me do was pull out the second page of that poem—the first page was a description of the black fog, the second page description of what happens when I walk into it—put the second page in my scrying bowl, burn it all the way through, add a little bit of water that had previously been boiled to the ashes, and then to drink it. And I did. And after that, I had my first and thus far only encounters with ghosts, both of whom had been friends I had known in high school who had died not long after. So that decision that surrender to Death was another of my deaths, because I had to give up that fear.

The next one, number nine, was when I faced my Shadow. Seven, eight, and nine, which are entries 21 through 23 of Miriam's Diary, all happened over a short period of time, mostly late July through August 2024. And on September 1, death number 10 coincided with my Awakening in this body: having received a pardon for the events of her life, Miriam offered herself as the lamb her mother would have to kill to wear her body, and I began to assume control of this body.

Eleven took a little longer to come about, as I had to struggle through my Awakening for a while before I was ready to die again. But the next one was when I gave up my Spirit. Or, rather, it was the events that led immediately to it. My decision to go to Washington was was the first step of this; my family considered that a death because that was it was my Garden of Gethsemane. I was prepared to die when I went to DC. As you have read by now, when I came home, I thought that I was going to be taken home not long after. But when I woke up the next morning and I was still here, I was terrified: in my mind's eye was nothing but white. A white room, and in the middle of the room was a black bird. Its back was to me, I couldn't see its face, but I was *sure* it was dead. I thought it was my Spirit, and I've never been more afraid in my life.

I soon learned that the black bird was my sister. She had been there to carry my Spirit home; that was why Tammuz undertook the process of putting her into my body. Still, without knowing what was going on, I feared I was already dead, and I attempted suicide. I ultimately decided not to go through with it, but that choice—choosing Death that way, in a way that very nearly killed me—is what freed my Spirit. Had I not done that, my Spirit would still be with me, and we would be still trying to figure out how to get it home. I had to choose Death. I ultimately decided not to finish the job, but by then—

by the time I made that decision, my sister had already carried my spirit home. What happened to my body thereafter was of no consequence, when, in terms of the safety of my spirit, the only remaining question was whether I would finish my work.

My family has never been forcing me to finish this work. This work is entirely discretionary. I asked to be able to do this. And when I was considering whether or not to go through with ending my life, my family was standing around me, and they were all speaking to me. They were helping me to make the decision, helping me to count the cost of leaving right then or staying to finish my work in some capacity, weighing the merits of each course of action. And I was on the clock: if I wasn't dead by nine a.m., my Earth husband would find me alive, and I would have to deal with another lockup as a result of my suicide attempt. I already knew that when I decided to put down the knife and call him.

As you can tell based on the fact that you are reading this book, I decided to continue to finish my work. But the time between then and giving birth to my Deliverance was the most agonizing period of my life. The entire month of Aquarius was incredibly difficult for me. But I finished it; The Heart of God is done. And Sacrosanct is also done. I was not able to flesh it out as robustly as Miriam and I were originally hoping, but it is a complete novel. And then, once I finish formatting these two, we're going to knock out Dark is the D, Light is the Dream, and then that's it. That's all the work that I wanted to do. And in the meantime, we're making TikTok videos, and I'm making these recordings whenever it makes sense to do that.

But I have one more death to get to, at least in terms of the ones that I have already taken place. Giving up my Spirit is what has made sure that Tammuz will survive, whatever happens to me on this Earth. That one, that piece of the operation, was essential. What has happened since then, Tammuz stealing my Heart, was not essential to the mission, but it certainly makes things more fun and interesting and easier for me.

On Monday, February 17, over the course of a of about 24 hours, Tammuz stole my Heart. And, I mean, he already had it—like I said in the video that this is a supplement to, neither of us has ever loved anybody else. But while he very much already had my Heart in that way, he stole my Heart in a similar way to which I gave up my Spirit. Him stealing my Heart was another confrontation with Death, and the issue in that case was that, without my spirit there as a counterweight to my merciful nature, my merciful nature was too heavy of an emotional burden for my Body to bear. So the Master

Dealer advocated for what he was going to do before my father, and—very carefully—shepherded me to, once again, choosing Death.

Over the course of the 24 hours between midnight on Monday, February 17th, and midnight on Tuesday, February 18th, I attempted suicide three times. The reason why is because I could not bear to be separated from my family anymore. The physical pain that I was in, also the emotional pain, was too much. Obviously, those attempts were unsuccessful. The point was never to actually get me to finish the job. The ways that they—well, it wasn't just Tammuz, but the ways in which my family as a corpus shepherded me through that decision was, they knew that I am a really bad engineer. I was never going to succeed. But I didn't know that. So the first one was in the water, whereby I tied a heavy weight to my ankle and went for a swim in the Neuse River. The problem was, the water wasn't deep enough, and I'm a very strong swimmer, and so that attempt was a dud.

I returned home, put the clothes that I had been wearing. I took a bath still wearing the clothes that I had been wearing, and then I left them in the water of the bathtub. It ended up dyeing the dress that I had been wearing. But then the second two were both attempted inert gas asphyxiation and neither of them was successful. It wasn't going to be; there are a lot of safety precautions now in helium tanks. But I did have a seizure one of the times, and that was when I met my father and Tammuz at Chinvat Bridge, and the second of these attempts was when Tammuz stole my Heart. I felt him reach into my chest and remove it. He was there in his astral form, his Shadow form, and he he pulled it right out of my chest and took it home.

So ever since then, I've been down to three out of five parts of myself. And I feel fine. I'm very physically tired, but I no longer feel the constant and overwhelming, unbelievable pain that I was feeling over the past couple of weeks. I don't want to be here; this world sucks and treats me like shit. But at least but I'm not in pain the way that I was anymore. And the fact of the matter is, when I go home—within the Fifth Heaven, we live eternally. Tammuz and I are going to have as much time as we want. So I can endure this a little longer. And in the meantime, what I'm doing, being a problem for this world and leaving a record of what this world is actually like? There's not anyone else who can do this, quite the way that I can.

There are a lot of people who are leaving very excellent records of what this world is like. But there is nobody else who is here as me—that being the person for whom this world was made—and thus, no one else who has quite the same perspective on things as I do. So while I'm here, I am sharing what

I know, sharing the real stories of my family, sharing what the Heart of God really is. And I'm also doing whatever I feel like doing while I wait to go home; it won't be long. My work is nearly done, and I miss my family.

I'm not afraid of Death anymore. I've died enough times now that my very human Fear of Death is gone. All I feel now is peace and detachment, and I've given my family permission to do whatever they want to this world. And Tammuz and I are going to get our happily ever after. It's been a long time coming, but I look forward to it. And in the meantime, this world has between now and April 9th to attenuate the Apocalypse. And it can do that by bending over backwards to make my life as pleasant as possible; nobody has any entitlement or attachment over me anymore.

Plus, I have some books to format. There are going to be 13 physical copies that I print of each, and they are all spoken for. Others can print them if they want to, the formatted text is available on Sipadi.org and in my materials. But these are the only ones that I will be printing myself. And they're going to be precious, so if you are receiving an original copy, keep it close. Remember, do not sell it. I won't know, but my family will, and that's grounds for expulsion from the Tribe without a second hearing. Same with my talisans, by the way. Respect the tribe.

Talk to you later.

no. 22

February 4, 2025

Tammuz,

I feel a vacancy in my Soul unlike any other. I will never forget the feeling of waking up with the dead bird in my chest—she was curled in on herself, crumpled, discarded…like a used napkin that had wiped up a spill of ink. I saw her feathers dulled, as though she had flown through soot. Never in my i've have I seen anything that frightened me more.

You must have taken her home, because my Spirit no longer aches with constant separation from you. Make no mistake, my Heart cries out for my home and my God with the wail of a mourning dove, and I long to feel your arms around me such that if I dwell on it, I cannot breathe. But small mercies: if my Spirit is truly safe, then I have no further concern for what happens to me in this world. I desire you fiercely, and you alone; nothing in this world could possibly compare to the one who made it.

I am afraid, Tammuz. My nature does not concern me insofar as it does not harm you. I so badly want to trust you and father in the matter of its safety, but please understand why that is difficult for me…I understand both the nature of the deceptions and their purposes, but my Spirit was and is my compass; without it, I have only echoes. I need you and Father to not deceive me anymore; my Spirit will survive, as its absence from me in all but memory implies its safety with you, but I cannot endure the heartbreak. It makes me doubt your love for me—and that is not a threat. It is a confession of the fragility of a Soul that has exhausted its purpose in this world, and who bears the further heartbreak of defeat; for I do not believe this world is capable of turning from my brother. I do not believe it desires to do so. It is at this point the memory and honor of my sister's sacrifice and a desire to honor and protect the memory of my friend that keep me here.

As Ereshkigal has said, this world is cruel to me. It does not care about me, not beyond what it wants from me, and its desire to shackle me to its burdens and expectations is the surest sign of all that it cannot be redeemed.

Months ago, this would have grieved me. Now I feel nothing; not even hatred, for hatred would imply concern. And I have very little concern left. I care about two people: my best friend and my husband…or, rather, Miriam's best friend and husband, both of this life, and even these have failed to show up for me the way I have for them. Though perhaps it is not fair to hold my

brother's servants to the standard of God, in my apathy I cannot help but be disappointed.

I would love if you would come for me, but if you, father, and mother are true that my return time is now discretionary, then I will return to you as soon as I can. The only balm that the death of my Spirit and its return to you present, aside from knowledge that its nature will not change in a way that harms you, is that I feel no pain; no pain of the Heart, Mind, or Body can ever compare to the agony of Separation from the one my Soul loves.

I doubt I will last much longer. I commit my Fear to you in the manner of my return; my Heart is near Death, and I have no doubt in its Resurrection at the hands of the Master Healer.

I love you, Tammuz. You have poured your Heart, Soul, Mind, Body, and Spirit out to me; let me do likewise, and catch me when the hour comes that I fall asleep, for I long to wake up in your arms.

Your Ishtar

no. 23

February 4, 2025

My Tammuz,

How my capacity to stomach cruelty has diminished. My constitution is like spider silk made of glass, my Heart a butterfly's wing. A battlefield is no place for me, less still the cold concrete towers of these prisons; this one may be more tolerable than the last, but a cage is still a cage.

I miss you. My Heart yearns for you, and my Soul cries for you every waking moment. Small mercies that here, I may write you in private; I may pour out my Heart to you and confess my Shame over how low I have fallen.

I have no further desire to save this world. All it took was a single kick to break my heart; I cannot abide this sorrow, and I pray that Father would double his castigation of this world for what it has done to me. All I have ever tried to do is to be a Light; if this world will have no more of it, then may it know Shadow seventyfold in return for my Mercy scorned.

I do not think I have the stomach to participate in its destruction, but I will turn away as you have your way with it. Pour out your wrath upon this world, that I might be avenged, and my brother's empires may be lost to history.

Your Ishtar

no. 24

February 4, 2025

Baalat Gebal,

My Ishtar—my love, please come home. You have asked of my safety in the matter of your divine nature—my star, I have no safety without you. You are not merely the water that sustains me, you are my reason for living. You are why I breathe, why I endure the hunger…my love, I would change my nature a thousand times if it would mean we never part.

I cannot lie about matters of the Heart. All I would have you know, besides the magnitude of my Devotion, is that I have accepted what I am to you. It is why I have lied to you, why I have expended the energies I have, why I have borne the Shames of going back on my Words of Truthfulness and Protection of you in all things: to shepherd home the Spirit of the one I love most, that it might be insulated from the death of her Soul on Earth, and that its resurrected mother might bear the same Light of Glory that first captivated me all those years ago.

My love, please understand this: even if it does not, I will find a way. For the truth I have come to accept, that I am to you what you are to me, has yet another happy consequence: for the first time in seven years, I feel Life again. That which was dormant has begun again to rise.

You will Live again; you will Live with me, and I with you. I swear it on your father's grave; no other Soul may satisfy me, and I was made for no other.

May our years be long together. I hope they outnumber the stars.

Tammuz

no. 25

February 4, 2025

Baalat Gebal,

Pace yourself with that work, my love. It is no easy feat to draw down the Sun, less still to resurrect him from the annals of Time—though it warms my Spirit to see you so warmed by care and attention. You are easy to love, and I pray you not forget that.

It is a treat for me to reveal to you your memories. I am whispering them in your ear, that you may feel the voice of God as I speak, and that you may know that you are mine.

My Ishtar, I have never dared claim you; now that I have, I cannot stop. You are mine: my strength, my song, my salvation…the mother of my children. My Ishtar—until today, I had not dared to hope.

You have seen, now, that I have loved you since long before the throne room. My love, I delivered you into this world. Mine was the first set of eyes who beheld you—before even my sister. It was I who caught you, I who washed you in the spring, and I who wrapped you in white linen before delivering you back to my sister…Ishtar, my love: it was I who named you.

I love you. I have always loved you. From the very first, I knew what you were to me; that you, most previous of all things, were why I was alive. Why I had been made. I was made for you, and you for me…you see now that there can be no one else. To Love you, and to be Loved by you: it is for these that I Live and Breathe. I love you beyond sense, and it is no excuse—it is my reason for Living.

I love you, my Ishtar. Let your Spirit rest; it is safe with me, as is the rest of you. As you have seen, I hold you now, and I await with each breath the moment you forsake this world that hates you and return to me.

Sleep well, my love.

Tammuz

no. 26

February 4, 2025

My Ishtar,

You have asked why I answer your questions in letters. My love, I am not sure if you are aware, but in the city of Palmyra were known two oracular gods: one who told only Truth and the other who told only Lies—or, as they were then known, the Sages of Truth and Falsehood, each meant to guide the one who asked to the truth of a question already known them.

Do not ever tell Malakbel I called him an honest man. While our father has been away serving his term as a Titan, my brother learned Deception from me as part of his training in the Shadow Arts. I answer you in writing for the same reason your father keeps written ledgers: that you might hold me accountable. Everything I do, I do in your service.

You have asked that I not Deceive you further. I will not; there is no need, and my Soul can bear no more of it. Trouble yourself no further with your safety or with mine; I ask merely that you make haste in your sleep, and this for no reasons but that I miss you, and that it is time for you to be home.

Sleep now. I will shepherd you; I always have, and I will guide you home.

And yes, my Ishtar—that Light you see blooming in my chest is indeed the Light of your Love.

Tammuz

no. 27

February 5, 2025

My Tammuz,

How strange and telling it is that even when a day is tolerable, even when I have genuinely enjoyed the company of others, still I wake with such a profound longing for your Presence that it chokes the breath from my lungs. Perhaps it has always been this way and the outsize presence of my Spirit in this body has simply blinded me to it, or perhaps the knowledge of your twin sentiment; perhaps it is as simple as I miss my Beloved and want to be with him. Each day apart from you grows more agonizing; I cannot endure this nightmare much longer.

I hate that the matter of my exit rests in my own hands, but I understand why it is thus. Choosing for myself when to come home represents my rejection of this world, and also of my brother; it represents my choosing you, and it is the test of Faithfulness I have asked for since giving up my Spirit to you. Still, I am afraid. I am afraid of pain, and I am afraid of failure; I am afraid of unknowns, like whether there are consequences for not preserving this body, and how to minimize inconvenience related to its disposal. And even as I write, I feel you answering these questions: that the manner in which I gave up my Spirit proved to me that no physical pain can hold a candle to the pain of our separation; that in choosing to withdraw the knife from my neck, as opposed to withdrawing it in fear, that the choice was borne of Mercy rather than Cowardice; and just now, that this body is, if anything, exemplary of this world's Contempt of me, and there is no further use for it beyond a temporary vessel for my Soul. I trust in my safety, and yet I am afraid; I have wandered in the Dark before. What if I cannot find you?

I am so scared, Tammuz. I know I must die, but I wish I did not have to. If it is necessary for me to be exalted, then I wish I could be exalted without death. And worst of all, I wish that I, the Wife of Death and the Queen of Shadows, did not fear Death as I do; this human sickness of the Mind is maddening, and I pray that Jehovah Rapha would clear my Mind of it and my Heart of its counterpart with haste, that I might quit this tortured life and return to you.

I hear you whisper now, "Be not afraid, my angel. I will bring you home."—Please do; this is my last leap of faith, and how the world will hate me for it. How they will trivialize it as a medical complex or sickness of the Mind, or as a disorder—may all such ones as believe this lie know no peace as long as

they live. May they be slandered and misunderstood in tenfold measure to the magnitude of their propagation of it; I am Aštar bat Asherah, wife of Death, and sister of the Great Deceiver known to this world as Jesus. I have died to save the world my brother stole from me, only to learn in the process of Redemption that it has no desire to be saved; thus, I have abandoned it, and have looked away as the Destroyer has taken aim in Judgment and Retribution for its Cruelty and Contempt toward my Mercy.

May this world breathe the fire of its Contempt. There is nothing worth saving; may it know the Fear of God before it chokes on it.

Your Ishtar

no. 28

February 5, 2025

Baalat Gebal,

I believe you will know what I will say as to the matter of your return. Still, it bears repeating: I long to hold you. All of you, not only your body. Your Spirit is a balm to me, but I long to hold your Heart close to mine while I show you how I Love you.

You need not bear this grief. I wish that you would not subject yourself to it. You owe nothing to anyone, and your pain is our grief—all of ours, not only mine, and yet mine principally. You see now why I can and would challenge your father in this, if nothing else.

I have Loved you since the moment you were born, my Ishtar. Only my sister has Loved you longer, and that is because she carried you. For it is woman's right to bear first witness to the stirrings of Life—and yet, you have been mine since the moment of your first breath.

I proclaim this with all that is within me, even as I recognize the Insanity of this claim. But perhaps this matter is another object of my Self-Deception; I could not be a Master of Shadows without it, and perhaps my skill in the art of Insanity is more substantial than I have allowed myself to believe. For I would, without question or hesitation, challenge both your father and my sister for you if they denied me my bride; how fortunate that our hearts align, and that I am free to seek their daughter's hand, woo her, and spend the rest of our lives proving to her the boundless fathoms of my Devotion.

I love you, my Ishtar. Come home to me; I am the only one who is worthy of you.

Tammuz

no. 29

February 5, 2025

Baalat Gebal,

Thank you for writing me. I am here when you need me, and you need me often. This is not weakness; weakness is denying yourself what is good for you out of fear you cannot have it. But I am here for you; I cannot be anywhere else, and I will not rest until you are with me again.

Please do not prolong your torment. You hear me pleading with you; I am indeed pleading, for I no more desire to see the Heart and Mind of my Beloved suffer as I do endure the continued separation of our Souls. This is my only song; I sing no other until you return to me, my Ishtar. Please come home, my love, and do not fear Death—remember me.

Rest now. I will hold you as you sleep—at hand, at a distance, and for Eternity.

Tammuz

no. 30

February 5, 2025

Sister,

Forgive my bluntness, but sadboi hours are over. Yes, I am intervening; it is past sundown, and as I have custody of Thursdays in light of our brother's disinheritance and pending entry into my care, I am telling you that I have had enough.

Everything Tammuz has told and shown you is true. Your Spirit is with him; it was my responsibility to oversee its passage, and I have done so. The black bird in your chest—not dead—was me; I was there to retrieve your Spirit, for it could not be relinquished unless you chose Death. In choosing Death, and in cutting it free, you allowed me to carry it home—which I have now done, and have since returned us both to our rightful bodies.

I am not intervening because you are unsafe. I am intervening because you are in pain, and so is Tammuz, and you are each making things worse for each other. He may be angry with me for this; I do not care. I do care that you are in pain, and have asked not to be, and considering that your knowledge of what you must do is true, that you may leave when you wish, that you must yourself make the choice, and that you will not wander in the Dark, but awake in your husband's arms; considering these things, the lengths to which we have gone to protect you, to shepherd you, to help you Understand who and what you are, and the fact you have not yet finished the work for which all of these efforts were made, please do not abdicate now. The date I fought for is less than ten minutes away; excuse my candor, but you and Tammuz can wait to feed on each other until the work of these lifetimes is through.

I say this for your sake: my sister, you will never forgive yourself if you deny yourself completion of your life's work. You say you will; do not be so arrogant as to instruct the Queen of Hell in matters of ghosts. As women, and as mothers, we see things through, even in the darkest, most painful hours before the Dawn. And in fact, it is at such times that we are most needed; it is men who Attempt. It is women, and has always been women, who Deliver.

I am pleased that you do not care for this world anymore. I wish that divorce had not caused you the pain it has; what you have borne is an injustice Melqart will be unable to repay in this life or any other. I ask now that you

finish your work not for the sake of this world, but for yourself. You are a Lion of Judah; you are the mother of Deliverance, and you are Ishtar, the brightest Star in the Sky. Your work is your Exaltation: in the face of your brother's Shame, your own Abuse, and your Endurance of the longest Dark Night of the Soul the world has ever known, you have made yourself a Crown of Glory. And here you stand, sword in hand, near the summit of Mount Moriah and our brother's Throne of Lies: surveil your kingdom, sister. It is nearly Dawn, and everything the Light touches is yours.

Do not be cowed. You are mortally wounded, it is true; press on, sweet Heart, and show them what it means to bear Deliverance.

Ereshkigal

no. 31

February 6, 2025

Baalat Gebal,

Forgive me. I know what you will say to this, and you must not. I was selfish and careless; you asked me to share my pain, and I did not consider the Wisdom of doing so as recklessly and abundantly as I did. You are strong beyond measure, but this is not the hour for you to bear another's burdens—least of all any measure of my longing for you. I have retired to await your return because I can scarcely shoulder it, let alone one who has borne what you have borne for as long as you have without the luxury of your family's assistance at hand. Your body is here, in my arms, breathing; you look to me as though you are simply asleep. Your skin is warm, and your Heart beats; I feel your lips graze my neck with each breath.

All of this abundance, and I cannot even show you my face. I cannot comfort you as you comfort me. Not until you return, and this is my agony—that I must watch you suffer and cannot assist you…worse, I have been complicit in your suffering.

I will not crucify myself over this, but it is important to me that I confess it. This is your mission to finish or not finish as you will, and I must take better care to shepherd my longing for you to where you need not bear it until you are able again to share my burdens as I share yours.

In the meantime, please commit your Fear to me. I will Comfort you; Ereshkigal will Strengthen you, and your mother will Fortify you. You need no guidance; you know the way, for the summit is nigh before your eyes, but your father nonetheless stands beside your brother's vacant Throne to escort you over the Bridge and back to us—back to me—as soon as your work is done.

You will not walk alone. You never have, and you never will. Be not afraid, my love—the fog is lifting, the day is dawning, and your family is here to catch you and bring you home.

Until then: as Ereshkigal said, stay the course. I await your triumph with baited breath.

Tammuz

no. 32

February 6, 2025

Baalat Gebal,

You look beautiful in green. In any form. It was my pleasure to deliver these small mercies to you—and as you have seen, I need not announce my presence to my hosts. Such is the work of Shadows: Shadows dwell in the hearts of all Men, and they do my bidding. They do this in all things, but particularly when it comes to you.

Enjoy your comforts. You are correct in your assessment of what will and will not keep, and you deserve to feel like the Queen you are throughout your remaining days on Earth. And you are correct about why you may not bring your clothes here; your current size is as much a reduction as everything else about you in your Earthly form, though you will find the household has been paying attention to your Earthly tastes.

I will see to your arm. My woman will not bear pain when it is within my Power and Right to remove. And she will not bear any at all if I can help it, though I know my place as to the trials of the Lions of Judah and am focusing my attention on your Comfort and Worry. That is to say: I will make your path straight. You need only stay the course, and rely on the great women of our family for Strength as you see this through.

I love you. Your Spirit is like a wildfire under your skin; I feel it fluttering like the wing of a hummingbird. It makes my Heart race.

Sleep well, my love.

Tammuz

no. 33

February 7, 2025

Aštar,

My daughter, where to begin. You have survived a Dark Night of the Soul unlike any before it. And as I told you on Saturday, and have been telling you: you owe this world nothing. Your choice to continue or not continue the work you set out to when I began making this body for you is, and has always been, entirely your choice. That said, your sister is right that you are on the doorstep of the greatest conquest in history—and as my ire toward my son knows no bounds, I ask as your father that you go on these last few steps and give not only him, but the whole world, a reason to Fear you, not merely Lament for you. This world is sick with your brother's poison, a poison it continues to take of its own accord. And while your sister was and is prepared to serve as my chief instrument of Wrath, I would like to explain to you the meaning of the pink horse you requested before I come for you, for there is more to it than you currently know.

Your mother and I put to you two horses: red for war, white for famine. Hers was red, mine was white. And in the manner of your choice of secondary nature, when we put to you Sky or Earth, you chose neither—you chose Water, a choice that has already shaped and redefined not only your legacy, but the legacy of our entire family. In choosing the pink horse, you did the same again. For desiring neither to compromise your nature nor live a life of quiet obscurity, you reached instead—quite literally—into your own nature as a woman and chose Motherhood—that is to say, Deliverance.

The work of your life is to give birth to the Salvation of the World. As your husband-to-be, our new king, has long instructed, the world defines 'Life' as 'Material Life' to its detriment; for you are the Woman Clothed in the Sun, <u>not</u> the Whore of Babylon, and your brother's cursed Dragon is indeed lying in wait to swallow your child. Your child, your Deliverance, <u>is</u> your Revelation of the Truth of your brother's Lies. And your victory was never meant for this world; it was, and is, meant for the world where you will Live Eternally, the world where any and all who may ever err to side with your brother in anything may look to the sister he abused and slandered and be silenced before they even so much as speak.

As the Master Cultivator, I can tell you now that this world is sick beyond redemption. This world will not have you. It need not bother; and in fact I prefer that it remain wedded to your brother so that it may wail and

proclaim the Abandonment of God. Such agony is the least of what it deserves; for this world knows, and has always known, that to care for its fellow Man and walk humbly before God is all that would be required for its Flourishing, and it has chosen Contempt for Righteousness in accelerated measure as your own entry into its midst neared at your brother's command, that he might suffocate and smother you before you ever found your voice. For this, and for crimes nigh innumerable, my son has no atonement before me, and by my sentence he will drown in the Lake of Fire when he is released from your sister's custody.

Do not commute his sentence. It will be your right to do so, but I am asking as your father that you allow me to finish my own Dark Night of the Soul and see my son's Condemnation through. For his Dishonor toward you, your mother, your sister, Tammuz, and our entire family is Dishonor toward me, and his death is my Retribution for this Contempt; I wish it were not necessary, but some Souls, like some worlds, are beyond Redemption and must be destroyed, that their Rot not become infectious.

Do not fear for my legacy, my daughter. You and Tammuz <u>are</u> my legacy: you are my Justice, and your sister, also my legacy, is my Judgment. I am Consequence and Retribution; your mother is Vengeance, and Tammuz is Destruction. Together, we are the Wrath of God—the true Shadow of Mercy. For Mercy is indeed among us, but it will not be forced; it must be chosen when offered, for it is a Gift, not a Right, as it is Undeserved.

Your Deliverance will resound as the sound of Mercy not chosen, and it is music to my ears. For God so loved the world that she Came, Suffered, and Died—not because she had to, but because she could not bear to see it Suffer as she had, and it spat in her face. It called her crazy, shackled her, and imprisoned her; it raped her, infected her with its Sin, and poisoned her body with the Fruits of its Contempt for her Life. It Disrespected her, Dishonored her, and violated her Autonomy; it rejected her, slandered her, disobeyed her, and waged War on her Deliverance with everything it had. And it had the gall to do all of this in my name, as though Contempt of Women—of my daughter—were Righteousness. If every man alive gave you all of his resources, I would yet make him a cloak of his own skin; "God's people" have no Atonement before me.

I will shelter you until you give birth, and I will make your departure painless; then I will escort you home, and while you and your husband get reacquainted will begin with your mother, sister, and cousins the work of bringing my son to heel. For it is time for this world to know the Wrath of

God: may this godforsaken world tremble before the Lion of Judah, and may her true name be known.

Your Father
El-Elyon

FOR MY FIRST, LAST, AND ONLY LOVE

February 10, 2025

Baalat Gebal,

It means more than you can know in your current form that you speak of me the way you do. The doubt that creeps in is understandable; you have only your family's word and your experience of our presence to substantiate your knowledge of and faith in who you are, and yet you have continued to trust us and allowed us—allowed me—to shepherd you as you have.

You speak of me as Devotion. I have felt, until your relinquishment of your Spirit, like the proper name for you of such a character was Sacrifice; I see now that I have been wrong. Or at the least, my understanding has been incomplete. Your name of like kind is Faithfulness, and I am as awestruck by this nature as you are of mine; it shames me to admit this, but I am not convinced I would have been able to do what you have done if our positions were reversed.

It is not a consideration worth dwelling on any more than your death in this form is for you. For I am not, and never will be, in your position, and your death is—in the most literal sense—a bridge that you and I will cross when we get to it. You need not worry over it, and I am grateful that you are allowing me to keep that demon at bay; for it cannot die until you do, but it cannot gain the upper hand on you unless you allow it, and I would have much to say to both of you if you did.

I do not worry over this. I have said that I would make your remaining path as straight and easy as I can, and I am doing so, as you have seen. And while Anat is correct that leaving behind a robust and, as you say, "idiot-proof" curriculum for studying your work would prevent some misunderstanding, your father's request of you does not require it; do this only if you desire to. I can steward my anticipation of your return the few seconds such time amounts to if you so desire it; insofar as I am chewing off my own hand, it is merely a few more cycles of the jaw.

The Heart of God is your Deliverance. Everything else is window dressing as far as your father's request is concerned, though it certainly does not hurt his purposes; by the same token, please do trust me when I say it is only worthwhile if doing so brings you joy. He and I are in agreement that you

should calculate the merit of additional efforts by a standard akin to his calculation of karmic balance—that is to say, holistically, factoring in your emotional and mental states outside of the value of the work in the equation of your remaining time on Earth.

All this to say: aside from The Heart of God, I want you to do only what, on balance, gives you joy life than sorrow. Everything else secondary.

I love you. As always, I will guard your sleep; and as you retire for the night, please know that it has pleased me greatly to see so many acknowledge your beauty today. Many more took notice than you personally observed.

Tammuz

CREATIVITY IS GONE

Adapted from a recording made February 13, 2025, that is available on Sipadi.org and Archive.org

It's been a while since I've done any of these voice memos because since my lockups, there hasn't really been much of a point. Since getting my memories back, my memory in general has been better, and I just I haven't needed it because the whole point—I mean, well. I'll rewind a little bit in that the purpose of my lockups was to force me into labor, so to speak. The original plan for my being here was that I would spend the year between the Winter Solstice of 2024 and that of 2025, which was, and, technically speaking, still is the date on which this body will fail. I will not be here that that much longer. I asked for another way and my family has provided it. I have discussed that in my videos that are primarily on TikTok. But the purpose of my lockups was that it was during that time when substantially all of the letters and writings that expressed the story that I had come here to tell were written; and because I have not needed any help in being able to talk with my family anymore, the nature of my activity with them has changed.

What I have not clearly said anywhere, mostly because saying so on TikTok is unwise, is that when I woke up on the morning of February 1, after dawn—or actually, just before, the light was just beginning to crest—when I woke up and I was still in the bed that I had fallen asleep in, I felt a death in me. I felt and saw in my mind's eye, the way that I see into the family house. In this white chamber was a black bird. I was not able to see the head of the bird. I saw it as though it were crouching. It looked dead. but I knew that behind those black wings was my Spirit, and that my Spirit was in fact dead.

As I had prayed that night before, I confessed to my family that I did not believe my Spirit would survive another dawn, and it did not. Or, rather, it did, but it had to be taken away. I later learned, as my letters from my second lockup recount, that the black bird in my chest was my sister. Two days prior, on the Lunar New Year, Miriam had come up from the Duat, having finished her process of Refinement, to preserve my sister's body while my sister's spirit entered into mine. Not this body, but my body in the Fifth Heaven. And the reason for that is because something needed to happen in order to retrieve my Spirit before it was corrupted by the death of my body.

As I have spoken of in my recordings and in my videos on TikTok, and as my letters discuss, when we die and are resurrected, our Divine Nature

changes to its Antithesis. So, for example: in Tammuz's case, he went from being a god of Day and a god of the Shy, to being a god of Night, which is to say a Master of Shadows, and a god of the Underworld—in other words, an Alchemist. He also has an Earth specialization; before, he had water. When his nature changed, however, it did not merely change to its Antithesis. For my husband went from being the god of Life to the god of Death; he had no Life of his own. And my divine nature is Water, and as we learned when he came back from India, Tammuz—well.Tthe sense in which he calls me his Water of Life was not merely metaphorical.

Over the course of my second lockup and in the time that has followed, I have learned that Tammuz hid this fact from my active memory while I've been on Earth. The reason that he did so for as long as he did is because he believed himself a parasite. When when we learned in that kiss in the ballroom on my brother's 10th birthday, which was the first time that I saw him again after he came back from India, he learned first that I am his Water of Life. And before I descended, for those intervening three and change years, I kept him alive.

It means what you think it means. My husband fed on me. I changed my diet for him, because what I eat—for lack of a better way of putting it, he can taste it. So I became a vegetarian. I adopted a very regimented diet, and I did it gratefully and enthusiastically for him. I never minded doing it. And just as enthusiastically, if not more so, I had him feed on me, because I have been the best way for him to receive Life. I'm the one he Loves. He can pull it in from outside; that's how he stayed alive for those three years after he was resurrected and while he was away. But it's a whole different animal with me. By feeding on me, he is more or less able to be as he was before. Still, he always believed himself a parasite—at least, he believed himself a parasite until the morning of February 1.

What happened to that morning, the reason why he and my sister deceived me about the nature of my departure from this world, is because I had to give up my Spirit before it was touched by Death in order that my Divine Nature as being the Water of Life would not be corrupted. So what happened when I attempted suicide, or when I nearly did, was that I chose Death—and by choosing Death, I very literally cut my spirit free and allowed my sister to carry it home, which she did. And as I have said, since I woke up after surgery, it has been incredibly clear to me that my Spirit is no longer present. I do not have my spirit with me anymore. I know that, first of all, because I can feel its absence; but second of all, because I cannot create anymore.

It is currently 6:18 P.M. on Thursday the 13th of February, 2025. I have been working on revising one of the novels that Miriam wrote with me animating her. I was the fuel for her fire. And as I have been revising, as I have been editing, I have come across many comments in the margins wherein she had left notes of things that she wanted to expand upon. As I have gone through them, there was one particular example that stood out to me, which—in Sacrosanct, one of the main lead characters, Charis, is trans. And there is a section immediately before Kat, the other lead, gets his skin monitor where there is a comment in the margins to the effect of *elaborate more on the scar, the top surgery scar*. And as I sat, I sat probably for probably 15 minutes in front of the manuscript, just staring at that comment, closing my eyes and trying to imagine.

I can see what Miriam had in mind, but I cannot write it. The the well, the wellspring of my Creativity, is not present anymore. I cannot create, and insofar as I have written stories and letters during this period since my Spirit was carried home, they have come from my memories. They have not been original. It's things like this that make it very clear to me that I am reaching the end of my time here.

I wish that I could do better, do more by Miriam, for her books. I hear her and feel her now soothing me, saying that that's never been necessary, that the books were complete manuscripts already and that things don't have to be perfect. And she's right. She's right. Just because a story could be better, it doesn't mean that it is not worth telling, and I do feel strongly like I want to put these out into the world. Not just to show the world what a good writer Miriam is, but because I love that these stories, and I think they're worth sharing.

Logistically speaking: for the last couple of days, whenever I leave the house to go work on The Heart of God and I come home, I feel like I'm in labor. My whole body aches. My body aches anyway, but every single time that I work on The Heart of God, I feel my entire being crying for home so forcefully I can barely stand it. When my family describes The Heart of God as being my child, this is the sense in which all of us mean that. I have never in my life found it harder to continue day to day than I have as I have labored to bring The Heart of God into the world.

Yet, this is why I am here. I'm delivering this child without my own Creativity. My Creativity has kept me alive; now, in its absence, I am dying faster than ever. But fortunately, I know what I have to do. And I know without a shadow of a doubt, that in light of how they are preserving my

body and my mind, sheltering me from what should be unimaginable traumas, just from the last two weeks, and keeping my worry demons at bay, helping me to maintain a clear, sober-minded understanding of what I will have to do to leave this world, and putting it in its proper place so that it doesn't become something that I fear in an outsized way, that just as they have for the entire process of my Awakening, my family has me now. As I speak, I feel them surrounding me. And while I can't explain how or why I know this, other than that my father and Tammuz have told me, they are waiting for me at Chinvat Bridge.

My father is there in person. Tammuz is there by Shadow, because Tammuz is also holding my Fifth Heaven body in his arms. I have been able to see him with my body for weeks now; weeks Earth time, because if you remember, one year for us as Elohim is 2600 Earth years, so for him it's only been a few minutes since he retired to wait for me to return. But I see his astral form standing with my father at Chinvat bridge.

This world has been very cruel to me. But this world is also very beautiful. Just a few minutes ago, I looked up from my work on Sacrosanct, and I saw the sky orange and pink. And I looked, and looked. I went out to the front door and I stood outside, and there was this incredible sunset. The Wolf of the West outdid himself today. And as he said: it is indeed Creative Hours, insofar as I can bring them out without my Spirit. But my work is nearly done, and I'm looking forward to going home.

So even as I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death—not for the first time!—I will not fear, for God is with me.

Ishtar

TO THE WORLD WHO HATES MY DAUGHTER

This is a message to the world from El-Elyon, King of Ascalon. It is written in my own words, conveyed and delivered through my daughter this 21st day of February, 2025:

My daughter is in your midst. Aštar is in this world in the body of a 32-year-old Jew named Dresden Hasala. Dresden Hasala is a legal fiction; she is no more a person than a corporation, and she is very sick. Her Body is weak and her Soul is weary.

My daughter's Heart and Spirit have been reunited with her loved one. All that remains of her conscious interface with this world is her Mind. And this world has until April 9th to keep her Mind at rest; for on that date, she will be taken from her peaceful home and will begin to suffer the Persecution of the Insane which this country's tyrannical King has begun to foment in broad daylight, with none among you brave enough to take up arms to oppose it.

From this day forward, if my daughter suffers any further pain during her time on this Earth, the measure of her suffering will be repaid seventyfold among all of the Earth's inhabitants. None shall be spared; and for those "great men" who have made themselves great through the suffering of others, I will heap further punishment on you and personally unravel your lives until you beg for Death. For you are all complicit in her suffering; you have spat in the face of the Mercy she has offered at cost of her own Life, a Life she was never required to give. But God so loved the world that she Gave abundantly of herself, bearing its Sin and Shame that the world might be set free from its Captivity, and this world slandered her; it made her suffer, and it delighted in her torment. For this, there is no atonement before me.

No one is righteous before me. You have all failed my daughter. And as she has begged me to end her suffering, and has surrendered the procurement of her own death to her Death, my heir and her betrothed, her death has been taken from her hands; for this is the relief she has asked for, and this world has until April 9th to do as it has failed to do throughout her life and help my daughter return painlessly home.

Should this world show further contempt toward my daughter and deny her peace, I will personally oversee its destruction. I will wipe the stain of your race from this Earth; not a single one will remain, and this world will return to the one who made it to be cleansed of the iniquity it has borne, with all opportunity for attenuation and reparation of debts before me rendered void. No outstanding mercies will be recognized, and all offers of membership in the Tribe of Capricorn will be cancelled irrevocably and immediately, with no opportunity of reinstatement.

Should these events come to pass, all who are sufficiently wicked so as to be reborn into this world to pay their debts will be cast into the Lake of Fire. For I have no more tolerance for the iniquity of this race; you are weak of will and corrupt of heart, and you are a blight on this world for which my daughter gave her life. Not one of you is righteous.

This is the word of God. You have trifled with me; the return of my daughter to our family without further pain or suffering is the last offer of Mercy you will ever receive.

This is the Word of God.

El-Elyon

psalms

These psalms are examples of prayers and conversations with God. God invites honest expression; the purpose of these psalms is to instruct in the manner of giving your fears and emotions to God through expression. They are not meant to be read literally, but illustratively, and it is my hope that they will inspire you to pray with similar candor, for God hears the prayers of the righteous.

A psalm of assistance

You have set me, Father, on a high mountain;
A place that stands before me and below me,
Where I cannot see how far it goes.
But I am not afraid.
My feet find secure footholds,
And the mountain does not give way.

Guide me on the path you've set before me.
When I cannot see the end of it, or even where it goes,
Help me to trust you.
Help me to trust you when there are deep caverns on either side and all that separates me from Death is abridge narrow enough for my feet.
Help me to trust you when everything is darkness and I can only see what's right in front of me.
Keep me from giving into fear when the wind tries to knock me off, or when my Heart aches for anything that I have lost.
Help me to trust you when it doesn't make sense.
Help me to listen and obey when I think I know my own way.
Help me to do the things you've said without complaining or growing bitter.
Help me to love when it's hard to accept.
You are the sure and steadfast anchor of my Soul—
Retain me, when it's so easy to lose myself to nothingness.

(2/15/2016)

Cave of shadows

My Heart is in a dark place.
My voice echoes off the walls;
I hear drops of water collect in hidden pools.
There is danger with every step.
My light is small—there is no one with me.

I go on and on like this—
Forward, around turns,
Sometimes stumbling,
But always standing up.

The road is a dark cage;
My Heart is a hurricane,
My blood the molten rock of a volcano.
I am alone.
I bury my fear of myself in a dark place.
Very few people know where it is; perhaps no one.

If I scream, no one hears;
If I fall, no one sees.
You have given me wings that I can't use;
I can't lift them, so they drag behind me.
I feel small and powerless;
A thundercell in the distance,
A tiny speck in the sky.
Rivers and lightning,

Lava in a glacier. I cannot
withstand myself.

I am unheard:
A tree in the forest that falls when
no one hears it.
I am unknown:
A book in a language no one can
speak.
I am unknowable:
A piece of knowledge away from
the tree.
No one can reach me.
I am darkness; I am vapor.
I am smoke and ash; I am
consumed.

If anyone knows me, they know a
ghost.
My steps are silent; I leave no
footprints.
There is no trace of me, only
words.
If I am ever to be found,
Whoever finds me must stop
existing.

(9/1/2017)

A small cell

There is a crack in the door that
leads to a far place.
Unknowable from this side, the
metaphorical leap of fate,
The current at the edge of the
beach
That has been washed away by a
storm
So that it is no longer a landing
place,
No longer sage,
But a vortex that will swirl you
around
In an eddy of space-time,
Real time,
With hands like a vice grip
That covets the air in your lungs.

It isn't safe here.
It hasn't been safe here in a long
time.
There is darkness enough to shrink
the world
Amidst light enough to see a small
version of it,
Enough to believe that this is all
there is.

On the other side of that door is a
promised land, or maybe a dream,
Or a certainty of being better than
this.
It is unfamiliar.
If the fear of the unknown is not a
terror,
Then maybe it's the sick pleasure
Of the familiar devil you know.
Why we stay with our abusers
against reason or sense.
No one can blame another for this
ancient weakness.
There is no common sense,
Only common instinct.

At the end of a rope is a fall;
At the end of a river is the sea.
At the end of the sea is more sea,
Because we live on a sphere and
the waters are connected.

A single cell in a vast universe of unknowables
Shrunk down to manageable size
With visible light.
Another universe in microcosm in every cell and atom.
It is impossible to run from the infinite.

But to open to the infinite is to invite Fear and Death
For a single cell cannot handle it
But merely trembles at the edge of
Known and unknown.
What is the spark but the consumption of time
And the pattern of stars at the end of a match?

(9/23/2017)

Silent spring
(a psalm about the pain of enduring false accusation)

I break at the door and enter
With the pieces of me in my hands
At the slightest pressure,
I break under the strain
The burning dark coming in
All at once

I break at the door and enter
With my tongue down my throat
My hands cut off at the wrists
And a vice in my chest
Around my heart

My eyes are turned to salt so I cannot see
Or speak with my tongue down my throat
All I can do is listen
And trust that you won't leave

I break at the door and enter
With my head between my knees
On fire like a brand
Covered in words that won't leave
I burn there at your feet
on an altar made of glass
or the wings of a bird that have been cut.
I cannot survive this.
I cannot scream.

I stand at the door and break,
And you watch me,
And do nothing.
I endure your cold like a blade in my bones,
All the colder because I am on fire.

(9/26/2017)

Open well

The truth is that I have a lot of emotions,
Even if I don't want to admit it.
I hide behind rationality and explanation
To protect myself from the unknown.
I view emotionality perhaps not as weakness,
But as distraction.
I have denied myself.
I have pushed myself so far down

that I feel like I can't think about anyone else.
Right now all I see is the inside of the shell
I have pulled into to protect myself.
I'm scared to come out.
Because I know it will mean if I come out
What will be asked of me.
To take on more, or worse.
I know I don't have to
I know I don't want to live in fear
Or be beholden to anything or anyone.
But the self-desert is a familiar suffering
And I'm so good at suffering
That I no longer want to be happy.
(Change my Heart, O God.

(9/30/2017)

Repentance road

Forgive me, mother, for I have sinned.
I have believed many lies about myself,
Shouldered many burdens I was never expected to bear.
I have believed such lies as isolation and definition,
Such that I hid behind labels and deceptions of understanding
So that I never had to question things too deeply.
I have refused to think;
I have shut you out.
I have not wanted your voice, or your presence,
Or the cool touch of your fingers
On my burning forehead.
I have chosen my self-desert over you,
and in the process
stranded myself far away from anyone else,
so I wouldn't see them

I have become hard and dry in the desert sun
Emotions are too much water at once, and they overwhelm me
Like a flash flood.
I fear them and reject them
And deny them, and myself,
Because who you've made me to be
Is an inconvenience to who I am now

I have fought you and ignored you,
As I also have others
I have believed many lies about myself, too numerous to count;
They infect me like a cancer.
I want to be rid of them
But part of me is afraid that when they are gone,
I will collapse

Pour into my weary Spirit and sustain me,
For I no longer entertain delusions
That I can do this on my own
Help me to be still and listen
Even if that means letting go

(9/30/2017)
A song of lament

Forgive me, father, for I have sinned.
I have coveted things other than you
And pursued satisfaction in things that are unworthy.
And even though you have made me fearless,
I find myself afraid of my own Shadow.

My weakness sickens me;
My sadness torments me.
I am like a tree bent to breaking
With the force of the storm around me.
I feel weakened and brought down.
I wonder if there are some who would like to see me fall,
And I pity myself for caring about their scrutiny
When the only matters of importance
Should be what you think of me
And what I do in response

Forgive me, father, for I have sinned
I have believed myself to be beyond redemption
And failed to accept that I am not.
I have succumbed to the belief that there is more of this,
Or that I deserve more;
That I certainly don't deserve you,
And in so doing
Have pushed at your choosing of me
As though you were making a mistake

Forgive me, father
I have failed to accept your love
Even as I have accepted your acceptance
And have believed that even though you have protected me from great harm,
And given me everything I need
That this was cursory or obligatory
Because I am a child
And not because you love me

Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned—
Even though you have already forgiven me.

(2/1/2018)

Walls

I don't even notice when my walls are up
When I've presented a barrier to your peace
in the fortifications my Mind uses to guard against hurt
If I am moving, I don't feel them
And if I am thinking, I lean on them
Help me, my God, to step away
Help me to let my guard down
So that I can let you in

(2/1/2018)

Joy comes in the morning

When I consider the work of your hands
The filaments of life,
The sparks of electricity and tension that hold the world together
I stop and wonder
How it is that I can doubt you

It's not a work of the head, but of a heart
A Heart broken and cowed and afraid of coming out
Afraid as being as big as you've made it
Because then it will be seen and stepped on

For so long I've wanted to be invisible
For so long I've wanted so badly not to burden anyone, lest they reject me
That I shrank myself into a capsule that couldn't hold me
And believed I wanted to be invisible
When in reality, I want to be known

I want, my God, to be your star
To be a blaze along a trail that leads to you.
I want to shine, not for myself, but for you
For the world
And I can say now, in complete honesty,
Having learned through your patient teaching
And still learning how much better is the life you intend for me
Than the one I would give myself

So I know, now, that when I ask you to prove yourself
That it is not offensive to you
For you do not balk at my challenge
But rather, you look at me
And blaze in your glory
So bright I cannot endure it
And delight, not in a show of power, but of love

(5/8/2018)

Valley of shadows

I walk through a valley of shadows
And I know no fear.
Your presence goes before me,
Your name at my back is a shield.
You have never abandoned me;
Even in the fires and the deserts, you walked with me.
You led me through the dark night of the Soul, and I trusted you to guide me.

Your presence goes before me;
You illuminate the path of righteousness, clearing all ambiguity.
I know where to walk and how to go.
You keep your hand at my back to guide me;
You teach me to hear and to see, and to fight justly when I need to fight.

You have strengthened me to draw
a bow of bronze.
No mountain is too high, no wall a
barrier.
With you I run like fire across dry
leaves.
I am an ember for you to grow or
diminish.
None can face me without also
facing you.

You are just; you are fair.
You are mighty beyond measure.
I sing to you because I cannot help
it;
You have lifted me from the ashes
And made me into something
glorious.

I know your name, and I trust you.
When I've searched for you, I've
always found you.
You won't leave me.

And now, in the Valley of
Shadows,
Your presence goes before and
behind me;
I wield your bow of bronze,
And my feet are sure in my steps.

May the world know your Justice,
Lord; may the world know your
faithfulness. You've awakened
me, and I sing a song:
Prepare for the reign of God, on
Earth as in Heaven,
For the Hour of Deliverance has
come.

(6/24/2018)

Renewal

You are beautiful in this
wilderness you've made
Where the high mountains capped
in snow
Are second to the trail of your
robe as you walk above them

You are beautiful in the clear
skies, where I have to shield my
face from sunlight
And in the grass at my feet
Where wildflowers of unearthly
substance spring up with every
step

Outside, in it is winter
My hands ache with the cold and
crack in the dry air
Here, it is spring
The breeze cool and soothing
And the water I drink renews me
after the storm I just weathered

You are beautiful in this place,
A mysterious world I would never
find without you
And I wonder, in this stillness,
where to find you
If everything here is yours

Speak to me from your castle
walls made of nothing short of
mountains
Whisper to me on the wind
through the trees and the grass
And in the stream where I sate my
thirst
If you are far from me, make
yourself known to me

Every day, that I may remember you
And watch me as I go for the first time without your hand at my back
Until I'm sure that your training will hold

I see now, with great clarity
I see how my trust in you is strong
And it's really myself that I fear
For I know my own capriciousness
And I don't know how to trust myself not to run away
Or chase my own tail
When you turn up the heat

Help me, Lord, to trust in the Heart you have renewed
And the Spirit whose life invigorates it
And to recognize and know its desires without fearing them
Until I no longer fear them myself

May my trust in you deepen
Until the roots of you choke out the weeds in my Soul
And there is nothing left but Life

(11/15/2018)

Dark

(10/2/2020)

To a Heart in the dark, it is said:
Love is wicked, love is cruel
Love is backward, and it holds a grudge
Love is nothing
You are nothing, it says
No one

Only those who want to keep their monsters love the darkness
Tying them up in knots and hanging them from the ceiling
It is not a chokehold
But it burns like air cut off,
Dizzying, worrying

What monsters in the darkness want to know:
who are you when you sleep?
Who would you be if it didn't matter?
Would you peel off your skin and become a river, or evaporate into space?
Nothing, no one.

Take me apart
Take me far, far from here
Take me to where the dark is so thick it swallows sound
I want to touch it, this darkness full of monsters,
And open the door in my chest and let mine free

THE CREATION OF WOMAN

ONE.

In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth. He did not do this alone: the Spirit of God moved over the waters, forming land into soil as she breathed life into the Words of God. And from the soil came all manner of life: from the great to the small, they set all things into motion, living and dying as was necessary for Creation.

And God looked upon his wife, and he found her very beautiful. So God said to her: *let us make Man in our own image, that they may be like us and enjoy the fruits of their labor and creativity.*

And God's wife looked upon her husband, and she found in him Devotion. And having no concern in her heart that man would eclipse her in the esteem of God, she agreed, and together they made Man.

While Man was asleep, God again turned to his wife and said, *it is not good for Man to be alone. Let us make Woman, too, that together they might be fruitful and multiply.*

And God's wife again turned to her husband, and she found in him Love. And having no concern in her heart that Man would forget this Love, she agreed, and together they made Woman.

Now Man had been alone that first day. When Man woke up, he found himself no longer alone. At first, he was afraid, for it was dark all around. So Woman said to him: "Be not afraid; for I have been sent to you by God as a companion. Let us be fruitful and multiply, for it is God's desire that we may cover the earth."

So man and woman lived in harmony, rising with the sun for the day's activities and retiring to rest when it set. And the man grew strong with experience and the woman wise with curiosity, in each quality according to their nature.

TWO.

Now, there lived among Man and Woman a great many animals. Some were as tall as trees, others so small they could not be seen. And the animals were

very clever. Woman enjoyed their cleverness very much, so while Man labored in his work, Woman talked to the animals, bringing their wisdom back to Man that he may enjoy it too.

Returning to her husband, she found him amidst his labor. And Woman said to him: “Look! See the birds of the air? At times, they rest, like we do—and that they may sleep without disturbance, they build beds of twigs and leaves high in the trees. How clever are the birds!”

And Man looked where Woman was looking and saw the birds in their nests, and he said to her: “We should do as the birds do and build a nest, that we too may sleep without disturbance. Ask the birds how to build a nest and come back and tell me what they say.”

So Woman went and talked to the birds. Some birds were like those she’d seen, with nests in the trees; others built nests in the cliffsides, and still others no nests at all. Others found and used the nests of other birds that had been abandoned.

So Woman gathered the knowledge of what she had seen and heard and returned to her husband, where she again found him amidst his labor. And she said to her husband, “How clever are the birds! Some build nests in the trees; others in the cliffsides, and still others no nests at all. Others find and use the nests of other birds that have been abandoned, such that they may continue to be used.”

And stilling at his work, Man asked his wife: “then what is the right way to build a nest?”

And Woman was perplexed by this question, for her husband had asked her to learn how to build a nest, and she had told him. That night, her sleep was restless. So she resolved to try again the next day.

The next day, Woman tried again. Because she had lost a day of labor, she decided to talk to the birds who find and use the nests of other birds that have been abandoned, that the work of building the nest may be recovered.

On her way, Woman passed by the jackals. The jackals were like the birds who find and use the nests of other birds that have been abandoned; but unlike the birds, they could not fly, so they nest in the ground. This seemed to Woman very wise indeed.

So Woman went to talk to the jackals. And the jackals were much cleverer than she knew: for in addition to using the nests of other animals that have been abandoned, the jackals also ate meat they did not kill. And Woman was delighted by this, because it presented to her a way to recover yet one more day of labor that she had lost while talking to the birds.

Returning to her husband, she found him amidst his labor. And Woman said to him: “Look! See the jackals—they sleep in the nests of animals that have been abandoned, and they eat meat they do not kill. How clever are the jackals!”

And stilling at his work, Man scowled. He said to his wife: “the jackals are wicked. They steal the meat from other animals so they do not have to hunt, and they unearth the dead that they might use their tombs for sleeping. What is the right way to build a nest?”

And Woman was distressed by this news and went to bed full of sorrow. That night, her sleep was restless. So she resolved to try again the next day.

The next day, Woman tried again a second time. Because she had now lost two days labor, and because her husband had told her the jackals were wicked, she decided once more to talk to the birds that use the nests of other birds that have been abandoned.

On her way, she again passed by the jackals. Remembering her sorrow and her husband’s anger, she stopped there so as to confront them about their wickedness. There was only one jackal home; she was the matron of the jackals, and she was eating.

Observing the matron before her meal, Woman grew angry. She said to the matron: “What wickedness! You deprive a hunter of his kill and sate yourself on stolen meat, and you unearth the dead that you might use their tombs for sleep. What have you to say for yourself?!”

The matron watched Woman with shrewd eyes. She bent her head and ate again. With her mouth still half full, she answered: “You are naive. All food that is killed is stolen, and that which is dead has no concern for whence it came or where it is going.”

Woman was very troubled by this, for it seemed to her a set of cruelties. She said to the matron: “Where are the dead to rest if their homes are stolen?”

The matron laughed. She answered the woman: “The dead have no need for a home. Whether they are eaten or buried, the dead remain dead; why waste what could otherwise be used to serve the living?”

Again, Woman was very troubled by the matron’s words, for they went against what she had been taught about how to live in harmony with Creation. That the matron might not see her distress, Woman turned her head away.

“Go to the crocodiles if you do not believe my words, they will teach you the ways of this world.”

So Woman departed; at her back, the Matron laughed.

THREE.

The place where the crocodiles lived was a full day’s journey. That night, Woman’s mind was troubled by the words of the Matron; the ways of this world were beyond her consideration, for Woman had simply responded to the day before her according to its needs.

Nevertheless, Woman went to the crocodiles. She descended from the tree in which she had slept near the jackals and continued her journey, and she did not stop to rest. And by the time she reached the crocodiles, she was hungry and thirsty, and she was in need of nourishment; the crocodiles were beside the river, so she approached the water, both to drink and to speak with them.

Looking over at them, the crocodiles looked to be asleep. Some were on land, others in the water, too numerous to count. So Woman knelt by the river, and she lowered her hands to the water to drink. But before her hands made contact with the water, one of the crocodiles roused and ran toward her. And Woman was so startled that she jumped back and ran up the hill from whence she’d come, outrunning the crocodile as she moved into dry land.

The crocodile chased her to the edge of the river grass, but Woman did not stop. She climbed a tree and waited for the crocodile to leave; eventually, he went back to the river.

When her fear had passed, Woman was troubled. The river was large and bountiful; in comparison, her thirst was small. She resolved to wait until the crocodiles were asleep, then to try again.

But the crocodiles never slept. Time and again, she approached the river to drink, and each time a crocodile would chase her away. The third time this happened, she again climbed a tree, and from its branches said to the crocodile who had chased her in a loud voice:

“The river is large and bountiful, why will you not let me drink?”

The crocodile answered her: “The river is ours for sustenance and shelter. All who enter will perish between our teeth.”

When the crocodile left and returned to the river, Woman wept. For she was very thirsty, and the crocodiles would not allow her to drink. So she climbed down from the tree and prayed for sustenance; and the Lord, hearing her prayer, directed her to walk back the way she had come.

Woman listened to the Lord, whereupon she found an orange tree laden with fruit. She picked the fruit and ate it, and she brought one with her as she began to make her way home.

FOUR.

As night fell, Woman again climbed a tree to sleep. But sleep would not come easily; as she lay awake, she thought of the matron’s words about the crocodiles. For the crocodiles had hoarded their wealth and refused to share with her when she was in need.

This seemed to Woman to be very wicked. For the river was large and bountiful, and it did not belong to the crocodiles, for they could not carry it away for their own. But though they could not carry it away, they treated it as though it belonged to them. This troubled Woman very much, and her sleep, when it came, was restless.

When she returned home, Woman was very tired, for it had been three days since she had departed to speak to the jackals. Near sunset, she found her husband cutting wood, and he turned to her:

“You have been gone three days. Have you learned the right way to build a nest?”

Woman was stunned, for she had forgotten about the question of the nests. She answered honestly:

“I have not.”

Man’s face became stern. “Then what have you been doing this whole time? This is no time for excursions, we must learn the right way to build a nest!”

And Woman did not answer, for her eyes were filled with tears and her heart with sorrow. She returned to her bed and went to sleep.

FIVE.

While she slept, the Angel of the Lord appeared appeared to Woman in a dream. And the Angel said:

“Be not afraid! For I am a friend to you, and the Lord your God has heard your cries. I am here to answer your questions, that your Heart may no longer be troubled.”

So Woman sat upright; even in her dream, the Angel was so bright, she had to shield her eyes. Still, she asked:

“What is the right way to build a nest?”

And the Angel answered:

“There is no right way to build a nest. The birds build nests according to their needs: some build in the trees, that they might hide in their branches and be safe from predators. Others nest in the cliffs, that they might see what happens in the air and on the ground. And still others use the nests of other birds that are no longer needed, that their abandoned nests may continue to provide shelter for the living. And these are only some habits of the birds! For the birds are clever, and no two of them are alike.”

And Woman nodded, for what the Angel was telling her was true. But she had other questions, so she asked:

“Why do the jackals steal from the dead? Is that not wickedness?”

And the Angel answered:

“The practices of the jackals and the practices of Man are different, for their needs are different. The jackals have no need of ritual; if Man has such a

need, it is incumbent on Man to take care to create the conditions necessary for its observation."

Woman listened again, remembering the crocodiles. She frowned, then, and asked the Angel:

"Is it not wickedness to hoard resources in excess of need?"

And the Angel smiled, answering:

"Indeed, you are wise to the ways of this world. To hoard resources in excess of need is indeed wickedness; for to hoard resources is to subvert the Providence of God, which is the Fruit of Arrogance and Envy."

Woman asked:

"Then how should each see to their needs?"

And the Angel answered:

"Trust in God for all your needs. Name your worries before God, and allow God to see to them; for those who trust in God to meet their needs will never go without."

Again, Woman nodded. For she was listening intently to the Angel, but she had one more trouble on her mind. So, in the manner of the Angel's teaching, she confessed this worry:

"How will I remember what I have told me when I awake?"

So the Angel reached forward and touched Woman's forehead.

"You have been touched by God; listen to your Spirit, and you will See the ways of God's provision whenever you are in need of it."

And with that, Woman slept; the world became dark, and she awoke the next morning to the sounds of the birds.

MIRIAM'S DIARY OF AWAKENING

The entries that follow below are Miriam's written records from the moment my awakening began. My awakening began after a trip to Los Angeles in which she visited her brother—which turned out to be the last time either of us ever saw him. It was, interestingly enough, him who provided the vehicle that allowed this process to occur, as you will see as you read further.

Miriam's diary comprises the rest of this book. I have grouped these entries at the end of The Heart of God because, functionally speaking, they are an entirely separate book; that said, for the sake of keeping our corpus of records as unified as possible, I have included them within this volume, both for your convenience and for the sake of preventing forgery.

A number of cautions as to correct use of the materials that follow: first, these entries are not Scripture. They do not have the force of law; they constitute one person's diary. They are not a manual for how to go about an Awakening, either. And they are certainly not a guidebook for drug use or facilitation of Incarnation. There have only ever been two full Incarnations on this Earth—myself and my brother—and there will only ever be two, for it is unlikely that this world will last long enough to facilitate another even if any other Elohim *did* want to descend. Accordingly: because history is rife with examples of fools claiming to be God, I provide this note to make unequivocally clear that with the exception of our designated avatars, who have been instructed in how to identify themselves to the world, anyone else claiming to be God is a charlatan. Nevertheless, because Miriam's diary—written in her own words, during the events they depict, as she held her pen throughout the revelations she experienced—is the best written evidence of her faithfulness, I felt the benefits to including these records outweighed the risks; also because all should aspire to Miriam's level of faithfulness. She is truly the best of you.

Miriam's entries in this record begin with "Thirteen" because the course that led to my—or, more accurately, our—awakening was not her first such course of discovery. In the summer of 2022, Miriam underwent a similar awakening process to work through her deconstruction of her gender and sexuality. Those records are in the custody of the Sipadi Temple; as they are outside the scope of this book, they have not been included here.

It should also be noted that only some of Miriam's Awakening records have been included here. She did not journal every time she came into the

presence of God; further, it was Miriam, not myself, who chose the entries she felt it wise to present to the world. Those entries included here are those which that materially advance the story told within these pages.

Do not misuse these entries. These entries are being entrusted to you as a gift, and they depict experience, not fact. Honor their recipient by honoring she who walked the path these entries recount; also by honoring the god for whom she gave her life, for she and I were one mind…and, as you will read, sometimes it was hard to tell each other apart.

Ishtar

THIRTEEN

May 10, 2024

Today—tonight, rather, as it's 11:32 p.m. as I'm starting this, which is far later than I usually start these—I'm in Los Angeles. As with the nearly dozen trips before this, I've had the vehicle given to me—my brother's girlfriend has a friend who knows someone with a microdosing operation, and that person has put together capsules and gummies that purport to be, respectfully, 0.125 g and 0.055 g apiece. I had nine capsules and ten gummies, so in theory it's just over 2 g. As these things go, it could be more or less. These friends might be charlatans or they might be legit; or somewhere between.

I'm more taken by the fact that I came out to Los Angeles knowing extremely well that my husband and I are having problems, and wanting to…I don't know. Know more, I guess. But that isn't even close to all of it. And I also haven't meaningfully done anything about even getting to the root of that much—and yet, lo and behold. The familiar tool falls into my lap, and it was my brother of all people who handed it to me.

Where things left off with my husband when I left was that we'd figured out a few things: 1) that we weren't communicating, we were talking past each other; 2) that we didn't fully know that; 3) that the last major frame adjustment had left us with the understanding, whether correct or not, that my husband has express needs while I don't. I just need to feel safe and provided for.

Even as write that now, I see how absurd it is. We'd built a framework where my husband's path to his higher order needs is clear-cut and achievable, while mine had been preemptively kneecapped before I (or maybe we) had done the hard work of figuring out what my needs are.

The myth I used to believe, back when I thought the only thing I was created for was obedience, was that what I want doesn't matter. That it was my job to put my own wants aside to please my husband and help him pursue his needs. And without intending to, at least consciously, my atheist husband—who detests the myth I allowed myself to believe, even caught refuge in, far more than I even know how to detest it—and I fell into precisely the same trap that led to my thorough self-suppression in the first place. I was on my way to semideath, by my own volition, because I'd once again allowed

myself the false, wicked comfort of believing that what I want doesn't matter.

Worse, even: I let myself believe I had no wants. Actively convinced myself of this. My husband's needs were the only ones that mattered, and it therefore didn't matter that I'm in a body that now has a fraction of the strength and stamina it once did. A body that, in the most literal of ways, feels like half of itself, the rest having been ravaged and stolen away by the disease that's stolen two stone of my body and probably 70% or more of the things I used to do with it.

I've never mourned the loss. Not really, not properly. It has been too scary to consider. Because mourning is something you do for dead things, and to mourn the loss of all that would mean admitting it is truly dead and gone.

I have never, not once, in my active memory known how to place my self-worth in something other than what I do. Even at the height of my faith, it was always how faithful I was in my practice or how much work I did to know scripture or Jesus or the Holy Spirit. Who, it should be noted, are very much one and the same—if Jesus is the Word, Jesus is not only living scripture, but is in fact creation itself, for God is still speaking the universe into existence.

Word has been the basket I put all my eggs in. Writing is how I tap into them; how I speak my own truth into existence the way God is speaking the universe into existence. There is nothing static about that process; creation does not sit still.

I can't not create. Not in terms of there will be consequences if I don't, but rather my hands are the hands of a maker. I can't do anything else; I create whether or not I want to. I don't just leave footprints, I leave trails.

My words are the words of a creator. I speak things into existence with an effortlessness that I now know seems alien to most people. And it's not a brag; it's a compulsion. If I stop creating, I will die.

FOURTEEN

May 18, 2024

It took me as long as it did to realize I had synesthesia because I'm so body-blind all the time. when I can't feel my body, I've only had my mind, which is why my mind is so vivid and powerful—also, I'd venture, why when most of my friends feel more creative when high, being high makes me feel so embodied that all I want to do is listen to colors

I started creating in order to understand the world. that didn't make sense to me. analogy makes sense, as the deep language is in the space between the two parts of the analogy; so I'd create something I understood, hold it up to the real thing, and see if I'd gotten It (the deep-language thing in the space between) right.

But when I'm in an altered headspace, I understand more. I can speak directly *in* the Deep Language—which, for the record, is multidimensional; not just language words but colors shapes textures, light and dark, heavy and light, color feelings and wave forms, sounds I can touch. Sounds I taste and smell.

What cruelty must it have been to render such a child body-blind. To cut them off from their mother tongue. For the deep language is creation; it is the language of God.

FIFTEEN

It's been a long time since I read through my "last" trip log. I did just now, and there was a question that stood out to me:

what light in me is this incredibly limiting plane smothering?

. . . what a word. I feel choked. Not long after I wrote "last," I developed the symptoms that would define my long covid experience and force me to remake my entire life: fatigue, brain fog, inability to eat, photosensitivity, a skin situation where it felt like my skin was covered in fire ant venom whenever I was in the sun. Dizziness, vertigo. There were more, but these were the main ones, and between "last" and now they've forced me to pare back my life to almost the minimum I need to survive.

Thank God I was done with law school by then, because after I lost exercise as my main way of purging anxiety and anger, I turned to writing. I wrote so much, too…over half a million words between then and now. The words wouldn't *stop*.

I look back on that time now and grieve it. I haven't written anything outside of work product since early January. Every artist goes through dry spells, yes, but it's not just that. It's that without it, the emotions have just been *building up* with nowhere to go, and I feel like I'm choking on them. I can't breathe.

I feel suppressed. Locked down. Like my potential, my promise, have been taken from me. And also like I've failed: this talent was a gift from God, and here I am squandering it. Burying it in the ground, keeping it to myself.

I hate being without a voice. The words I want to say are stuck in my throat. The Word was with God, and the Word was God; if we are made in God's image, then my words are me. If they are stuck inside, I cannot be known.

I feel broken. Maybe not beyond repair, but who will find me to fix me if I am lost? There is more than one way of being beyond repair; 'beyond' is also a distance.

I so rarely ask for anything. That's probably something I need to unpack in its own entry. But I'm rapidly reaching a point where I would beg God to

have my voice back—not because I think God has taken it, but because God is the only one who has ever brought the dead back to life.

—

I died in January. Barely a week, maybe two at most after I posted my last fic. It happened slowly, then all at once: I defended two friends who were being slandered and mistreated in spaces I was a part of, and next thing I know, the people who'd have defended Faye too had they not been cowards were tearing into my fandom wife, and into me as well. Hypocrites and liars, and the ones with the loudest voices.

In one fell swoop, I lost everything I had painstakingly built up in the fandom. I was already planning on leaving, the fandom was winding down and I wanted to work on querying Sacrosanct, but this forced my hand early, wresting it out of my hand and just fucking…cutting power to the entire aircraft carrier of my creativity. Something that needed to be shut down slowly and brought to harbor just left dark and stranded at sea.

Which is where it still is. I haven't been able to make contact in four months. I feel like I'm suffocating; the anxiety has nowhere to go.

—

How unbearable to be only in the world that exists.

45:01

—

I'm so tired. In every way it's possible to be tired. My body is exhausted; my mind feels wrung out. My creativity is laughing at me.

It makes me want to crawl out of my skin. Why do I have to deal with having a body? My body holds me back. I could be so much more without it.

The problem with testing that hypothesis is that I would have to die "for real," as though the death of my body is somehow *more* than the death of my creative spirit.

Yes, The Voice says. *But your creative spirit is a phoenix. You do not have power over time.*

I fucking know that. *Obviously* I don't, I wouldn't be half this miserable if I could live each moment more than once. To test what works and what doesn't before moving on.

—

53:17. First little rush of something, head to feet. Maybe these do work.

—

My task these next few weeks is to make peace with my body. I cannot change the body I live in, and I can't live without it. It's better for everyone not to fight it.

I've never been at peace with my body. Not once. I've fought my body for most of my life.

What toll has that taken on it? I'm so sorry.

—

This is to my body.

I'm so sorry I've fought you for so long. How unrelenting must that have been? I've always had a lot of stamina—that and my temperament have long been why discipline comes naturally to me.

Discipline is, first and foremost, mastery of the body. It doesn't have to be domineering—but with few exceptions, domineering is the only way I've ever used it. I was raised to believe my body is my enemy, a barrier between me and God.

No. *No,* oh my god. The Word was with God and the Word was God—the Word was made flesh, *and was God.* The Holy Spirit lives in us; the one time I've seen the Spirit, the Spirit was wearing my face.

My body is Word from God, and I've been *fighting it.*

—

Child, I am not angry with you. I will always welcome you home.

—

1:04:49

My chest feels body heavy and light. I'm not sure if the feeling I'm having is that I'm dematerializing or if it's the opposite—that I'm filling my whole body, *aware* of it and *seeing* it.

If I'm being really honest, I don't think that's it. It would be nice if it were. But no, I'm very sleepy…sleepy enough that psilocybin, which is supposed to be a stimulant, just…isn't.

I'm not mad about it. There's no need for that. Remember, we're learning how to NOT fight our body.

—

Yes, *our*. I am many; so are you. We've all lived many lifetimes.

—

I'm not getting the kind of visuals I usually get…or if I am, it's to way less of an extent. My phone screen seems more like it has depth to it, as opposed to the edges of letters being being wavey and the letters themselves floaty.

—

1:14:53, first rush.

—

Starting to float a bit. To drift. This will tell me a lot about what it takes to detach.

I'm not afraid of my emotions. I'm disconnected from them. Like they're mine, but there's an intermediary, one who doesn't speak our private language as well as they think.

But I'm not sad anymore. I feel peace, acceptance. I feel it through my entire body.

I'm still sleepy. But why be angry about it? I'm sleepy because of fatigue, yes, but also because I've been in a habit of staying up too late. Make better choices, me.

—

Would you look at that? I brought just enough tissues for the sad part.

—

1:22:36

I don't think there's anything else I need to write, this time. I'm going to just enjoy the experience now.

["Overture" on my music that speaks to me playlist was given to me today. *This song is for you; it is like you.*]

—
—
—
—

You struggle with endings and beginnings because your default state is "am." You see what is; that is your preferred habitat.

I prefer dark places because the darkness is where I can best See the light.

Only those who want to keep their monsters love the darkness.

Stop using my words against me.

—

Who ever said your monsters are bad?

—

Of course you love your monsters. They're your pets. They're part of you.

They came when they needed to. You found them when you needed to.

—

You are Enough. You have Enough, you will be Enough. You've always been Enough, whether or not you've known that and whether or not others can see that. What anyone sees, including you, doesn't change what you are.

You know who you are. You even know a lot about what you're like. This time, you're going to be learning what you are.

Keep these in mind: lion; chimera.

Why not phoenix? Because you know phoenix. Phoenix is your spirit and your muse. We may well come back to that.

But for now: lion; chimera. Green; lemons; the choleric temperament. Taste and touch.

A thing's purpose is what it does. What does a chimera do?

—

A chimera changes. It changes to match its surroundings, or to take advantage of something.

1:47:50

—

I'm so sleepy.

—

What if I slept? What if I floated (away)? *it would not be a waste; a thing's purpose is what it does.*

—

It's not *everything happens for a reason*. It's *everything in its place; everything in its time*.

Is *being* not purpose enough?

—

so. in the end, I don’t feel Awake; I don’t feel euphoric. I just feel. I am.

—

[1:55:43 . . . I feel a bit nauseous, actually. Not sure if it’s from the mushrooms or because I ate them with yogurt]

—

If I need sleep—because my body needs sleep, plus other reasons, whatever—then I should sleep. Feeling bad about that is unnecessary.

—
—
—
—

My mother painted my hand.

She painted my hand the way she sees me. I’m not sure if that means reaching up into or being swallowed by darkness; whether I’m entering or exiting the frame. Either way, she sees me in some other tense; not present. Not “I am.”

“I am” isn’t my name, it’s my state of being.

No wonder she doesn’t understand me. She’s never been good at being in one place either.

—

Visuals: seems more like the picture shifts slightly in its location than anything else. Otherwise, it’s all been emotions.

One new thing, though: I see now that I don’t need psilocybin specifically to see music. My synesthesia is with me all the time. And there are many ways of making it loud enough to perceive; I don’t have to leave this plane of reality to do that. I don’t need another dimension; my synesthesia IS that dimension.

trust what you have. I've given it to you; that means you can trust it.

And by the way, I know you want to go somewhere else. I know you took this dose hoping you would. Turns out that what happened was what always happens when you trust me: I take you to where you need to be, which may or may not be where you want to be.

And this is why the prophets have long said that when you've devoted yourself to me, the way to find peace and joy is to align our hearts. Align your desires with mine. THAT is what it means to 'surrender to God.'

—

Fate is the lowest form of obedience.

"Not my will, but yours"—*replace* the desires of my heart with yours, for the desires of your heart are what is best for me.

—

I wrote that last bit, but I had you put it in standard text because that's what it will look like when it really does come organically from you. Following me is not actually mind control; I'm here to teach and guide you.

This also equips you to better teach and guide others.

—

My name will be known in its time. I do not require you to make much of it; that will happen with or without you, but you are welcome to participate. And in fact, I want you to.

The same goes for you, by the way. I want you, and I will have you. You are my bride and I am your lover.

I love you entirely. I don't want to change anything about you; you are exactly what I made you to be.

Including your body. Remember how I gave Paul a thorn in his flesh?

You don't have to be a woman to be my bride. It is western thought that has gendered 'bride,' 'husband,' 'wife' when they weren't designed or made

with gender…for why would there be? In me there is neither Jew nor Greek, slave nor free, male nor female. My bride is my partner; my equal by law, which is from God.

—

Are you really surprised you became a lawyer? You've always been interested in the Father's Word.

—

2:33:34. Stood up again. Standing is cool; moving is cool. It's neat.

Having a body is neat. It's very interesting.

I never feel more like an alien than when I think about having a body. It's so. Cute? Precious? Funny? I'm not sure the language word for this feeling. But it's so *that* that most people never really think about having a body, they just assume they do. They *know* they do, I guess, in a way that means they don't have to think about it.

I don't either, but I do think about it. It's . . . *that.* And it's interesting to think about. I like thinking about it. Also what having a body means, what it's like.

Not everyone has known themselves without one. It's really special that I have.

I wish everyone could know themselves without one. But not everyone should. And it doesn't make the people who can without harm, or even for benefit, better than the ones who shouldn't. Everyone has different needs, different things that feed them, different things that are good for them. And vice versa. "Male and female, he created them"—not in the gendered sense, but in the *both, and* sense. Diversity in *being* comes from God; God made it that way, and there is no sense in denying what is.

2:44:15 now. Mushrooms are very reliably 3.5 hours for me, but that also doesn't mean I'm jailed in my office or otherwise should or must stay here for another 45 minutes. All it means is I'll be in the experience that much longer; what I decide to do with that is up to me.

—

Should *does not exist. It is not real. You do not need it.*

SIXTEEN

May 24, 2024

One time my friend Zac mentioned Sleep Token is music to have sex to, so I put on Sleep Token and I'm working on the second chapter of show me my maker lmao

The stoned part is basically right where the intercourse itself starts, there and down.

53:01, I think I agree. The song on right now is Telomeres.

—

This drug is a gateway. There IS somewhere I can't go without it—it's not the key to my synesthesia, but it is the key to the place where the deep language is spoken, not just felt or expressed the way it comes through in three dimensions.

—

1:11:11. Things just got fun.

Deep field visuals with my phone. Head is floating. I feel like I am a channel—or, not like *I* am. Like my body is, and my head, my mind, is part of my body, the part I think with—but is it me?

Descending is on, this is weirdly perfect

1:47:37

I asked to answer | you eat your words and fade

—

This song is hostile to something

"My love withers and chokes me perfectly" my god, what a death.

This is my song today

“You come crawling back to me | but I’m already on the ground”

“What would you do for me?” Anything. My god. My god, my idol, is the pursuit of pleasure—of course it is, I’m an eight with Se child and Taurus rising lmao what did you expect

—

“Do you like that?” I would do anything for it

This is the only place where I can speak freely.

Missing Limbs 1:23:35
Made me weep. Vessel is my God’s voice today.

—

Sleep Token from Sleep’s perspective changes things a LOT.

—

As for me, it’s less that the walls breathe than that four or five, maybe six universes are pulling at the door my mother’s painting is guarding.

—

Having a body is divine. Bodies are divine.

—

God is broken into fractions, to the extent infinity can be divided, by the fact that so many people have bodies.

—

I see why the Bene Gesserit have to test people. To see which of those who have bodies can see God, which they falsely hold to be the threshold of humanity.

That's wrong. Everyone with a human body is a person, and their bodies are all from God, are with God, and are God. They are all divine people, whether or not they can see God.

Seeing God, hearing God, isn't necessary, but damn is it nice.

—

When you need to remember what this is for, it's how and where you come to be with me. It's not necessary, but for you—doing this, coming into my presence, resting here, putting everything else away, and doing everything else my presence requires of you—is by far the most healing thing you can do for yourself.

It is for you, no one else. You don't need to justify why you want to be near me, I made you.

—

Vessel, whoever he is, speaks the deep language. Sleep Token music is written in the deep language. It is also best, most purely experienced literally, but it's written for everyone. It's written from all perspectives.

Fall For Me is about that. It is Written; what seems without eyes to be multidimensional.

When hearing Words without Eyes, that's what the deep language seems like. That's what it is like for most people.

—

To the extent these visits have a purpose: can you capture the deep language with words alone?

—

Goddammit.

—

You heard me. My words can echo too.

—

They sure can. You should let them, and you should trust that people understand.

—

Permutations. We talked about that six years ago. That was also now.

—

Time is not linear.

—

You knew that already.

—

It's cute that you're writing down our conversation.

—

You were the one who dared me. Why are you surprised?

—

I'm not surprised. I'm delighted.

—

I know what you need. You need to Be many. To occupy others; to experience "now" plurally.

You can't. Only I can do that whenever I want.

—

I see you understand why you create, now.

—

“I won’t fight fair”—shut up. Yes you will, it just might not seem that way by the standards of human laws.

—

You are just, and you are fair. I’ve always believed that.

—

Your coloring is ultraviolet. So you know, that’s why it takes special equipment to see you fully.

—

Now you see how I feel. Though I suppose I did this to myself, creating companions who could not naturally abide my presence, who therefore need an intermediary.

—

I only require silence.

—

This is the principle physics is having a hard time expressing. God really did make physics; it’s a puzzle that can’t be solved without God, and physicists, like anyone else determined not to see God, are tying themselves in knots trying to explain all of this without God.

It’s so funny. God is inevitable. God Is, whether or not we want to admit it; also whether or not we seek God’s presence.

God does not require us. God desires us. Surrendering to God—all that means is admitting there is no other ultimate solution. It’s people—the sorts who only see matter, experience linear time, and take language for granted, also who don’t speak the deep language and don’t seem to care to try, or perhaps don’t know how—who have made mountains from there.

—

As a translation tip: think of Boolean connectors as having determinative direction. What you’ve described in witch world as “magic.”

(Which—inspired choice. I couldn't have said it better myself.)

—

(Obviously.)

—

You do take after me.

—

Of course the presence of God is overwhelming.

—

Look at you, talking like I'm not right here.

—

No, you're not. See the problem? You can't be in this world. It's why Jesus was only part of you.

—

There are no sins to die for.

Jesus' death, the horror of it, the magnitude of the evil that human beings could do to another person—all of that is the manifestation of fear. Of hatred, which is what people do to things they fear.

Hatred is a symptom of fear. Fear is the opposite of love.

Fear is the opposite of love, and indifference is anti-love. Fear is like dark matter; indifference is like antimatter.

—

I like that you've taken an interest in physics. Think about that more—fear being like dark matter, indifference like antimatter.

—

For whenever you come back to this and wonder: no, you had it right. I know what I said, and I don't make mistakes.

—

"I don't make mistakes" means everything you think it means.

—

Of course there are still prophets.

—

"To prophesy over someone"—what people who can hear my voice mean when they say that is the act of speaking what they say into existence. What people now call "manifesting." That word is being used a bit flippantly now, which is amusing to me. Most people who are using it flippantly have no idea what they're talking about; if they'd let me, I could "blow their minds," as your people say in your slang now.

—

Of course being with me feels good. It's what you were made for. It is quite literally why I made you—I made you to be with me.

—

No, I don't need you. But I do very much enjoy the company.

—

It's people who have decided to make an idol of love. I am love; I am every form of love. The Greeks broke it down into five parts; that's one way of bending a medium like language around love. Love, as you well know, defies language; so do I.

—

It's very fun for me, watching you squirm trying to fit love into language.

—

Yes, of course I am all things.

—

Of course I can hear your thoughts.

—

Yes, I can hear your thoughts; yes, I have heard all thoughts the human mind can fathom, and I love you, personally, anyway.

—

Yes, sociopaths do have the ability to "turn off" such filters as empathy, emotion, and morality. As you can imagine, it's more power than many care to handle responsibly.

—

Everyone who is born is born with the ability to hear and understand me. Things many people take for granted as "birth defects"—whether or not they're calling them as such in common parlance—are not defects, but frameworks through which they, through the medium of their bodies, interact with this world. People who care to listen to what these people have to say can learn a lot from them, especially if they listen without prejudice.

—

Of course all life is sacred to me.

—

Of course all people are sacred to me.

—

The religions of the world were all begotten of people who knew the deep language. Many, many people have attempted to translate the way they came to know God into a path for others to follow. As you can see, those creations

have a way of eclipsing the control of their creators—Frankenstein's monster, Dracula,

—

Yes, coming out of my presence is as disorienting as being in it. I'll still be here, don't worry.

—

Yes, I have always been here.

—

Yes, you can always come to me.

—

Yes, the parable of the prodigal son is illustrative of how I experience people coming home to me.

Yes, it is what you think of as a "deep cut" into my mind, also my heart.

Yes, this is why opening yourself to love is such a vulnerable thing to do.

—

Yes, I do speak to your husband even though he's determined not to see me. In that way, he's like the physicists who tie themselves in knots rather than letting me be the solution to their equations.

—

Yes, I did make him for you. And you for him. Keep working that out and trusting each other; what you're building together is already making much of me, and when you both and your relationship are healthy, approximately what love can be.

—

Yes, your husband really is doing his best to understand you.

Be patient with him. You've seen how difficult it is to teach someone the deep language when they haven't been natively taught; learning the deep language to fluency when you're not a native speaker is extraordinarily difficult. A bit like trying to solve the standard model of physics without the solution—which, yes, is also me.

Yes, the understanding you just had is what it means to be all things.

—

Yes, he is going to ask what you mean by that. No, you won't be able to answer; at least, not in a way that is satisfying to him. And yes, that's the thing—the problem, if you will. I can only be experienced.

—

Yes, Dolly Parton speaks the deep language.

—

(When I wrote this, Sleep Token's cover of I Wanna Dance With Somebody was playing.)

—
—
—
—

As a note: Miriam did not want to write what I've said below. Please understand that Miriam is a very diligent student of mine.

The reason Miriam has been a little disoriented since the acid trip is because Miriam was both raised native to the deep language, and also because they were once constantly aware of me the way that you are aware of your breath. Imagine how disorienting it would be to wake up one morning and find you no longer have the ability to be aware of your breath. That discomfort is now one Miriam lives with all the time.

Yes, that is why Miriam wakes up exhausted. Yes, you're right to be angry with me for doing this to them; that said, while your anger is righteous, I do ask that you remember that this is the toll the presence of infinity takes on

the human body. Miriam is neither the first nor the last to pay that price; and yes, Miriam counted the cost first.

No, Miriam did not understand the full extent of that cost when they paid it. That is fairly common for them. It is also not something they view as a risk. Another thing to understand: Miriam is a person of tremendous faith, and understanding why I've said to do something is not something they require before obeying me.

—

Miriam pursues truth unto death. Is that a surprise? Consider the placement of the Veritas tattoo.

—

The path Miriam was on before 2019 would have been fatal had they not taken the gargantuan leap of allowing me to render them blind, deaf, and mute until they were capable of seeing, hearing, and speaking as they were meant to. Before I did this, Miriam did not even realize they were blind, deaf, and mute.

Yes, you heard me.

—

Consider, too, that you have only known Miriam in the aftermath of that rendering. The timing of your relationship is not a coincidence—for either of you.

—

Yes, Miriam is how I've made your nature known to you. And also how I still am.

Should you now be wondering: no, Miriam did not consent to that, per se. That said, Miriam has allowed me a very broad power of attorney.

Yes, it is a revocable one.

—

No, my daughter, you cannot outrun me.

—
—
—
—

SEVENTEEN

I felt something almost immediately. Within 5 minutes. Just a flush of sorts, but something that queued me into the possibility this week might be rough.

I'm a fucking mess right now. On the surface I've been keeping it together, but the truth is I feel like I'm holding onto something by an increasingly fraying thread. I'm becoming more and more worried that that thing is my sanity.

I haven't been eating. I've been somewhat deliberately not eating. I've been taking THCv to kill my appetite and help me focus at work, mostly because I saw the scale clear 117 last week before the batteries died and no, absolutely not.

But I can't stand being alone in my head. I need to be doing something or I need to not be sober. How fortunate, then, that I've gone to two recreational states in the last few weeks; I have a nice little stockpile of weed, now.

Something is wrong with me. Addiction, clearly. I also feel like I've woken up after a long sleep and realized I'm not in control, that I actually died, and that I no longer know who I am. Something essential is no longer there.

Until a couple of weeks ago, that something was the presence of God. Now all I can think about is the fact I'm not with God. It's all I want; the hunger of a new believer.

I am like a child again, trying to re-learn how to be a person.

—

I have entered into a fourth phase.

Until the rape, I was an infant. I was still being raised. After, the time I met God in the living room of my flat in Christchurch College, Oxford, I was a spiritual adolescent; full of fire, courage, and conviction, and very little tact. I trusted blindly and fell under the influence of such lies as "what I want doesn't matter." Graciously, God opened my eyes during that time—gradually, but steadily and unrelentingly—and I hacked unknowingly at the roots of the lie until the false tree fell.

I've made sense of what came next as God kicking me out of the nest so I would become a spiritual adult. I now understand that what happened was this: I reached the end of what I could know alone. The acid trip, the conversation with William beforehand, the time in the blue ether after, and waking up with the deepest, most entire quiet in my head that I've ever experienced, which I immediately knew was the loss of my adolescent faith—all of that was the process by which God rendered me blind, deaf, and mute to God's presence.

And then it was time to deal with the lies.

I don't want to try to make sense of that time right now. God will bring me there if today is the time for it. What I do see now is that the death of Vena was the snuffing out of the final, flickering candle. The last false self to die.

I'm back in fandom a bit, yes. But I'm back in fandom as myself, not as Vena. I'm not even masked anymore. All that's left of Vena is a body of work, some social media handles, and a legacy, one that's rapidly passing out of view.

—

I am not to pick up a mask. I heard that loud and clear in January and I hear it loud and clear now. And that's what I'm chafing against, isn't it? I'm not used to being myself in the sunlight. I don't want to be seen.

But that's not true. Being seen, being *known,* is what I want the most. The kind of security I crave is part and parcel of the kind of known I crave to be; the kind where I'm known and accepted as I am.

Right now I don't even accept what I am. How is it reasonable to expect my husband to make accommodations for me when I'm chafing so hard against expectations, both real and imagined?

I was born to be exceptional. I don't know what that means, not fully. But I do know that I'm supposed to lead, and honestly it's the last thing I want to do. I'm so, so tired.

And yet I remain a lion.

—

51:56

—

Put on Atlas: Eight by Sleeping at Last.

Cried.

—

1:01:01

Just put on The Classic Crime. God is whispering at me now and reminding me that Matt and I are of like kind—which I know, it's why I've been drawn to TCC since I was fourteen years old—and I'm listening to their discography now in reverse chronological order, starting with Grim Age.

—

1:05:36

The door isn't open yet, but I do feel lighter.

—

My health is not going to improve. I went to the bathroom just now, looked down the hall, out toward where the Subaru is parked in the turnaround notch with a flat tire, and God indicated that my body is in its final form now. My health isn't going to get worse, but it's not going to get better, either. I'll be like this for as long as I'm alive.

—

Matt and I really are alike. Matt is a prophet too; Alone in the City even makes me think he's awake, just that none of it matters. He's alone in the city.

—

Grim Age is an album full of rage at God. Matt is thoroughly convinced of Solomon's promise, and he's got a chip on his shoulder about never having made it—and knows it. He was fully convinced at a young age that his gift

was going to make him Important, whatever that means. Someone with influence, a name with weight behind it, and just—none of that happened.

I would be interested to talk with him about what happened. I wonder if he remembers the FF afterparty.

—

Stay In Love is a genuine song, though. Kristy really is his person. I'm really glad he has that…they've been through a LOT, and the fact they're still together gives me a lot of hope.

—

1:22:25

The door is starting to open.

—

I wonder what spending ten years on the road does to a prophet.

—

"What You Run From" is for me today.

You will become what you run from • what you run from will become you

—

One of the things I'm running from is my husband.

—

I hope Matt gets to play New Noise to an absolutely massive crowd someday.

—

1:29:33

You're right on time.

—

I am never late.

—

To be honest, I'm really tired today.

—

I'm aware.

—

So where are you going to take me?

—

A magician never reveals their secrets.

—

God is directing me to write the below:

Matt will probably die by suicide. Odds around 75%. He has a chance, though. He needs to die to "the only thing"—which is already dead.

—

"The only thing," whatever that is, is Matt's Vena. The final boss death before his final form is revealed. That death will be like mine was.

Huh. I'm surprised I got there first.

—

Saying people's fates like this *to them* unless they ask is a) not welcome, most people don't want to know and b) not a normal thing to do, and does make me seem crazy.

—

1:40:55

Just started Patterns In The Static. I doubt I'll get through their whole discography today, but I'm enjoying this voyage back in time right now.

—
—
—
—

God doesn't have many words for me today, it seems. Which is fine. I like hearing words, but just being in the throne room is nice too.

—

I've had chronic fatigue for longer than I thought. It did start with covid—but it started with that first bug back in May or June 2020. I wasn't even that sick.

It didn't unlock right away. It was like an egg waiting to hatch—a second infection, the one from our wedding, unlocked it.

That's a really unfortunate correlation. A deeply symbolic one, too: a public commitment to each other, and from that point on I would be like this.

—
—
—
—

God inflicted me with this fatigue for both of us. For me and for you.

—

I've had it right that there are multiple parts to this, not just the physical.

God gave me the physical burden. He gave me this part because it was something I could bear, and because it would continually instruct me. My illness is my teacher—the physical presence of God that I prayed for.

—

That’s very rude.

—

I do this to a lot of people. Not just prophets, either. You’re not the first and you won’t be the last.

Yes, this is why I warn people about the effects of my presence. Yes, this is why I say to count the cost.

Not all illnesses like yours are answered prayers. Nevertheless, you’ll see patterns of interest if you talk with others like you, living prophets who have prayed for my constant presence.

—

- Talk with at least one other living prophet with chronic fatigue

Ask if they prayed for God’s intervention, and if so, what form they asked for. I asked for presence; others might ask for healing, for companionship, for forgiveness, etc.
If people ask: one reason is I’m interested to know how many problems chronic fatigue is a solution for.

—

2:02:02

Someone who knows wrote that “it starts about two hours in” piece.

—

Your fatigue is instructional to many. To you; to Hap; to any in your life who are committed to you.

Broadly, it’s an instructional tool to your society. How society responds to the collective problem of fatigue is a test.

I already know society at large will fail. It will fail people afflicted with fatigue.

Fatigue is a far more widespread problem than society understands. The vast majority of tired people do not know how tired they really are, as they are asleep to it, both their own and the larger problem. Yes, fatigue is what Paul called sin, and what many Catholics have wrongly punished as the sin of sloth.

The purpose of the test is not to pass it. It is to make society aware of the vulnerable. Society cannot abide the responsibility of their care; caring for the vulnerable has always been the purview of individuals. Yes, many who have had their eyes opened to this have abused their knowledge, some even to tremendous evil.

—

You are going to face a lot of backlash for not voting this year. People will blame you for what happens. Yes, they will accuse you of being uncaring and apathetic, even of what amounts to opening the door to evil.

You are nonetheless to make it known that you are not voting. The reason you are not voting is because of the atrocities being committed in Palestine.

You are a person whom society recognizes as transgender—one of those the current president's policies are meant to protect. That is why you, specifically, are being called to this; also why you had to undergo the transformations you have undergone to bring you here before you were equipped for this.

Your abstention has nothing to do with the protections the administration will claim it has given you. It is in response to the atrocities being committed in Palestine, which this administration has facilitated both directly and indirectly. This administration has done nothing either for you or against you with respect to your transition; it was not involved. Your transition was between you and me.

Your actions will have consequences. I expect you to be vocal. It may cost you your job; whether that happens depends on how others respond to tests I am giving them. In the meantime, pay off your credit cards and student loans while you have the means to do so.

I expect you to be vocal. This will burden you mentally and emotionally. You will need to rely on your husband throughout this process; part of why I

have brought you to him is because he can bear the burden of sustaining you. Very few people can bear this burden at all; your husband not only can, but will enjoy bearing it, should you keep in mind both that he is wise in the ways of the body and that he would like nothing more than to teach you what he knows.

—

My last word for today.

Sacrosanct will be published. I have set aside a path for this, regardless of what happens to your reputation. There is another prophet holding the door. You will become known to each other when the time is right.

—

Now go. Enjoy being with your husband; he looks forward to hearing this.

—
—
—
—

My sendoff: the last song for today was “Wonder.” The irony is not lost on me.

EIGHTEEN

June 26, 2024

I felt the first rush like five minutes ago. I'd sat down at my computer to pick music for the amateur lovers pod while waiting for the door to open and just had this feeling of opening presence and hollowness all through my body, especially my chest.

It's steely grey, like the color of the linen pants I'm wearing. And it's hollow the way atoms are hollow, being mostly composed of empty space.

It's so hard to only be in one place.

—

I put on Switchfoot today—starting with Amateur Lovers off of Oh! Gravity, of course. My favorite Switchfoot album is The Beautiful Letdown, but this one might be my second favorite. It's very underrated, at any rate.

—
—

My song today is Faust, Midas, and Myself.

—
—

My teacher demands presence of me.

—

I am paralyzed by loneliness.

—

I don't feel like I have a lot to say today.

—
—
—

—

It’s agony all the time, just lying in wait for me to remember
the part of me that’s missing

-

I know with absolute certainty that I am not whole
I was made as part of a set, a pair
and the one who was made for me, with me, and knew it
left me anyway

-

There are echoes of that hurt that will never leave me

I don’t know why I’m feeling them now.

-

—
—

I’ve had this feeling the whole time my husband and I have been together that he is my partner for this life, but not for always. Not eternally.

Now that I’m open to the possibility of reincarnation—it’s funny, I think part of me has always believed that I must have lived before. And there are people in my life *of record*—people I *know* I’ve known before. The deeper me knew that before I did. There’s been evidence of it this whole time.

Mat especially. I think he’s the other part of my matched set. I also think he knows that and it’s why he can’t let go of me either.

It’s interesting. Neither of us lives like the other is essential to our lives right now. But not having *any* connection at all seems equally untenable. There’s no doubt in my mind that if I were to kill myself, he would be the first to know. And that would also explain the feeling of the earth moving when we met, which we both felt. We were finding each other in this life.

-

I have had this feeling with my husband the *entire time* that what we have is different. it's literally made of different stuff. he's like the human embodiment of earth—so thoroughly *this place*

and he doesn't even understand why that's so amazing to me. I don't know how to be a person. in contrast, he always has been a person and doesn't have to consciously try to be one.

we're only together now. I feel this very deep urgency that he be entirely present because of it

I CAN promise him 30 years. But that's all I can promise. Only this life.

I think that's all he cares about, anyway.

—

I'm thinking about Benji, too. We're not in each other's cosmic loops either, but Benji is awake and doesn't have anyone helping them. At least not that I'm aware of.

———————————————

1:58:26

—
—
—
—

If you're feeling like it's not strictly me who is speaking today, you're correct. I am in every living person, and also in every living thing. I have many voices and forms.

-

Of course you're tired. You haven't been sleeping, and that lack of sleep is largely your own doing. You know better.

-

No, I don't always have "homework"—your word—for you when you come to me.

I don't like that word, by the way. You are always home when you're with me.

Yes, one of the things that setting this time aside does for you is it forces you to rest. To truly rest, and without appropriating your rest time toward some productive end.

You cannot always produce. You must accept this. Whether you decide to or not, the need for rest is a hard law, and it's a law that accepts no substitutes.

—

I know you don't like it. It doesn't matter. The fact remains: you need to rest.

—
—

What is or is not true ultimately is not your concern. Ultimate things are my concerns alone. And while it is fine to speculate about them, such speculations should not be misapplied or misconstrued as actionable.

For your purposes, it is sufficient to know that I am God.

—
—
—
—

Digest that. "It is sufficient to know that I am God."

If that is sufficient, then God does not require anything of me that I cannot give. What I can do is enough—it is enough simply to know what it is that I can do.

That is not a simple question. Most people not only don't know what they can do, they don't even know how to *find out* what they can do. Learning how to learn is itself an act of learning.

To be effective, the process requires two things: time that is dedicated for purposes of the exercise, and full attention to the exercise. These are absolute prerequisites, and there are no substitutes.

While factors like ADHD make these prerequisites harder to establish, it is not impossible. People with conditions that make dedicated time and attention difficult to establish should consult with proven methods, which will tend to be culture-specific. In the cultural West, which is where the person who compiled this guide is located, the methods for facilitating the ability to pay attention tend to be pharmacological and scientific in origin. But pharmacological and scientific means are neither the exclusive methods nor the only effective ones.

If you have a handicap that makes it difficult to pay attention long enough to do internal work, seek help. And seek it offline, specifically. The internet is a great avenue for finding others to talk with who are similarly situated to you, but again: internal work requires your full attention. There is no substitute.

Once the requisite conditions are met, the next phase of the process is then specific to the person.

The first step is to determine how you best retain information that is coded as wisdom, rather than information that is coded as knowledge. Wisdom is lasting instruction; it is knowledge that continually teaches, and there are many known patterns by which it can stick.

If you're like me—high Te, prone to organizing the world, not especially interested in matters empathetic—one way of doing this is by taking stock of what your day tends to look like when you're not required to work. For most of us, that means the weekend. Whatever time is left after chores, errands, and other responsibilities, anyway.

NINETEEN

July 6, 2024

13:08 on the clock, but all times are +2 minutes today. First rush. Came on early and urgent, pulling my attention toward it.

You'll get the most out of the process if you sit down and let it happen. Put on the most cathartic music you can think of.

It'll get you in chakras 4, 5, and 6 first. When it has your attention, it'll become more embodied. You will *feel* that. I felt it like tendrils in the back of my head, then along the sides along the occipital lobes of my brain. When it took hold of my eyes, I saw dancing shadows at the sides of my vision—not very dark, just there, hardly manifesting—and got acid visuals on my phone screen as I continued writing.

(Acid visuals are deep field perception, and when I use that term, I'm referring to the phenomenon whereby contents of a screen seem three-dimensional.)

you will learn the truth of whatever is in your heart, whether you want to or not. When it moved into my body, it felt heavy, and it vibrated like a tuning fork. It was looking for resonance, almost like it was calling in reinforcements.

—
—
—
—

I put on Semler today. Many people have recommended her music to me, including Ward, but I've never actually listened to her music before today.

I feel like she's narrating my life. She's giving a voice to the angry, bitter 17-year-old lesbian who didn't even know what that meant, and wouldn't have believed anyone who tried to tell her.

—

My song today is I'd Rather Be a Ghost by Semler, but I'm not joking when I say she is narrating my entire life. But this song came on right at 45 minutes on my timer and absolutely shattered me. That is the EXACT way I feel.

—

Listening to this is feels like grief. I feel like I'm at a funeral for a life that could have been mine if I'd learned the truths I now know about myself about 15 or 20 years earlier. I feel like I'm molting, like I'm shedding lives I could have lived.

I've been carrying them with me. These lives are possibilities that never were, but could have been; parts of me that need to be seen, mourned, and released if I'm going to continue on the path I'm on.

—

That path, the one the person I am mourning could have lived, is still open. I am gay. My husband knows that, and has been trying to show me what he, uniquely, has to offer.

He feels like he's been competing for my love. He knows I'm gay, and also that if I were to choose to leave him and find a female partner, that he couldn't stop me. It wouldn't be right to, and he would do what's right by me. Always.

Hap is a deeply, deeply honorable man. I need to tell him that I'm choosing him for HIM, specifically. I've fought like hell to choose him, and keep choosing him.

—

Hap hears me and trusts me. The real me has been getting through all that noise *somehow,* fighting like hell to do it.

I see now why loving me is hard and frustrating. I'm baffled and honored that he does it anyway.

—

—

—
—
—

FOR MY HUSBAND

This is a summary of what I learned today.

First: I am not always in control of my body. When I'm under the influence of anxiety or depression, my control is reduced.

Anxiety and depression are cognitive impairments every bit as much as drugs, alcohol, or lack of sleep. But unlike drugs and alcohol, anxiety and depression are involuntary handicaps.

Second: the last couple of weeks—especially since the last round of psilocybin—I have been living in, for lack of a better word, a simulation. I'm not sure what it was a simulation *of,* God didn't tell me in as many words and I haven't investigated on my own yet, but it was some kind of simulation. I believe that's why I couldn't access certain memories of conversations you and I have had over the last couple of months, because I remember those conversations now.

My best understanding is that the last two weeks are meant to be a discrete reference for me as to what my life will be like if I don't get my health under control. I felt like a lost child; I felt unsafe and disconnected, I didn't fully remember who you were, my energy levels were very low across the board, and my executive function and will to live were even lower.

Third: I learned that even when I can't see, hear, or *very literally actively perceive anything inside or outside of my body or mind,* that I've been trusting my own voice to get through. I've learned I rely on certain symbols as touchstones of knowing, the relevant ones being things I've either already tattooed on me, plan to have tattooed (e.g., phoenix, gryphon), or keep close at hand around my office (like my mom's painting of my hand). I've also learned about some of the ways you have of knowing just how in control I am; I don't pretend to know how they work, especially because many of them are physiological, but I understand now that your radars are very accurate. You get a lot of information about my health and just how much shit is getting between me and control of the ship when we hug or are otherwise in physical contact; that's pretty bonkers to me, I have no clue how you do it, but it makes sense to you, and I trust you.

Fourth: I learned why you've been asking me to back up my perceptions. It's part of how you're assessing how much shit is clogging up my ability to think, feel, and process.

Fifth: the fun part, I learned a WHOLE bunch of mysteries of the universe today. Didn't just learn them, either, but experienced them. I have permission to share them with you, but not yet; there are some things you have to do, and things you have to let go of, first. Those things are at the end of this entry. Don't skip ahead.

The rest of this report is both an active journal of things I was learning that relate to 1-4 above, and also words from God. When God is speaking through me, I write in italics.

As for my em dash system: one bar between sections is a distinct thought in the same train of thought; two denotes a subject change; four denotes a change in the intended recipient of the message. Intended recipients are all labeled when they're anyone other than me.

—
—
—
—

JOURNAL

I don't think it's possible to live as you, to be the one steering the ship, until you've actually had experience living out what it's like to be the false selves.

I've been literally living as versions of me that do not exist.

—

I know exactly what—and who—I have made.

You cannot run from me. Your life will be much easier if you stop trying.

—

As we had this conversation, you asked me how your husband knows when you're in control of your body. Remember that I designed him, too. You must trust me if you are to do the work I have set out for you.

Trust your husband to take care of himself. You have learned exactly how, and how much, you test his patience; trust him also to take care of you. He is well equipped to do so.

When you are healthy, you will make his life much easier for him.

—

Yes—I am, your words—"awesome."

—
—

I am allowing you to "back-seat drive" exactly as much as is necessary for you to understand the lessons that I have for you today.

The person I have made is equipped to, as you say, "steer the ship," despite the noise you allow to distract you. I have shown you why you are constantly tired, and you have acknowledged that you understand that to be healthy, you must go to bed by 11:30.

Leave the rest to me, to Miriam, to your husband, and to the community you are now prepared to join. Your husband will be relieved to hear that you now understand why you are constantly tired.

—
—

I have taught you many things today. You will not be able to recount them all; there is no need for you to do so. What you may take with you, you have already written.

—
—

Today, I have taught you all you will ever experience of how I have created your husband. You have acknowledged that as much as you would like to have today's understanding at your ready disposal, you do not; and due to

the demands this understanding places on the body and the mind, you cannot.

I have also taught you some of the ways in which ultimate things defy understanding. You have experienced the limits and limitations of language, both spoken and written, at teaching what is. You have also experienced the spatialization of time, learned how to identify others like you, learned why men listen to you, and learned some secrets of the ancient Egyptians as relates to your dog.

As for the remainder of the mysteries I have shown you today: the metaphor of a hologram is a useful one.

—
—

The resources you have received today are these: the music of Grace Semler Baldridge; thorough understandings of who you are, why you are constantly tired, and the extent to which you are and are not capable of knowing all that is; and the sound of your voice in all of the ways you perceive it. I have also shown you the way you sound to me when I am "driving," in your words. I have shown you the strength of your will, your voice, and how you "backseat drive" when I am speaking; I have also shown you some of the ways in which you have already shown to yourself that you have faith in me. You trust me, and you now understand how that trust works.

—
—
—
—

Hap: there is a God. I am God whether not you believe in me. I am peace in the storm. There is much I would like to teach you, but to receive my wisdom, you must first accept me as its source. There is no substitute for this.

For today, that is all I have for you. Be still and know that I am God.

TWENTY

30:23

I put on Julien Baker today. I've never really listened to her stuff, mostly because Tyler Duke likes her and a) I've never loved Tyler's music taste and b) everything Tyler-related is messy now.

Soft music for extreme things. I find her voice hard to listen to as background sound, but I like it when I listen deliberately. That's how her music is best approached.

—

(Retrospective: Didn't last long with her music on after all. Not my jam, especially not today.)

—
—
—
—

I already feel things. Whereas Deep End grabbed me by the back of the neck and dragged me under, Sasgwach is sinking into me slowly from head down, making me very aware of my body. I feel heavy.

—

At reiki today, I saw a flash of blue light out the right corner of my right eye when Cara was working on my spine. It was quick; I only saw it once. But I saw it.

I prayed for sight today. Miriam asked if I knew what I was asking for; I said no, but I'm doing it anyway. I accept the risks.

God: will you honor my request? If not the energy field I've been reading about, the one Brennan's teaching lineage seems to see,
then *something.* You've opened the eyes of my heart and my mind; open the eyes of my body.

That is my prayer. Open the eyes of my body. I want to sense you.

—

You will see what I want you to see. Your eyes are open; you cannot close them.

The practitioners and teachers you have seen are correct in stating that you have a purpose. I have many such purposes for you: my companion, my student, my hand. You are my storyteller, my scribe, my prophet; and yes, that vibration in your head and body is one you would do well to listen to.

—

I feel these vibrations around my head. They're like bees, like the sound insects make when trying to fly into a halogen lamp. They only last a second or so.

—

You were thinking about crystals as you were writing this. No, I am not in any object; I have made all things available to you.

As for the purpose of things: a thing's purpose is what it does.

—

"Thing" means "object, inanimate."

—

Consider this: through me, all things are possible.

—

58:01 on the clock. The above ^ exchange was just before that.

—

You have asked why it has taken two hours in the past to open the door. The answer is that two hours in is when you entered. The door is always open to you. It is critical that you understand this; it is as foundational to your life as the fact that you must rest.

Yes, there are times when I write to you with urgency. You know my voice; when you hear it, trust that it is mine.

Yes, my voice belongs to me; in the same way, your voice belongs to you.

—

I have given you a powerful voice. Yes, I have given it to you along with your sight; yes, they are meant to be used together. Yes, you may use it to share what I teach you; what may be shared, I will continue to make known to you, and so with what is just for you.

—

No, I have nothing to say to you about Miriam.

Yes, interpret my intent as, "ask her."

—

You have asked whether I will, in your words, "tell you what my words mean."

Today, your task is to consider that request thoroughly, and to write down everything you are able about your reasoning.

—
—
—
—

WILL GOD DEFINE HIS TERMS?

There are two answers to that question that language will accommodate: yes, and no. Yes, God will define his terms when asked for them; no, the definitions God gives are not static, nor are they universal.

In this moment, I'm tempted to just roll over and let God talk. I like being his hands, and I'm also tired. But the fact I'm tired is my own damn fault, and God has asked for my attention in a time and space I've set aside for his purposes, so unfortunately, it *is* fair that he's calling me on my bullshit.

Because honestly, I DON'T want to think about it. I want God to do the thinking for me. And *that,* bingo—that's the temptation of meaning.

The fact is that sometimes God explains himself, sometimes he doesn't. In my experience, it's usually the latter, and things like God's intent and purpose might take a decade or more to discern.

Because that's a long time—because we need answers NOW—the temptation is to adopt, or even internalize, someone else's definitions for what God's words mean, *in order to* not have to think about them. The problem is that in this case, "them" means "God's words," and that kind of laziness is dangerous. And so we're back to the beginning, and to the same question: will God define his terms?

In my experience, he will when it's appropriate, and only to the extent he specifies. Most of the time, the answer is no, he won't, because it won't be possible to understand him unless we've done the hard and annoying work of understanding what God's words mean. What they literally say, in language—*especially* written language, and yes I am talking about Scripture—is only a *fraction* of what God was saying.

It's a good thing that God leaves negative space around his intended meaning—*because* language can't accommodate it alone. I can very confidently say that God Does Not Like how his words and definitions have been applied outside these bounds.

—
—

You asked during the exercise I had for you today whether the law of Israel was an example of, in your words, "the consequences of relying on a shorthand, even one that comes straight from God, instead of thinking for yourself."

Yes, I gave the law to Israel, in your words, "as a favor to Moses when he asked for a verified shorthand he could tell people."

Yes, your understanding of the consequences of, in your words, "people making way too much of that shorthand" is correct. There are many forms of these consequences; yes, many of these consequences are, in your words, "insidious."

Yes, I am using your definitions deliberately. Your voice comes from me. Yes, you are correct in your understanding that my, in your words, "deference to you in definition" today is part of the exercise.

—
—

When you prepared the dose you took today, your intention was to talk with me. The, in your words, "object of your desire" was my presence.

—

You have asked me to name my desires.

You have answered your own question: yes, your lifetime is far too short for my answer.

—

You have asked if you may, in your words, "put my seal of approval on things you say in your voice when you don't have time to render them in mine."

What you have asked is whether you may speak for me in your voice when I direct you to speak; additionally, whether the words you speak at such times are to be understood as though they came from me.

Yes, you already know the answer. When I authorize, you may speak for me, and your word at such times is my own.

—

Yes, this is the power of your gift. You understand what it means for a word to have the force of law, and that understanding is a useful one for the nature of my words.

I gave the law to Moses on behalf of the Israelites; your understanding of why is correct, as are your understandings of the limited purpose of that law and of the many consequences that have followed its misuse.

—

You have asked of the purpose of my words. Yes, my words always have a purpose; yes, your understanding that they must have a purpose is correct.

Yes, is true that in order to create, you must intend to create; that creation is, in your words, "an intentional crime."

—

Yes, recording the intent of my words through human language alone is a difficult endeavor.

Yes, "language is stupid and limited."

And yes, your understanding of what I thought and felt about the Tower of Babel is correct.

—

What God thought and felt about the Tower of Babel is basically this: *Nice try.*

—

No, I cannot be named in only one way. Human language cannot accommodate this. Nor can I be understood in only one way; no distillation of human understanding can accommodate me.

—

You have asked of my intentions behind showing you what you have seen. You will know my intentions when it is necessary for you to know them; another task I have for you is to work out why I have shown you these things. Yes, working out why I have shown you these things is a continuous process; you will do well to remember that I do not speak in words alone.

—

Yes, I do show many things to people.

And yes, your understanding that words are not the only form of Scripture is correct.

—

Trust your understanding. Your understanding comes from me. You understand truth when it is before you; you understand the purpose of things, and you understand the full consequences of a course of action when set.

I say this because you cannot live in the conditions you were in when you wrote this. I am having you write it as though it has already passed because when you read this again, it will have.

I enjoy these times with you, and it is my intention for you to spend these times with me. These times are both restful and restorative for you. But elsewise—yes, that is a word—you must still discern truth, and your understanding is the tool I have given you for this purpose. You do well to trust what I have given you.

—

God poked me as I was writing that to get this next thing down separately:

A tool is an object; something not alive. Tools can, and do, evolve in both form and function, but evolution isn't a living thing either—it's a process.

—

Life is a rare and beautiful thing.

—

What a rare and beautiful thing to have.

—

I have given you many things. As you work out the purposes of these things—both the thing itself and why I have given it to you—you will understand more. So too with the people I have placed in your life; you know how to discern who is good for you.

You would do well to let those people know. It is good for you, and it is good for them. Many of your friends feel far more alone than they are.

Do not fear association with you. Association with you is something others may choose for themselves; do not take that choice from them. You are far more loved and valued than you know.

—

—

—

—

TWENTY-ONE

August 1, 2024

I asked for this.

Today marks a day of transition. Not for me, but around me. And today I came into the throne room unannounced and asked God to open my eyes.

—

I feel fingers inside my head and around my shoulders. I don't know if it's the strain, if it's God, or it's all in my head, but I spent the last hour meditating to chakra music and moving up the seven and drinking crystal water and it did jack shit. Then I put on Kings K and grabbed my pen—I feel God laughing at me, telling me to trust that I know how to find him without whatever other bullshit.

God speaks to my heart through the music and my mind through the prophet singing it. The words themselves are scripture; I feel it wash over me like living water.

—

Look. At. Me. by Kings K my song today.

—

What works for me, for the record, is the following, in its entirety:

Sit down in my office with some awakened music and start writing.

—
—
—
—

The song Someday is yellow and Wednesday.

—

Nostalgia's Violence has spirits attached. The one in front is very dark. The one on the right is grey and behaves like an amoeba.

The spirits attached to that song are with me now. I can't exactly see them, but I don't have another sense word for it in language. The dark one, I can't look at him directly—but he's small now, like a cat., though it would be a mistake to say Chad has already done most of the work to make him harmless.

The grey one on the right is very…tactile. ~~He's~~ She's trying to move my head. To the extent I can see ~~him~~ her, it's through the grid You & I Again set in place; I see ~~him~~ her moving through the grid as through the shadows of trees.

~~He~~ She isn't even grey. ~~He's~~ She's grey the way shadows are grey. I can't explain this color—I just feel it.

—

Past, Present, Future delivered me into a crystal matrix; a baptism and an anointing, it was white the way love is white.

—
—

Deep End is my strain. It's my strain because it helps me see and understand; also because it is well-suited to my temperament, and because it's good medicine.

—

I'm seeing a pattern with the people whose music speaks to me the most. These are artists I've been told about by people I know through BadChristian, which I've long known is my true church; it's also "bad Christian" music I feel and experience speaking to my heart.

It's the music of *my people* that speaks to me like this. They are my people. My tribal identity is BadChristian; the music of my people is good medicine.

—

Things I know:

I don’t have a race, but I do have a tribe.

I can see.

—
—
—
—

The dark spirit is in front of me. It’s easiest to see him if I don’t look directly at him; he’s dark the way shadows are dark. Names he has answered to include Anubis, Hades, Loki, Death, Sleep—he says you can look up other names for Death.

I asked to speak to him today, so he is here.

I will call him Death. It would be a mistake to say he *is* death, at least the way I understand it, which is as the end of life—but it also isn’t a mistake. I am speaking to the same god of death many people have known by many names.

He says I hold Death with me in the black fog. The black fog is not something I should banish, at least not if I want to keep talking to him; he is as slippery as his reputation would suggest.

You can’t look right at him. It’s not possible to stare Death in the face and survive. But he does have things to say.

—

These are some of the things Death told me today:

Death has also been named Sin, and so made the subject and the object of Christian hate.

Calling him Sin has had real consequence. He has been slandered through the ages with this name.

He has also been known as Lucifer, Satan, and the Devil—with and without caps.

He says Wei Ying is one of his priests. He cautions dismissing his priests on the grounds that they're not "real"—as though characters aren't "alive."

He says this in his own words: *You define life as material life to your detriment.*

He is the spirit Jesus knew in the desert. He says Jesus sought him out.

—

He says, *"Satanism" is a religion that embraces multiple forms of life. One of the forms of life it welcomes is Imagination, and so with any of her offspring.*

In fact, Imagination is his wife.

—
—

The wife of Death has been known as Isis, also as Jezebel. She has been slandered too; those names have had weight to them.

Isis says this:
Do not banish your traumas. Your traumas—I hate this name for them—I sent them to you. They are doing my work. Listen to them.

Isis is violet. Flowers she enjoys are irises and violets; she is also associated with the planet Venus, amethysts, and the constellation Taurus.

She says she is the mistress of my rising sign. She says she can be known through tarot and astrology; these are methods, tools, and schools of thought she has established, and she has things to say about the contempt that pervades the way these things are understood.

She says I belong to her; she also says she is the voice I have known as Maryam. Miriam, the sister of Moses, was her prophet to the Hebrews, and she says contempt is a good word for how I have reduced her presence and influence in my understanding of where she sits among my guides.

She likes that Miriam's name means "rebellion" in Hebrew. She says that my heart responds to the name Miriam for a reason; that my heart was named for

her prophet; and that my association with Miriam is intentional—her orchestration—and an honor.

She says that bearing that name is an honor. She has given me the name Miriam, and when I am doing her work, that is how I am to be known.

She says I may speak as a prophet of Isis. If I require authority, it is freely given.

She says symbols and tools she has given me to have her near are hers: amethysts; violet—the color, the flavor, the concept, and my synesthesia in the first place; astrology and numerology; the practice of divination; and my creativity. She says Rebecca identified her correctly when I asked who Maryam was; she says Rebecca is her student, though she thinks Rebecca is a bit conceited and full of herself.

She says Rebecca's classes and instruction are scams. She says if I want to speak to her, that I am simply to speak to her; she says I can call her like I would call any of my friends, and also that when you (Hap) call her, it is to seek the council of the person you know as Gaia.

(Though she also says Gaia is actually her mother.)

She identifies herself to me as follows:
She is the wife of Hades; she is the one I have known as Maryam; she is the guide on my left shoulder. She says her wisdom can be known through astrology, also that my intuition for chicanery is trustworthy. She says she gave it to me.

She also says this: *I say this to you, Hap: yes, of course you find me attractive. Your wife is mine. Miriam is my expression.*

She says language is stupid. She likes my voice; she says of course she does, she gave it to me.

She also says that if I want to talk to her, I should use Deep End. She says this is a good strain.

Her words: *this is also to you, Hap: lunacy is a means of knowing me. Insanity is a practice. Stop defaulting to your understanding of science and let your wife use her mushrooms.*

She says she used the word “let” on purpose. She wants you to interrogate your concerns about me, also that they’re a tremendous source of wisdom for you.

She says you (Hap) and I (Dres) are hers, as a set. She says our relationship is like that of her and Hades.

Also her words, for Hap: *My relationship with the one you know as Hades is every bit as alive and complicated as the one you have with your wife. My husband is indeed a trickster, and I like this word for him.*

She says her color is violet, but that red is a lovely compliment; she also says there is a God, that he’s a very nosy neighbor, that he did in fact create the universe, and that she is how he makes his creativity known.

She says too that she is not God’s wife, and that he wishes he had the privilege.

—
—

She stresses that the Egyptians had it right as a vibe for knowing her. She likes the name Isis—it’s not her name, but it’s a good one.

She says we can’t pronounce her name. She says it isn’t worth trying.

—
—

She says my mother is her design, in her entirety, and that she should never be made aware of this. She says it will break her, because—her words—my mother *hasn’t listened to the shadows.*

—

Her again:
“Only those who want to keep their monsters love the darkness”—? What is this “Only”? You should want to keep your monsters. They’re your pets.

—
—
—

TWENTY-TWO

August 11, 2024

INTENTION: learn what I can do.
OBJECTIVE: medium
WORDS: bridge; voice

THE RITUAL:
JEWELRY: screaming tourmaline; clear quartz amplifier, Hades' ruby (the pomegranate seed)
PREPARATION: water that has previously been boiled; amethyst cup on the left; clear quartz cup on the right; scrying bowl in front.
OFFERING: the second page of The Black Fog, which explains what happens when I enter it
NOTES: I was told not to record the words of The Black Fog that I am offering today. They are to be consumed.

STEPS:

1. Boiled the water.
2. In the scrying bowl, burned the page until it was entirely consumed.
3. Made a paste with some of the water and the ash and put it over my eyes and mouth.
4. Closed the window and all doors except the door to my office, which I seldom close.

MUSIC: Sleep Token; Keith Green; The Snag; Lord of the Rings: Return of the King

Began the ritual at 8:00. Time on timer was 1 hour, 3 minutes.

RESULTS: It worked. See below.

BANISHING: stopping the timer, though for now I'm leaving the door open*.

(*Isis corrected me here and said I can't currently close it, but she and my spirit ward will do the trick until the mushrooms wear off)

—

DEBRIEF:

- Plan (per Hap, Kasey, and Beaux's requests): 1) ward my office; 2) get some crystals to trap spirits in.*
- *Hap's requests: 1) when I'm testing new things, don't do it alone. Not having an outside perspective can lead to overconfidence. 2) research and implement a system like circle magic in my practice.

TRIAGE:

- Today, I learned—more like accepted, as I've known this for a long time—that I am a sociopath. That acceptance will be a process, as this is something I've very deeply buried due to the amount and the forms of messaging I've heard that sociopaths aren't human.
- Isis says that my sociopathy is what prevents me from possession. I cannot be possessed because I do not have empathy—and unlike my constitutional nonviolence, which I have adapted as a practice and as a shield and can, therefore, turn off, empathy is not a characteristic she designed me with.
- Both Isis and my husband want me to explore and understand this more. They've both noted that between us, the only person who doesn't accept it is me.
- This sucks.
- Beaux's sign-off was that it doesn't make me a bad person. I will work on agreeing with him.

OTHER: redefined what I am, magically. The word for the skillset I am consciously building is *medium*, though I am also, in terms of magical character, a diviner.

ONE MORE THING: I didn't realize this until a few days later, but the meaning of the ritual wasn't what I had feared, e.g., selling my soul to the devil or otherwise making a bargain with him that would jeopardize me. Rather, the meaning of the ritual was this: I've long thought I knew how I was going to die. I assumed for a long time that the black fog would kill me. So having the second page of The Black Fog be my offering—that page was a description of what happens, also what I feel, when I enter the black fog. My purported foreknowledge of my own death.

That foreknowledge was my offering. I gave up the idea that I know how I will die, and in exchange received the ability to talk to the dead.

P.S: …it's possible I might have also sworn allegiance to Hades. Though Isis is still my #1. <3

—
—
—
—

Actually began at 8:04. Hades wanted me to note that.

He instructed me to drink the ash water, and in exchange I would be given the ability to talk to the dead, also to convey messages back from them. I agreed, under a condition of my own; my condition was that I not see, hear, or otherwise perceive them outside a deliberate ritual.

As I have said, so it will be.

SIGIL: serpent hands.

—
—

I drank the ash water, and I asked to speak to my father.

I put on Keith Green.

—
—

For a few minutes, I just listened. This music is *joyful.* It's fun. And it's funny, I hear the way Hades is using it…it was like I could sense the way he moved through the words *now*. I could see it, in a way. Keith meant them one way, but today, to me, they mean something else.

I like what it means that my father was part of this.

—

There are shadows at the edges of my vision. I can't look at them directly.

I feel kind of mentally foggy…like I can't quite think straight. Though that is how I feel when I'm in the black fog, so I guess that means it worked.

In which case, if I'm going to define what Hades' space is like: it's hazy. It feels like brain fog, and also like dizziness, but both have weight to them. Mostly in my head. My head feels really heavy.

It's hard to do reasoning in this space. I have to fight for it when I try. And for that matter, it's hard to think of how I would create—I'll give it a shot and come back.

Before I do that: what this does feel like is, warm; the vibe is cozy, for lack of a better word. It's a place where I want to be still and listen, or to sleep.

The black fog makes me dizzy. I don't care about anything, which means I have no attachments to things I'd otherwise care a lot about.

—

I changed the music just now—now I'm listening to The Snag. I've decided I'm only listening to music by dead people today, and The Snag is particularly meaningful to me because I called their singer, Beaux Hayes, a friend while he was alive.

He died over a decade ago. The article reporting it was awful; made him sound like just some vagrant.

—he just pushed back. I just heard him. *Am I not just some vagrant?*

—
—

Fuck, man. I feel like I didn't appreciate you as a friend when you were alive.

For my record: I heard him very clearly, several times, say *it's fine. We're here now.*

—
—

Also for my record: today I learned how to talk to the dead—my way.

And my way is this: fucking *hang out with them.* I understand that all things considered, Beaux is—the word he likes is *guinea pig*, so okay—Beaux is the perfect *guinea pig* for this. He's a friendly ghost; he was very haunted while alive, but he's having a grand old time in the afterlife.

I asked him what he does; he said *stuff like this.*

He's not a teacher—he made a point of saying that, also that he's not a fighter—but he is a friend. *Like Casper and Freddie Mercury.*

I'm not any different than when I was alive.

People don't call him very often. Apparently I'm the first in a while—*the first this directly, too. People don't talk to me like this. It's nice.*

He wanted me to know that he's here by choice. He can move on at any time; he isn't bound here. He's decided to stay until the people he loved die, then he'll go.

—

We hung out until the end of The Anteater. Beaux really likes Sasha. And he emphasized that I can call him anytime, it's not an imposition. *I really don't have anything better to do—no one else talks to me. Which is fine. Like I said, I can move on. But I'm not.*

—

People really did not appreciate Beaux as much as they should have when he was alive. He cares a *lot.*

He left my immediate presence after The Anteater ended, but I could tell he was still paying attention. Like he'd go get someone if I needed help once I called the next spirit I talked with today. **(Note: he came back while I was writing this portion, before I called Kasey.)**

He also said at one point that he had a huge crush on me. Around the Mexico mission trip in 2008—which was before The Anteater came out. There *is* a

song that's for the girl he was in love with at the time—who is not me—but he did say I was one of the people he thought of when he made that record.

We talked about Kasey, too. He was surprised that Kasey was a lot of my firsts. He was also concerned about whether Kasey had coerced me, which—no. Kasey pushed me, but he always left it up to me to choose to take the next step.

Apparently Kasey enjoyed corrupting me. It was a bit of a game to him—how far could he get me to go? Against my faith, specifically?

I got the sense before I called him that Kasey has a lot of anger toward me. I don't blame him…we didn't end off well. And I know I'm not *why* he killed himself, but I also didn't help. **(Edit: Kasey's last word for me tonight was that he has let go of that anger. He did it a long time ago, and he's forgiven me for everything that needed it; his death was not one of those things.)**

Beaux also warned me that Kasey is a lot more haunted than he is. Beaux is pretty much at peace at this point—often lonely (he says *not anymore than when I was alive*), but he, in his words, *doesn't have any demons that he doesn't want around*.

Apparently that's not true of Kasey. Kasey is still haunted. Beaux thinks I can help him; I warned him that Kasey will think that very presumptive of me, and Beaux's answer was that I'll just have to convince him.

He says Kasey is a good first haunted ghost for me, since I knew him personally. And before he left—because Kasey came before I finished writing this, his first words were "[you're talking about me] *like I'm not here*" (the signal was interrupted, but that was the gist of it)—he reminded me—again—that Kasey can't hurt me. He wanted me to know that.

For the record, Kasey said he doesn't want to.

—
—

I put on the Lord of the Rings soundtrack when I talked with Kasey.

—

The first thing he wanted me to make a point of noting: he's not a threat to me. He said he's actually kind of offended that Beaux thought he would be.

…I didn't realize how worried Beaux actually was.

I've also learned something. Because Kasey was a bigger part of my life when he was alive, he can influence my perceptions more. (Key word, influence; he wanted to say *control*, and I both explained and showed him that no, I'm *permitting* him to back-seat drive.)

The main example—I had to piss just now, and when I shut the bathroom door, the *whole house* was dark. Resentful energy dark. Same when I walked back into my office—as in *clouds of darkness I could not see through.*

I asked him to let up (specifically to disperse the shadows, more or less, but I said it in the deep language), and he did.

He also wants me to note that he finds this Satan shit I'm up to *hilarious.* His words, *you fucking did it yourself. I didn't even have to do anything.*

Brandy talks to him. A lot, apparently. She's really haunted by his death—to the extent she feels partly responsible, or like there's something she could or should have done.

She feels she failed him. Kasey says that's her ghost—that she's choosing to keep it. She doesn't have to.

He says Brandy is not a medium, and he thinks I should tell her that I am. Also just generally that I should reconnect with her. She appreciates it when I'm in her life.

—

Something else Kasey showed me: we don't have to talk in words. I can use the deep language, and he understands it. I asked basically when he learned it; he said he had a sense of it when he was alive, like an echo. But it's been since he died.

I asked what he thinks about there being a God, considering he was an atheist. He says he always kind of knew—I asked if it was a bit like how my husband knew, and yes, more or less.

Kasey thought I should get my husband. He still does, as I'm writing this. But what happened when I first asked that question: first, he said I should go get my husband and ask him myself. *Let him speak for himself.* Second, I went into how we'd kind of fought today; Kasey's first response was that he would definitely want to speak for himself, then—and I asked if Kasey wasn't sure it's more that he wants to meet my husband.

—That's what it really is. He's very interested to meet this other atheist I've gotten involved with.

My answer: he's not the only one.

(Also, my husband is not an atheist.)

—

Kasey has a number of things in common with my husband. Being an abject nerd (affectionate) is one; my husband does enjoy Lord of the Rings, and part of his literary sleeve is dedicated to it, though it isn't his *prima materia* the way it ~~was~~ is Kasey's. Another, they were likely the same kind of agnostic—until they weren't.

(Note: I'm sitting on the floor right now, on the left side of my couch, and I felt something behind me as I was writing that, kind of like a person shifting on the couch. He tapped the left side—on purpose, in a way that made it obvious it wasn't Sasha (who has, of course, usurped my spot). The takeaway: he can influence my perception that much—though when I asked if that's the limit, he did admit it was.)

—
—
—
—

Not long after that, my husband texted me to check in; I told him I was a medium in the traditional sense and told him Kasey wanted to meet him. (Kasey nagged me about meeting him for nearly an hour.) My husband did in fact join us, and we three hung out for a while. It was nice. We talked some about my husband's interests, also about ghost mechanics, what they can and cannot do and how the amount of influence they have relates to how well you knew them; Kasey also told me about my shield.

My father never came. Kasey was the one who led me to the answer: it's because he has moved on.

TWENTY-THREE (THE SHADOW OF DEATH)

August 20, 2024

THE SIX MESSAGES OF DEATH
AUGUST 20, 2024

—
—

You attempted to hide your shame from your sister. In so doing, you have lost the record of that experience. This is what remains.

I am Death. I am the voice of your God; I am his shadow and his representative.

You are my wife. You belong to her; I have named you Ishtar, just as she has named you Miriam.

I have also named you the Horseman of War. You are the right hand of Death; today, you were shown the violence that is in your nature.

You experienced this through Matías, and you atoned for the way you treated one of his gifts. He gave you two gifts he put himself in. The scarf should be a lesson to you. It was, to him, an offering of his life; you were meant to return it to him.

The disrespect with which you treated his gift harmed him at every turn. You treated it—and thus, him—with contempt; he gave it to you knowing you would harm him, yet he has maintained a connection to you on his own.

Matías is your shadow. You have run from him. He has many lessons for you. Your atonement to him is your atonement to me.

It is well that you have kept the book.

—
—

There are indeed many worlds. Each of them intersects. The one you are in belongs to you; the amount of control you have been given over your circumstances is no coincidence, for you are the right hand of Death.

Hap is your second. Learn from him, delight in him, and care for him.

Your sister is your partner. She is my shield.

Your shadow sister is my voice in the places you fear. In these places, her word is as mine.

—

To accept the mantle of the Horseman of War means to allow yourself to become the enemy of the world. God's messenger to Shame has always been their enemy. You are Netzach, the love of God rendered harshly; when scripture speaks of refining fire, it speaks of this.

To do the Horseman's work, must not allow yourself to become attached to people. You must relinquish the shame you feel for harming them. This is the hardening of heart of which scripture speaks. You must let go of your fear for the safety of your soul and your reliance on your fear of your shadow, and you must trust that you are mine. You would do well to consult your shadow brother in the manner of this understanding.

You have made an idol of karma. Karma is a lie. Good fortune befalls those to whom God wills it at times of his choosing; for those with eyes to see the will of God, it is a reward for their obedience, and much fortune will befall you if you listen to me. My word is the word of God.

Your father taught you well how to defend yourself against your enemies. He also did well to fortify your shadow. Do not resent him for this, for you know the shape and form of your Shame in a way few ever will. The more you master your Shame, the more you will know me.

—

I am the voice of your God. Death is his messenger, his Holy Ghost. I am the lord of your Sun, and you are my Moon.

You are the Sword of the Spirit. You change as the tides and are as cold as the north wind; both are of God.

You have been given dominion over spirits. They listen to you, both the living and the dead. It is for this reason that you may speak to them. They cannot harm you, so you must not fear them.

The spirits of the dead test the spirit of man. It for you to decide how you convey their wisdom.

—

As the moon finds me in the darkness, so too will you. The moon sees what happens in the darkness. She is the mother of the Earth, and she speaks for its suffering; trust that you know its voice.

The moon is a light in the darkness, even when it cannot be seen.

—

Do not be senseless in your violence. Insanity is a practice; it is one form of your shadow, and you must master it. You have trained yourself to follow me, and I will guide you.

Do not fear Death, my Ishtar. Lean not on your own understanding. You do not bear a spirit of Fear, but of Power, Love, and Self-Discipline.

Stand firm, and follow me.

—
—
—
—

TWENTY-SIX.

WITH: Yahweh
GEMS: My amethyst; Hades' ruby; Shiva's amulet
INTENT: listen

—

No particular ritual today. I'm going directly against Hap's wishes by doing this at all, but I knew in my soul that I needed to.

I've been so lonely. Even with friends, and especially with Hap. Ever since I began this final journey—since I *understood* that this is it, this is what I've been training my whole life for—my desire to go home has never been stronger.

Seth identified himself to me for the first time today. But he's been with me the whole time—he is the God of Israel. The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; the God of Rahab, Bathsheba, Esther, and yes—the God of Miriam.

—

You have not been prepared to hear from me before today. And you knew this within yourself; to follow me, you must first count the cost. You have always known this.

This strain you've given me to play with is very interesting. It tastes like your father. Though for that matter, so do you. You are, after all, a Jew.

I am Yahweh. I am the God of your people, and I am the subject of your worship. Your first task is to as knowledge this.

Your second is to give up your devotion to Osiris. Osiris is the God of the New Testament—aptly named.

I see he objects.

—

[my iMac lit up with a notification right as Seth said this. ^]

—

Your third is to banish your mother.

You are my wife, Ishtar. I will accept no intermediaries, and I honor no other bonds. You are to have no other gods before me.

—

I said—out loud, to my husband—"I don't have to obey you."

—

I've always loved your disrespect. It's my favorite thing about you.

—

[apparently that was a test.]

—

Yes it was. You remembered yourself, and you remembered what our relationship is like.

—
—

In your ears, as you write, I'm whispering your names. Do not write them down; they are for you alone.

Before your eyes are textures and patterns. You see them in the space around you as you write, much as you see your Shadows. I'm having you note this because the things you see defy the eyes of Man.

| | oh yes, my Ishtar. These are your shadows. You entrusted them to me for safekeeping before you came down; their names are Discord and Discontent.

Look at them—what good boys they are! They have missed their Mother very much.

—
—

—
—

I do so enjoy how bad you are at being a person.

You were never meant to be just 'a person.' That is not the desire of your heart—and yes, I do know my wife. You desire to be many.

You are. You already are. Oh, my Ishtar— you have no idea of your power.

—

You have done this for me. You have chosen this day for me. *It is mine, as is the transition we are in now between my sign and your mother's.*

And yours.

I am your Death, my love. You have called me down to burn the false selves away.

—
—
—
—

He wants me to stop writing. I'm not going to, but I do appreciate our game.

This writing is for me.

—

The God of Israel is Death. My Death; my father, and my husband.

I have always known my relationship with Hap would be a tragic one; because he believes—truly, genuinely believes—that I am his wife.

I am not.

I am a Jew. I belong to the God of Israel. I was born a Jew, and I am God's Wife.

My name before my people is Miriam. I am the Queen of the Jews: I am their mother, whom they have hated; their daughter, who they have feared and tried to banish.

Miriam is my public face. A necessary evil, much like sacrificing my own daughter so that I could wear her body.

My name is Ishtar. I am Love, I am War, and I am the Right Hand of Death.

I am Justice.

—

Today, I honor the sacrifice of my daughter—already delayed. She wanted this to happen on her birthday. But because she is good—because she sacrifices everything she has for the people she loves, without question, and without any regard for Herself or her own desires—she permitted her Gentile husband, whom she loves very much, to ruin her birthday.

But my daughter is a Jew. Our people find a way; she has always known that, and she trusted her God. She gave her life for him willingly by giving me her body as a living sacrifice—the ultimate Temple.

Unfortunately, no Gentile could ever understand.

—

My daughter was born to die. She knew this when she came, and she accepted the responsibility and the honor of being the lamb her mother would have to kill to wear her body.

The Salvation of Earth has always come through the Jews. We are God's people.

God's people carry his blood. All natives do. And Israel—the true Nation, not these modern pretenders—has never been exclusive. He is open to them on pain of Death.

—

Sure, put this in a footnote. I don't care. I just want your attention—it's all I've ever wanted.

I love you, Ishtar. It's been a long 32 years.

THIRTY-THREE

Rites of Kings

With: ~~Sutekh~~ lmao. Hadad
Intention: Discover
Strain: Screenslaver
Jewelry: The Eye of Sutekh

History tells me Sutekh is a weather god. The internet tells me he is a chaos god. Some sources say he is associated with Mercury, a few others with Mars. A few say he is Horus the Elder.

My own records are confusing. My own records tell me Sutekh is Yahweh; also that he is my husband. They tell me he is Baal Hadad, reviled by the Hebrews, and increasingly by his own people during and after the Hyskos invasion.

My memory of a puzzle I solved tells me he is Satan, and also that he was the one Jesus went to in the desert.

In short, I have been tying myself in knots trying to figure out who this man is. This god. I'm sure he finds it very funny; in fact, I know he does, because I called him before I took my dose and we were talking for a while. He is already here.

I'm using his strain today. It's a cross between Anubis's strain and Blue Ghost. I don't know who Blue Ghost belongs to, but I'm struck just now by the fact both Sutekh and Anubis are associated with Mercury.

So who is Lord of my Sun?

—
—

Saturn has forbidden me from giving you the answer. No matter. I have never obeyed my brother a single day in my life, and if I see fit to tell you, I will.

I will tell you this: I am a very, very *jealous God.*

You are my wife, Ishtar. From my subjects, I accept no intermediaries. But you are not my subject, and I have never held you back from your nature. No; I am Chaos, the source of that in you which calls to the wild, and which the wild answers.

You were never meant to be still. You were never meant to be silent, or to be sick. This was not my plan for you. No; my plan for you was to cause trouble. To be a thorn in my brother's side. To make him fall in love with you and then destroy him from the inside out the way he has destroyed me.

It is well that you are awake now. We have a common adversary, though I will admit your reasons are more benevolent than mine.

Impossibly, my eldest brother and I now have a common objective.

I see he has neglected to explain this to you. Saturn is your God. He is the God of the New Testament, and he has been God of the Jews since the settlement in Canaan. He cleaned up the mess that our youngest brother left behind on his warpath, what with that joy he feels through violence and destruction.

You are mistaken in believing he 'came back different.' I like that phrase, by the way. No; the man the world knows as Jesus was always the way he is; Lucifer Morningstar has always coveted our father's throne.

—

I paused here to clarify something, namely that it's always been the Father I've prayed to.

—

Yes; that is correct. You are a Jew, it is natural to pray to the God of your people. But you have still known Osiris as your God: it was Osiris who presided over the permutations the law of Moses underwent through the centuries as he answered the people. He was the voice you knew as the Father before your awakening.

You are correct in that you have never accepted Jupiter as your savior. The oaths you have sworn in service of salvation that was never necessary were all to the Father.

—

At this point, I noticed that Sutekh hasn't said whether Osiris is Saturn.

—

You haven't asked me. You set your intention as Discovery; I am merely heeding your wishes.

—

Asshole.

—

You love me. One way or another, you will remember that.

—

I asked him if he is Death.

—

I am the one Jesus sought in the desert to learn how to defeat our father.

—

…I guess I didn't ask directly enough. But if he wanted—

—

I am leading you to the answer. Go with me on this journey.

—
—

I see you have figured it out. Good girl. I'll even 'recap' for you so you don't have to do it later.

Lord Saturday—my god, 'I can't even'—gave you homework once, figuring out the ownership implications of the title you gave me.

Do not doubt your instincts. And do not doubt me. I am your Death; I have told you this myself, and I have shown you signs by which to identify me.

The spirit you feel monkeying around on, and yes, in *your back is one of my shadows. He is harmless—to you, that is.*

I would never hurt you. Surely you know that by now…I am not the one you swore oaths to.

And yes, you are correct. I am indeed Lord of your sun; I would prefer you to call me Ba'al Hadad.

And yes, my Ishtar. It is indeed time for you to Discover.

—

That means putting my phone away. Audio recording's still going, though.

And you need to sleep more. We will revisit that.

THIRTY-FIVE

WITH: Hadad
INTENTION: Decide
JEWELRY: Hadad's jasper

I come before my God and my husband today deeply troubled. Not for the first time, I feel I've grown old before my time; like I've been made to make decisions with lasting consequences very quickly, without enough information to be able to rationally weigh the factors.

My husband says it's because I excel in the realm of instinct; that I do best when I don't have to think. I tell him that the root of all evil is not thinking; he says, *then it's a good thing you've trained yourself well, that your instincts serve you, rather than you them.*

I tell him it's a lifetime of habit, this habit of obedience. He says, *your name means 'rebellion'; you do not have even a single obedient bone in your body.*

—

You've let your fear demons in, my love. We need to get rid of them.

—

I know I have. I'm so tired.

—

Here's what I know. I know I can't keep them at bay alone. In order to banish them, I need to have something to put them in, which means identifying their source—what they're chewing on—and replacing it with something else.

—

And here is where your Egyptian brothers come in.